Delineator

now 10¢

NOVEMBER 1928

WHEN YOU LOSE YOUR SON - BUT NOT BY DEATH

BY

KATHLEEN NORRIS

SPLENDID STORIES

BY

CONINGSBY DAWSON

DIXIE WILLSON

KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

MAXWELL ALEY

BRENDA UELAND

AND

EDITH WHARTON

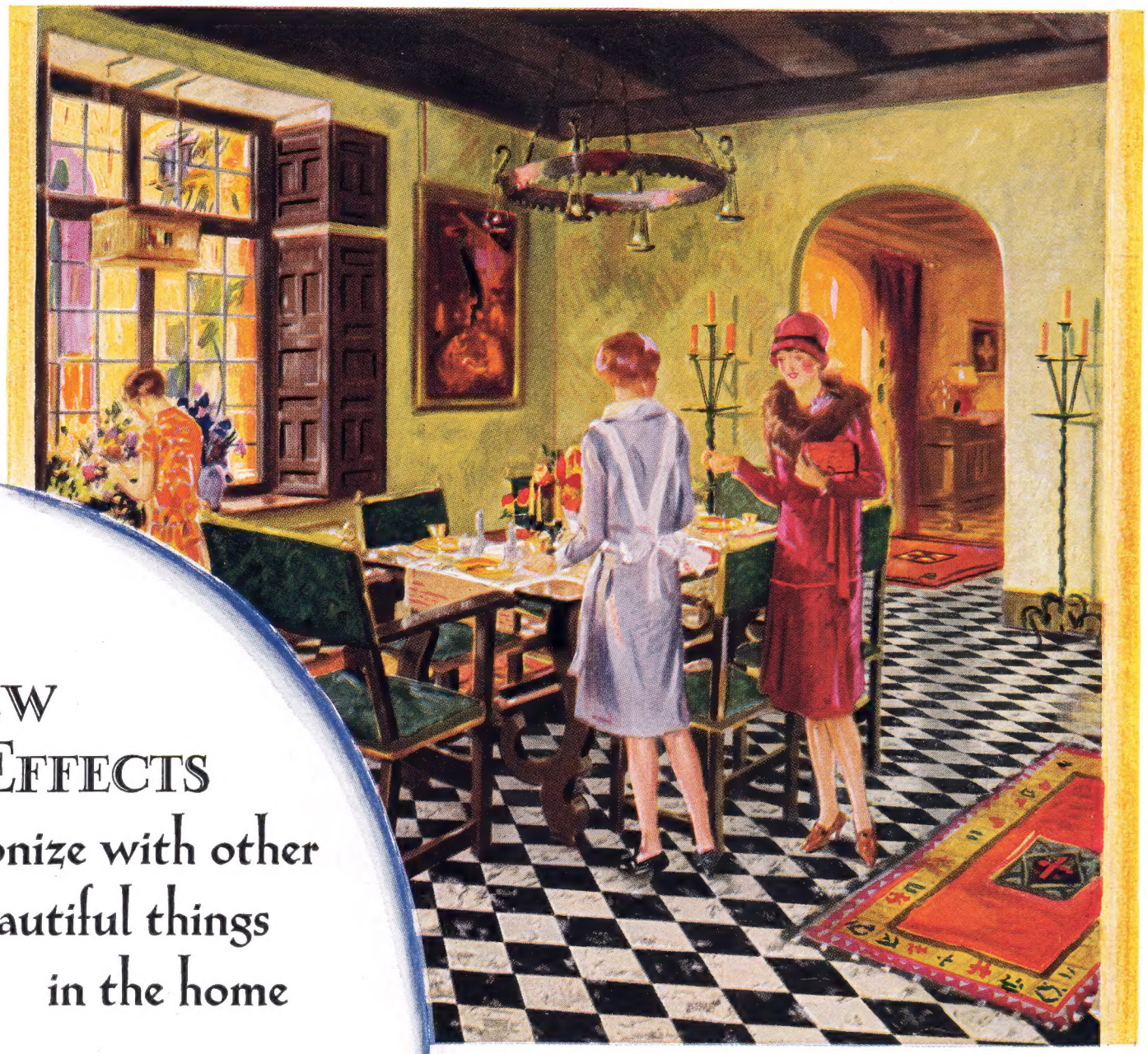
THE SMARTEST NEW FASHIONS

☆

·HELEN·DRYDEN·

(At right) "*Granada*" — *a Karnean Marbled pattern in contrasting squares of ebony black and rich-veined cream. Sealex Linoleum No. 3031*

Sealex Linoleum No. 2/4210. Stain-proof, spot-proof, easily cleaned.



NEW FLOOR EFFECTS

to harmonize with other beautiful things in the home

Hot fruit juices will not stain Sealex Linoleums. Pattern No. 1173/2.

THE brightness, the life, of these colorful times are strikingly reflected in the furnishings of the modern home. Walls, draperies and furniture—all have been touched with the universal vogue for color.

Even old-style, bare, cheerless floors are giving way, in the modern home, to smart, comfortable floors of resilient linoleums in fascinating, cheery colors—colors which harmonize perfectly with the many other beautiful things.

Discriminating people will prefer the new stain-proof Sealex Linoleums when they buy floors for their homes. They will find in the wide variety of colors and designs available a choice of patterns exactly suited to their needs —and to their pocket-books.

There is also a feeling of security in the knowledge that all Sealex Linoleums are genuine linoleums. They are *different* from ordinary linoleums because they are made by the exclusive *Sealex Process* which penetrates and seals the tiny pores tight against dust and moisture. Spilled liquids and tracked-in dirt do not dull the velvety richness of the colors, for these modern linoleums are almost as easy to clean as glazed tile.

Sealex Linoleums are available in richly patterned Inlaids, two-tone Jaspé, Romanesq, Plain and Battleship: a pattern for every purpose—for every type of interior.

Congoleum-Nairn Inc., *General Office:* Kearny, N. J.
New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Boston, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas, New Orleans, Atlanta.

The Sealex Shield identifies genuine stain-proof Sealex Linoleums made by the revolutionary *Sealex Process.*

SEALEX LINOLEUMS

Free

"*Your Floors as a Decorator Views Them*"—by the well-known authority Winnifred Fales. A color scheme selector comes with the book. Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

An interview between you and your dentist

Subject:

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

YOU: *"Doctor, the other morning I noticed that my toothbrush 'showed pink.' Is that a bad sign?"*

DENTIST: "It would be if that 'pink toothbrush' were a daily occurrence. But the only trouble I find with your gums is they're a bit tender."

YOU: *"What causes that?"*

DENTIST: "Lack of exercise—not enough good, hard old-fashioned chewing in the food you eat. Fruits peeled, vegetables stripped of their fiber, soups, soufflés—how can your gums help getting soft and tender?"

YOU: *"But I can't very well live on husks and—*

DENTIST: "Well, there's no need for that. Simply massage your gums. After cleaning your teeth, brush your gums lightly. If they are too sensitive to brush, at first, use your fingers."

YOU: *"How does massage help, doctor?"*

DENTIST: "It stirs the circulation in the gum walls. The fresh blood carries off impurities and firms up the gum cells."

YOU: *"It sounds simple enough."*

DENTIST: "It is. And if you want to do a better job, massage your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste. After cleaning your teeth with it, squeeze out some more Ipana and brush your gums lightly, or rub them with a little Ipana on your fingertips. Do this twice a day for a month and your gums will be as hard and healthy as anybody's."

✦ ✦ ✦

This, of course, is an imaginary interview. But thousands like it are taking place each day. For Ipana's history from the very beginning is a history of professional endorsement.

Dentists quickly recognized Ipana's marvelous cleaning power, the sense of health and cleanliness it gives the whole mouth. But more than that, dentists saw in Ipana an aid to them in their fight against these widely prevalent troubles of the gums.

For Ipana contains ziratol, a stimulating antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by the profession. Ipana's content of ziratol helps to tone the gums—to make them firm, healthy, and more resistant to the gingival troubles brought on by our modern soft diet.

Gone from the menu—departed from our diet—are the roughage and coarse fare that once gave gums healthful stimulation

While the coupon offers you a ten-day tube of Ipana, gladly sent, a thirty-day trial makes the fairer test.

Try Ipana for a full month

So get from your druggist a full-size tube—ample for 100 brushings. A full month's use of Ipana will demonstrate not only its cleaning power and delicious taste, but its benefits to your gums as well. Then very likely you, too, will decide that Ipana is the tooth paste you wish to use for life.

A FEW EXCERPTS FROM PROFESSIONAL STATEMENTS

Dentists agree that soft food is the cause, and massage the remedy, for gum disorders

From a famous specialist:

"There is nothing about the mastication of the average meal to bring an extra flow of blood to the maxillary structures, or to produce stimulation and growth of the cellular elements of the gingivae (gums)."

From a dental journal:

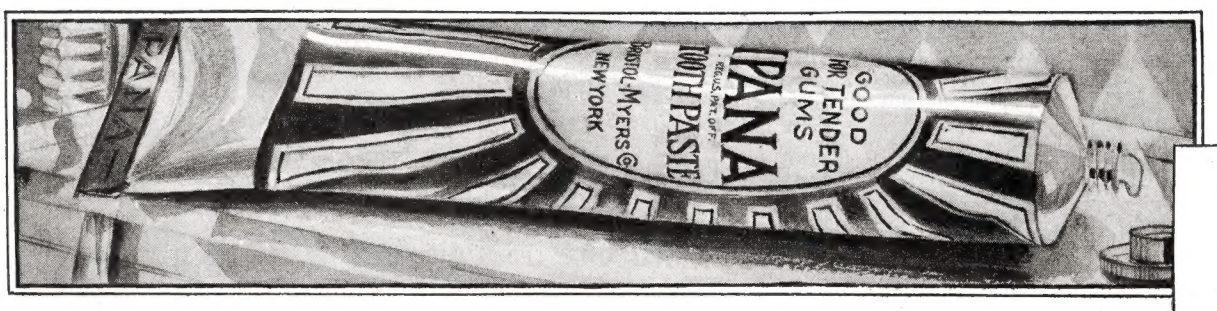
"In the absence of proper foods, with consequent faulty mastication, the tissues do not receive their necessary stimulation and we must substitute artificial stimulation to raise resistance."

From an authoritative text:

"Massage (of the gums) moves along the sluggish blood stream and makes way for the fresh blood from the heart to flow through the mouth tissues."

From a recent paper on gum disorders:

"When health has been restored to the gingivae, beauty returns in large degree to the mouth. The complexion (appearance) of the teeth should, and frequently does, improve during treatment."



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IPANA Tooth Paste

Volume 113 No 5 — Delineator — November 1928

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AGAIN we ask you to note—fashions are temporarily in the back of the book. You'll find the complete fashion section on pages 112 to 122, inclusive. They are unusually interesting this month because some of the most famous Paris couturiers have sent us their best models from their Paris Fall and Winter Openings. These include the newest sports costumes and costumes for afternoon and evening, while our own pages show adaptations of new French fashions for American women.

In the Christmas Number

THE Editor has outlined the Christmas features next month on his page. And what a glamorous array it seems to us and will be, we hope, for you! But, apart from Christmas, there will be many delightful things—James Hopper's story of Paris, Clara Wallace Overton's charming love story and Sarah Addington's slyly humorous tale. Also Frances Parkinson Keyes' article "Cross Country," with thumb-nail sketches of notable men and women whom she met on her recent trip.

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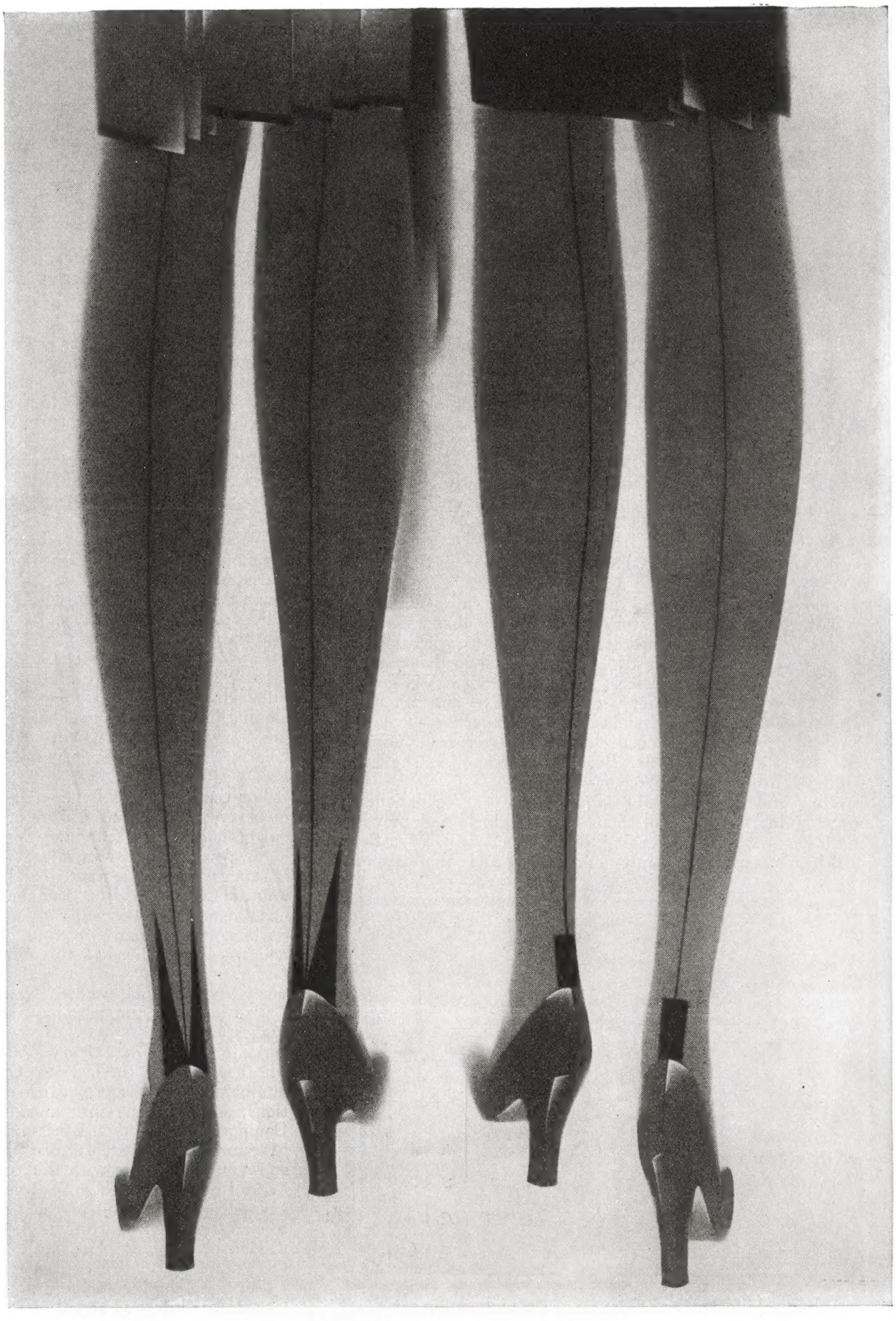
Since 1873 we have guaranteed the reliability of manufacturers advertising in our publications
The Butterick Publishing Company
By S. R. Latshaw, President

As autumn advances *fashions tend toward greater formality. In line and color hosiery must be exactly right : : Gordon V-Line and Gordon Narrow Heel have real distinction of design. The V-Line enhances the beauty of a lovely ankle by lightly accenting the natural shadows at either side of the heel. The little Gordon Narrow Heel reflects the narrow shoe heel of fashion—a touch of individuality appreciated by the truly smart : : Gordon colors for more formal wear are equally distinctive and correct. "Souris" and "Marron" are for street costumes trimmed with lavish furs of gray or brown : : For the afternoon gown in the glowing wine shades or in black, and the black or prune colored evening gown, "Clytie" is the exclusive choice : : And for formal evening frocks in white, silver, and delicate pastels—the opera and supper-club type—"Circe" is the new melon tone.*



Gordon
HOSIERY

The Living Delineator

Last month we mentioned casually the new Gold Fashion Salon which we've built on the Thirteenth Floor of the Butterick Building, so this month we are showing you some pictures of it. Here frocks, coats and children's clothes, made from Butterick patterns, are displayed, and also new accessories loaned by the smart New York shops. This Salon is another thing to see when you visit Delineator

In the Fashion Salon, the little brother and sister mannequins revel in the smartest new children's outfits

MOMENTS of depression sweep more readily upon an editor, I imagine, than upon men and women engaged in less mercurial businesses and professions. The dream of a perfect magazine, somehow, never comes entirely true.

Every number of a magazine is planned months ahead and one is enraptured with the plan. The first "dummy," with glossy proofs of the artists' work, with headings and the space allotted for type neatly indicated in pencil on fine paper, still looks splendid, but by the time the printer's devil begins to hurry in with the actual pages, much of the early rapture is lost.

So this editor, for one, has arrived at a philosophical calm. "If in this issue we have given our readers not a perfect magazine, but simply one lone perfect thing," I console myself, "then we are, then we must be, satisfied."

In this November number of DELINEATOR, I feel that we are offering you at least one perfect thing—and that is "The Unknown Soldier," the short story by Coningsby Dawson.

The remarkable illustrations are by the English artist, Matania, who is a painter as well as an illustrator and a distinguished member of the British Royal Academy.

AFTER the strangely disturbing "The Unknown Soldier," we decided—and now you'll see how curiously an editor's mind works—that we must immediately plunge into something light and jolly. So we plunged not once but twice. First, with Dixie Willson's love story of Broadway—and then, with Brenda Ueland's amusing account of a social climber. In between, however, is Mr. Bernays' article, "A Challenge to Women's Clubs."

From his fifteen years' experience with all kinds of individuals and movements seeking public good will, Mr. Bernays draws up a definite and practical program for women who are working for reforms and improvements in their communities. We, the editors, are hoping this article will be of great value to women's clubs and similar organizations.

YOU remember, of course, Vera L. Connolly's article, "Alimony?"—in the September DELINEATOR. It has caused any amount of discussion and has brought in a great many letters from readers, from which we may quote in a later number. But best of all is this news from a note Miss Connolly has just written me:

"An interesting thing: I have just heard that the writing of this article caused a sick man, in prison for back alimony, to be set free. I have received the most grateful letter from his second wife. I made two appeals to the Judge, in his behalf, last spring. But it wasn't that that liberated him; it was the publishing of this article. I hope an aroused public opinion will cause the release of other such men."

We are all busy and have been for months, of course, about our Christmas number next month. I don't know just why it is, but it does seem—and we all feel so—that the Christmas number should be a very special number. In fact we are doing our Christmas publishing a little early by including Maxwell Aley's charming story, "Watch, Chain and Charm," in this November number.

For the Christmas issue itself, however, Miss Helen Ufford of our staff has been searching the highways and the byways, seeking suggestions for attractive and unusual Christmas gifts. But she has planned to choose only gifts that can be bought anywhere—in your own city and town as well as in this outlandish, fascinating, noisy, impersonal, lovable, hurly-burly of a place called "New York."

The Institute, too, is to have some gift suggestions.

Aside from gifts, Henry Van Dyke, who has honored the last two Christmas numbers of DELINEATOR with contributions, will have a Christmas Message, Coningsby Dawson a Christmas story, Margaret E. Sangster a very beautiful story in poetic form with the title "The Herd Boy of Bethlehem." John Macy will tell us the legend of the Christmas tree, while the Department of Interiors will show us color photographs of new ways of decorating Christmas trees.

But don't think you'll be swamped with Christmas lore. There'll be variety. There will be, among other things that have nothing to do with Christmas, an atmospheric, utterly delightful love story of Paris by James Hopper. And Winthrop D. Lane will discuss toys.

I find that I'm awfully curious to know what you think of "Footprints." Do you remember how enthusiastically, two months ago, I wrote about it? Was I justified? Perhaps it is too early to ask, but some day I do wish you'd let me know. And with my tendency always to speak of coming features much too far in advance, I can't keep myself from telling you that—soon—we are to have some short stories written by John Galsworthy.

Well, anyway, before I betray any more secrets—farewell until the Yuletide!

OSCAR GRAEVE, *Editor*.

DIXIE WILLSON

She is the young author of "From Here to Heaven" in this issue. Like the little jazz singer who is its heroine, Miss Willson has been a play girl herself—and that is one of the reasons why she can make even the artificiality of night club life ring so true.

Just one corner of the Gold Fashion Salon

TO MAKE DELICIOUS COCOA QUICKLY: The best and easiest way to make Baker's Cocoa is to put 4 tablespoons of cocoa and a cup of cold water into a saucepan. Stir it over heat until it's smooth; then let it boil two minutes. Then add 3 cups of milk, a dash of salt, and 2 to 4 tablespoons of sugar; heat it until it foams. Then beat it well, and serve it at once. This makes about 4 cups.

In this good drink there's food

—*nourishing food to help children gain Optimal Health*

It is the rich, energy-giving nourishment in a cup of Baker's Cocoa that makes it such a splendid food drink for helping your boys and girls toward Optimal Health, the new physical ideal of childhood. There's no wheedling or disciplining necessary to get them to drink Baker's Cocoa. Its creamy, chocolate flavor does all your coaxing for you.

This hot, liquid food helps to start digestive juices flowing freely, and warms the system for the important job of assimilation. Make a cup of Baker's Cocoa according to the wholesome recipe above, with its generous supply of milk and with the cocoa that's blended from the choicest cocoa beans of the world's finest crops. Such tempting food as this, with its abundant nutriment, contributes energy, stamina and resistance that growing boys and girls *must* have if they are to attain Optimal Health which lifts them high above the average.

Serve your youngsters Baker's Cocoa often—at breakfast, lunch, when they rush home "starved" from school, or before they tumble into bed at night. Children sleep soundly after their evening drink of this hot, soothing beverage. Why not join with them yourself at supper time in a fragrant, steaming cup, when your weary nerves need soothing, and your mind—overstimulated with the stress of the day—needs rest and sleep?

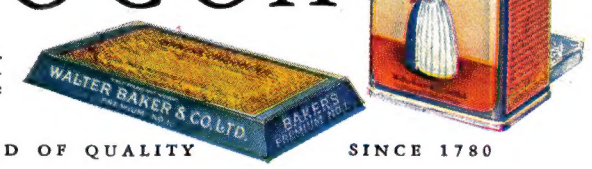
Consensus of Expert Opinion Says
"First in Quality is Baker's"

It's true—Baker's Cocoa is not the cheapest you can buy. Nor are the selected cocoa beans which give to Baker's its matchless flavor the cheapest cocoa beans that *we* can buy. Nor does the nutritive value of Baker's Cocoa merely meet the requirements established by the government. It is high above them. The purity, flavor and rich quality of Baker's Cocoa have set the standard ever since 1780.

In a comprehensive test made among food authorities and expert dietitians, 78% of professional nurses, 82% of domestic science teachers, 79% of home demonstration agents named Baker's Cocoa as their choice. You will not be surprised at this overwhelming preference for Baker's when you taste it!

BAKER'S COCOA

Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate (Premium No. 1) is universally used whenever the recipe calls for chocolate.



STANDARD OF QUALITY SINCE 1780

Will she attain childhood's new ideal— Optimal Health?

You can hardly hope to give her a life that will match the wistfully bright day-dreams of childhood. But every mother wants her children to climb to heights that she herself perhaps has missed. She is not content with just an "average life" with the average amount of failure, frustration. Average is far too low. Health should be higher than average too.

The usual ideals of child health are based upon "the average child"—but leading medical authorities are now urging mothers to abandon these usual old ideals. The average is too low! The new ideal, the higher standard, is Optimal Health, a term used by the American Child Health Association. Optimal Health is the highest physical ideal of childhood—it leaves averages far behind. Send the coupon for a folder that gives you briefly some of the more important points on child development contained in the splendid new booklet on Optimal Health published by the American Child Health Association.

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[THE IMPORTANCE

He was prouder than of

ALL you mothers of growing boys know "The Three Musketeers," of course. But did you know that the famous creator of d'Artagnan was also a cook and never so happy as when he was discovering a new recipe?

The five-hundredth book that Alexandre Dumas wrote, and the work he regarded as the climax of his career, was a cook book filled with enticing recipes from all over Europe, including fifty-six ways of preparing eggs alone! To Dumas, cooking was an art higher than writing great romantic novels.

To me, too, it seems there's a great deal to be said for cooking as an art.

A good cook puts so much of herself into her cooking. Probably no writer chooses his words with more pains than you choose every ingredient of your perfect pies and cakes. You know that if the final dish is to *taste* good, everything that goes into it must taste good, too. So you test the eggs, for instance, and taste the milk.

How many of you take an added precaution—and *taste your shortening, too?*

I for my part would not think of using a shortening that I am unwilling to *taste*. That is why I use Crisco in all my cooking and baking—especially in my most delicately-flavored cakes. For Crisco stands out among shortenings, in that like fine creamery butter, it tastes perfectly sweet and pure all by itself.

Taste your shortening—taste Crisco

Have you ever tasted Crisco in comparison with other shortenings—the one you now use, perhaps? I suggest that you do:

Place a little Crisco on the tip of a spoon; on the tip of another, a little of any other shortening. Taste Crisco first, then the other fat.

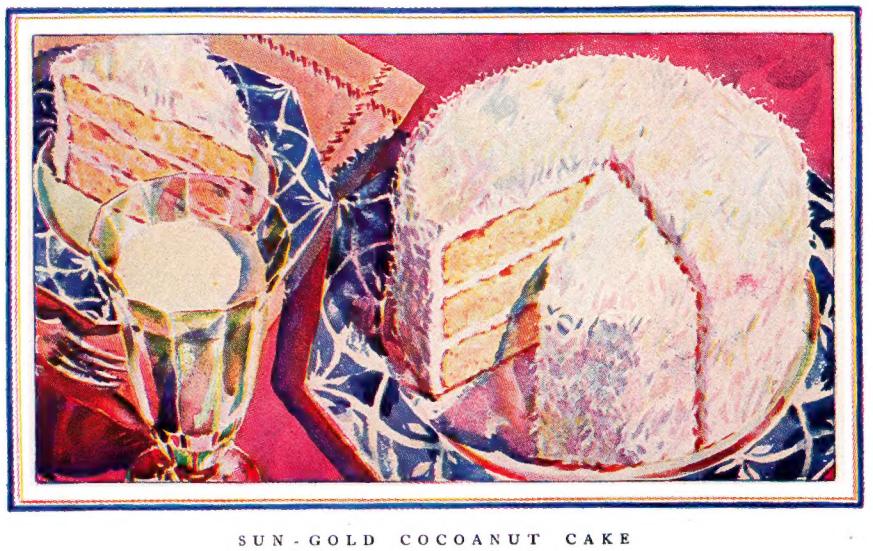
Did you imagine there could be such a difference in the taste of cooking fats? Crisco is so creamy, white, and has such a pleasant odor, to begin with. And its taste is as pleasing as its odor—just fresh and pure and sweet. Think what an improvement this sweet freshness will make in the taste of the biscuits and cakes and pies you make with Crisco!

And I am sure you will like the way Crisco creams so quickly and thoroughly with the sugar. My own Crisco cakes are as light and tender as you could wish. Since Crisco is unsalted, when you use it in your favorite cake recipes, add the salt—unless your recipe already calls for salt. (Use a level teaspoon of salt to each cup of Crisco.)

If you still find it hard to believe you can use *all* Crisco in cakes, try half Crisco and half butter at first. Next time, perhaps, three-fourths Crisco and one-fourth butter. I am sure you will be so pleased with the appetizing niceness of the flavor that soon you will be using all Crisco for all your cakes.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

TASTE CRISCO'S SWEET,



SUN-GOLD COCOANUT CAKE

RIBBON CAKE

OF TASTING FIRST]

# of his omelets his novels!

Texas Sun-Gold Cocoanut Cake

⅔ cup Crisco — 3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla — 2 cups sugar — 1 teaspoon salt
1 cup cocoanut (shredded) — 4 eggs separated
3 cups pastry flour — 1 cup milk

Beat Crisco and sugar to a smooth cream. Stir in well-beaten egg yolks and beat very light. Sift dry ingredients together three times and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add vanilla and then carefully fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake in 3 layers in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Use plain or marshmallow icing between layers and on outside of cake. Sprinkle with cocoanut.

Miss L. H., Rotan

Pennsylvania Spice Cake

¾ cup Crisco — ½ teaspoon cloves — 1 cup thick, sour milk
2 cups brown sugar — 2 teaspoons nutmeg — ½ teaspoon soda
3 eggs, separated — 3 cups pastry flour
1 teaspoon ginger — 3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon — 1 cup chopped raisins
1 teaspoon allspice — 1 teaspoon salt

Beat Crisco and sugar to a light soft cream; add egg yolks beaten well and mix well. Add all spices and raisins, then add flour (previously sifted with baking powder, salt and soda) alternately with the milk. Last fold in egg whites stiffly beaten. Bake in 3 layers in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Spread caramel icing between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle top with currants, nuts or raisins.

Mrs. R. L. K., Saltsburg

Long Island Ribbon Cake

1 cup Crisco — 4 eggs, beaten — 1 cup milk — 1¾ cups sugar
3½ cups pastry flour — 4 teaspoons cinnamon
3 tablespoons lemon juice — 2 ozs. citron, shaved thin
2 teaspoons grated rind of lemon — 1 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder — 1 cup currants

Beat Crisco and sugar to a light soft cream. Add lemon juice and rind, then eggs. Add milk alternately with flour, salt and baking powder sifted together. Divide batter into 3 parts. To one-third add cinnamon, citron and currants. Spread evenly in well-Criscoed oblong layer-cake tins (10″ x 6″ is a good size). Use round tins if you prefer. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 20 minutes; dark layer 5 minutes longer. When baked take from oven, lay on wet towel until partly cool. Slip a knife around the edges, turn out on board and spread currant jelly between layers (dark layer in center). Lay waxed paper over top of cake and over this place upside down a pan in which the cake was baked. Place on top two flatirons (or other heavy weight) and let stand for an hour. Remove pan and waxed paper and cover top with plain icing. Use three weights for round cake.

Miss E. B. P., Port Washington

Utah Chocolate Applesauce Cake

½ cup Crisco, melted — 2 cups pastry flour — 1 teaspoon soda
1½ cups thick unsweetened applesauce — 1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder — 1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup walnuts, chopped — 1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 teaspoon allspice — ½ teaspoon salt
1 cup raisins — 3 tablespoons cocoa — 1 teaspoon cloves

Mix Crisco with applesauce, add nuts and raisins. Sift all dry ingredients together, add to first mixture and mix thoroughly. Turn into 2 well-Criscoed loaf pans and bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) 1 to 1½ hours depending on size of pan.

Mrs. E. W. L., Salt Lake City

Missouri Chocolate Marshmallow Cake

¼ lb. unsweetened chocolate (half of ½-lb. cake) — 1 cup milk
3 cups pastry flour — 2 eggs — ⅓ cup Crisco
4 teaspoons baking powder — 2 cups sugar — 1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla — 1 cup cold coffee

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Mix slightly beaten egg yolks with milk, add to chocolate, cook and stir in double boiler until it becomes thick. When partly cool add Crisco, then sugar gradually, next vanilla. Beat until smooth, then fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Add coffee; then mix with flour, baking powder and salt which have been sifted together. Bake in 2 well-Criscoed shallow cake pans (8″ or 9″ x 11″ or 12″ is a good size) in a moderate oven (350° F.) 35 to 40 minutes. When partly cool cover with marshmallow icing.

Miss D. T., St. Louis

3 good Icings for these cakes

PLAIN ICING: Cook 1¾ cups sugar and ½ cup hot water together, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Then boil without stirring until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water. Pour over 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites; beat until well mixed. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and spread over cake.

CARAMEL ICING: Simply substitute brown sugar for white sugar.

MARSHMALLOW ICING: Before adding vanilla, add 1½ cups marshmallows cut in small pieces and continue beating until mixture holds its shape.

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199 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor of McCall's Magazine. New, delicious recipes for every class of cooking, never before published. To receive book, simply fill in and mail me the coupon.

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FRESH FLAVOR

SPICE CAKE — CHOCOLATE APPLESAUCE CAKE

And so to bed!

Up, at the end of the day, to the gleaming white tub, filled full, and the bobbing welcome of Ivory!

This is content . . . to slip into soft warmth that comes like a blanket up to the chin, while tired muscles let go, while tingling nerves go still! How easy to be a bath-tub dreamer, spinning golden moments of silence . . . with Ivory drifting near your lazy hand!

Gently you splash; slowly you cover yourself with bubbling crests of Ivory foam. Ivory, so quick to cleanse, rinses just as quickly away —leaving you lulled and ready for deep and comforting sleep.

Have you ever wondered why an Ivory bath soothes . . . never gives your body a parched, taut feeling? Then remember that Ivory meets the severest test of soap: it is so pure and bland that it keeps the skin of millions of babies smooth and unfretted.

And so from an Ivory bath, you slip drowsily between warm, friendly sheets. Already you are ebbing away on the sweet tide of sleep. To you, a very good night!

. . . kind to everything it touches · $99\frac{44}{100}\%$ Pure · "It floats"

WHEN YOU LOSE YOUR SON

But Not By Death

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

A message from a great and understanding woman that will bring happiness to all mothers and sons

Drawing by Elizabeth Otis Dunn

"Give me just a little of your life when you are a man!"

IT WOULD be a wonderful thing if every mother of a small and adorable boy, when she puts him to bed tonight, would stand for a few minutes in his darkened nursery, and watch him settling himself and his covers and his woolly dog comfortably in his crib, and say to herself, slowly enough to impress the words on her very soul:

"He's going to be two—or three—or four, on his next birthday. I'm his whole world now, I gave him life, I smiled at him when I was too weak to smile at any one else in the world, I trembled when they brought him to my breast. After that, I watched him every day, his bottles, his rest, his darling tiny clothes. We had our first Christmas tree for him, and as the years go by we'll have so much more—school books, skates, boy friends, parties and picnics, his first tennis and riding lessons, his first dances—his first girl——

"His father and I have done all we can for him, not without sacrifice, not without fatigue and anxiety, not without care. But how gladly, how proudly, how devotedly. Our son—why, he's changed the whole face of the world for us. We're thinking already of his college days, we're hoping already that the girl this serious, sweet, trusting, affectionate little fellow is going to marry will be the right girl——

"His wife. We must remember that we'll lose him then.

"Oh, of course, we'll be at his wedding, and his wife will call on me afterward. Perhaps she'll be charming and confidential during the engagement, perhaps she'll seem to like me very much, come here to dinner——

"BUT after that? Why, then he'll do what his father is doing today, what all young husbands do—or almost all. He'll live in the same town with me, this baby that I love so! He'll pass my house every day, perhaps, on his way to and from his office. But he'll never come in to see me!

"I'll be too proud to telephone, to sue him for his love. I have it now, without suing. Why, he weeps his little heart out now, if I leave him with Emma. His mummy's all the world to him—he runs like a little flying squirrel to leap into bed with me in the mornings. He wouldn't be going to sleep so peacefully now, if I were not standing here.

"But I'll rarely see him, then. Perhaps for a few minutes on Christmas Eve, busy and hurried and dutiful, going to Caroline's folks for the dinner and the tree.

"I won't want much of him, just occasional glimpses, just a kiss and a few words, two or three times a week, just the pride and happiness of having my big boy take me to the theater now and then, when his wife is away. I'll be so near—right in his town—right 'round the corner. But he won't need me, and he won't remember me. Not until after I'm dead.

"Then, after my funeral, he'll stand with his little girl beside him, looking up at my picture, and he'll say tenderly, 'She was a wonderful woman, your grandmother, Betty. You must try to be like her!'

"But before I die, all those lonely long years, I'll wait—and wait—and wait, and my boy won't come near his mother."

And, standing so, in the doorway of a dimly lighted nursery, you young mother of today, you will feel the tears on your cheek; you will cross the nursery to the crib, and kneel down, and put the limp little hand of the sleeping baby against your lips, and whisper, "Be different from the others, my darling! Stay close to me. Give me just a little of the overflow of your life and your youth and your happiness, when you are a man! Don't forget me, week after week, month after month, the birthdays, the anniversaries, the old happy home dates that made my life when you were small! I shall need you so, when I begin to get old!"

That is the mother's prayer, and the mother's tragedy. And like all our prayers and our tragedies, we could answer and solve it ourselves, if we would. You, the young mother of a baby boy, could begin to help solve it tomorrow, by planting in his small heart a sense of responsibility as well as affection for his mother.

And his wife, when he has one, far off in the future, could help so much, just by being kind, by thinking of the older woman, and her love and loneliness and helplessness, and by sending her son to see her, now and then.

ABOVE all, the boy himself could solve it, by beginning to fit Mother into his life again. By planning for fifteen minutes with her, after leaving the office.

It is such a little thing to do, for the person to whom he owes everything! And it means so much more to her than he will ever know.

If you live west of the Rockies, take her a twenty-five-cent bunch of violets. If you don't, take her a box of marshmallows. And when you get there, don't sit silent, awkward, with your own mother, asking her twice how she feels, and responding absently that she looks fine, and that you saw Pa yesterday, and that he looks fine.

But think about the call a little bit, beforehand, as you would if you had to make a speech at the club luncheon. Cut something from a newspaper that will amuse her, remember one or two of the children's absurdities, think up the name of that flower she was planting—way back last summer when you last went in to see her, and inquire about it. Ask her if she ever makes apple-sauce cake any more.

Do it tomorrow, even if she is a little cold and critical when first you go in. Old ladies grow cranky sometimes, especially with those they love. She may take a proud tone with you, at first, and ask very pointedly what is the reason for this unexpected honor, and remind you that she never sees Caroline and the children, these days.

But be patient with her. There were years—years!—when she was patient with you. Win (*Turn to page 123*)

Before Corporal Triumph could stop her, Marie had darted across the café and had flung herself at the feet of Jake Cohen. Above the din, her voice could be heard begging him wildly for his forgiveness

The officer told her that her unknown soldier might be laid to rest in a far grander tomb

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

A magnificent story in remembrance of the World War, and of a Peace which passeth all understanding

By CONINGSBY DAWSON

EXTRACT from an anonymous letter: "Once he trod our streets—perhaps the very pavements which we daily travel. It never entered his head that he would become a symbol of sacrifice and his tomb a shrine of pilgrimage. If any one had foretold as much to him, how he would have laughed! If any one were to reveal to us who he really was—that he had been a cashier in a New York bank or a taxi-driver in Chicago—would he still retain his power so deeply to move us? Who was he, this Unknown Soldier, whom we have exalted out of humanity into sainthood?"

The letter continues startlingly: "By a series of accidents I have come to possess the secret of his identity. Since I am a regular Army officer and therefore forbidden to issue published statements—still more because I doubt my own ability to make a statement of this sort read effectively—I am passing on my information, leaving the decision to your discretion as to what use, if any, should be made of it. My excuse for this shifting of responsibility is that the urge to confess has become intolerable. During the years while I have maintained my silence, I have been oppressed by the accusation of an unperformed duty. Perhaps I have been afraid lest the price of frankness might be ridicule——"

A page of justification for preferring to remain anonymous follows. Then, "At this point I wish to emphasize that my assertions are not made recklessly. In other countries besides our own, the best minds have been at work on this same problem. France, for instance, has shown an almost irreverent curiosity in her attempt to solve the riddle of her *Unknown*. The wildest guesses have been rife: that the body interred with state honors beneath the Arc de Triomphe belonged formerly to an apache; that it belonged to a German spy; that it is not a man's, but a woman's. In the confusion of romantic imaginings, one conjecture recurs with a significant persistence: that in every country where an unknown soldier has been enshrined, in his known life he was the same sort of person—so similar that, save for differences of nationality, he might have been in all instances the same person.

"Which provokes a mystic fancy: that we Americans, French, British, Italians, buried replicas of a master-man who fought and died in all armies—as a tommy, a poilu, a dough-boy. Carrying the extravagance a step further, if one admits the possibility of such a phenomenon, it is conceivable that he also fought and died a comrade-in-arms of our recent enemies; so that, had the Austrians imitated the Allies in thus elevating an Unknown Soldier, another replica of him would be entombed as a patriot in Vienna. Mad as such a surmise must sound, I beg you not to lose patience. This is a case of there being more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the average philosophy. Herewith I forward for your inspection my unadorned narrative, leaving you free to edit, destroy or employ it as you deem advisable. However you decide, I shall not trouble you further. My concern is ended, now that I have cleared my conscience."

Enclosed was a typed manuscript, bearing no clue to its authorship. It is here produced exactly as received, in the belief that its simple directness will prove the best advocate of its sincerity.

IN OCTOBER, 1917, I was acting adjutant of a skeleton battalion, my duties being to allot newly drafted civilians to companies which as yet existed in name only. I suppose, had I been of an imaginative turn of mind, I might easily have permitted myself to become emotional. From morning till night men from every walk of life tramped past me, some of them slicked up in holiday attire, others wearing the rough clothes of humble occupations which varied all the way from working comfort to the rags of poverty. They came burdened with hand-baggage of every size and description—from suitcases, purchased specially for the occasion, to bundles wrapped in newspaper. I had to steel my heart to maintain a correct deportment of military aloofness. Had I not done so, the procession would have been halted interminably. Beneath their surface smiling—and most of the recruits grinned nervously—there wasn't one who wasn't lost and feeling lonely. At the slightest sign of sympathy each was willing to recount his life's history, his hopes, his fears and the dependants he had left behind him. Poor lads with their bright eyes, so determined to make a brave showing, yet so obviously panic-stricken, none of them knowing or capable of visualizing whither he was going!

In the extemporized orderly room, constructed of rough pine, I was seated at my table one morning, typewriters clicking, a clerk at my elbow whose job it was to produce for instant perusal the enlistment papers of each new drafted man as his name was called and he was paraded. As a rule the routine proceeded without variation; when everything concerning the man had been found correct, he was issued his serial number, appointed to a company and given in charge of a sergeant to be marched off to the Quartermaster's Department that he might be outfitted with a uniform, mess-kit, blankets, etc., which was the initial step in his transformation from a civilian to a soldier.

On this particular morning a delay occurred when the name of one Jake Cohen had been called. I did not notice the delay at first, nor did I look up, for I was busy completing entries of the last man who had filed before me.

"This one's a bit out of the ordinary, sir," the clerk whispered, thrusting beneath my (*Turn to page 73*)

Illustrations by
MATANIA

FROM HERE TO HEAVEN

The false glitter of the lights of Broadway sparkles in this story of a little jazz singer

By DIXIE WILLSON

Illustration by JOHN LAGATTA

A LITTLE girl with a fluff of pale gold hair like a lovely ragged flower, eyes that teased, lips that tantalized, sang jazz tunes in Jerry Denver's night club.

Short black velvet trousers, white silk blouse, slim weaving shoulders, dusky eyes, she had everybody talking, had the tables at Jerry Denver's crowded every night.

"I want to travel the road from here to heaven
With you—you—no one but you——"

Teasing, smiling, she would come down the velvet stairs, her arms outstretched in the spot-light, her finger-tips painted with gold.

"Never, never longed for anybody before,
Mornin,' noon and night I'm only lovin' you more——"

Pleading, syncopating, her voice would pick up the melody above the tangle of fiddle and cello and saxophone.

"Listen, aren't you missin' me a little bit too?
Won't you give me just a little sign that you do,
And let me travel the road from here to heaven
With you—you—you——"

She would finish with the music a mere whisper, her hands reaching out, her last note just a bubble floating away in the air. It seemed no one ever had been so lovely. It seemed you never could forget her eyes and teasing lips.

There were a thousand little jazz singers, a thousand beautiful eyes, a thousand songs along Broadway, but everybody was singing *"You—you—you,"* saying to everybody else, "Have you seen the little girl at Jerry Denver's?"

Night after night people would crowd the tables, would sit there in the blue electric moonlight waiting to hear that *"You—you—you."* The walls were set with purple jewels. Gold curtains hung from the ceiling. The place every night was a checker-board of tuxedos and women's white shoulders turned to satin in the candle-light; waiters hurrying with silver buckets of ice, hurrying with chafing dishes, little blue flames licking the silver, and every one saying to every one else—"What time does she sing? Is it true she's to sing in Paris? Is it true she's in love with the Count Ron de Veille? He's given her a fortune in emeralds, they say. There he is! They say he's here every night. They say he's mad about her!"

Yes, the young Count de Veille was there every night. Always at the table nearest the stairs, always toying with a cigaret in a long meerschaum holder, always watching every one with eyes fairly insolent, so sure of himself, and always that possessive smile, when at last the little girl who was Broadway's newest darling would come down the velvet stairs in the spot-light!

Well—he was de Veille. He had millions. He had a title. He had estates in Nice and Vienna and Italy.

He had bought everything he had ever wanted. Why not Margo Lind too?

A table was reserved one midnight for a party of gentlemen, who came with white flowers in their button-holes, paper caps and rattle boxes, and made the place a carnival. At the table by the stairs de Veille toyed with his cigaret, and fingered a little jewel box, so that everybody would say, "There he is! More jewels! He's bringing her jewels."

"I SAY, my old friend de Veille's here!" one of the party of gentlemen exclaimed.

He called the head waiter over to their table, and gave him five dollars. "Ask de Veille to join us," he said. "Bring him over." He winked at the others. "De Veille will introduce us to the little sensation," he said.

De Veille joined the party.

In the jewel box he let them see an amethyst set with diamonds, quivering against white satin.

"Yes," he laughed, "she costs me more than the little princess I left in Cairo!"

He opened an onyx ring on his finger, as you would open the cover of a book, and showed them Margo's face in an oval of gold.

"But for lips like these," he said, "what price could be high!"

He told them, yes, they could meet her. He said she was always gracious to any friends of his.

"And how she will startle Vienna," he said with that possessive smile, "when I take her to court!"

The man next him looked in the jewel box, and gently toyed with its shimmering contents of lavender and fire.

"Isn't it emeralds you give her?" he asked. "The story is *emeralds*."

De Veille closed the box and slipped it into his pocket.

"For Margo I buy only amethysts," he said. "Her eyes are lavender."

SO WHEN that little girl came down the velvet stairs, de Veille, with a wreath of paper flowers around his neck, was sitting with the gentlemen's party, a glass of wine in his hand like a toast to her, a smile over the rim of it, as tho reminding her, and reminding every one else too, how much there was between them.

Teasing, syncopating, she came into the spot-light.

"Listen, aren't you missin' me a little bit too?
Won't you give me just a little sign that you do——"

The men around the table raised their eyebrows and put their paper caps on sideways. The man who had asked de Veille to join them scraped his chair around from the table, so that he could face her as she came

"Ron," she said, "you know I've always reminded you I had a husband somewhere." There was a silence

across the floor. They smiled with her, sighed with her, forgot everything in the world but her eyes and her voice, and the lovely ragged flower of her hair. That moment she held in her hand, like a jester's bells, everybody in the room—everybody, but *one*. In the party of gentlemen, *one* man, when Margo began to sing, leaned across the table and fastened his eyes on the drummer in the jazz band and the tricks of the drumsticks—rim shot and drum shuffle, eight drumsticks at a time! He was so tall his shoulders stooped a little; tawny hair, a shaggy lock falling across his forehead, handsome serious face, his hand, holding one of the thin-stemmed glasses, awkwardly tapping the tempo of the drum beat.

Margo Lind sang so close to him that her breath touched his face. "*You—you—you—*" her voice close as a whisper. But with his eyes intent on the drummer's red drumsticks, he didn't once turn to that little girl at his shoulder, didn't by the least look or movement show he knew she was there.

Jerry's placed closed at four. By four-thirty chairs were piled on the tables and shoved against the wall. A bare white light, on an upright rod out on the dance floor, glared crosscriss patterns thru smoke that hung down from the ceiling, and an old man, with a length of hose dragging after him, waited to push a vacuum cleaner over strips of red carpet pulled away from the tables.

Margo Lind, coming up from the dressing-room to go home, found the old man mumbling about confetti everywhere, confetti and paper streamers and dilapidated pieces of paper caps that wouldn't sweep up.

AT THE cashier's desk Jerry Denver was making piles of ten dollar bills and twenty dollar bills and fifty dollar bills, a cigar in his mouth, his bow tie a little crooked. Across the room at the piano, the orchestra leader, in shirt-sleeves, with his hat on, was trying a number, the white light glaring, the waiters stacking chairs.

"Good night, honey," Jerry wagged at her devotedly with his bald head and thin fringe of damp curly hair.

Margo smiled gaily and held her wrap closer around her.

"Goodnight," she said.

The head waiter was locking the big revolving door.

"Get all the flowers and letters I sent down to you?" he asked her.

"Yes," she told him.

Jerry Denver took his cigar out of his mouth with a hand dressed in a diamond ring.

"But you didn't mean much to the big blond boy in the party tonight, did you, honey?" he said, and winked at the head waiter. "First man I ever saw that you couldn't shanghai!"

"Shanghai?" she said, and smiled a little. "He's my husband."

Jerry Denver clamped his hand over the edge of the desk and stared at her, the cigar half-way to his lips.

"I haven't seen him for five years," she said slowly, her eyes deep with a far-away look. "He used to say I made the best punkin pie in Bronxville."

At half-past four along deserted (*Turn to page 46*)

A CHALLENGE TO WOMEN'S CLUBS

Here is a Clear and Forceful Plan of Battle for All Who Desire to Better Their Own Communities

By EDWARD L. BERNAYS

Mr. Bernays is uniquely qualified to write this article. He knows the psychology of governments and individuals; he delivers university lectures, and writes authoritative books on public relations.

IN A medium sized city in the Middle West, a crooked politician had quietly taken over the police department and, unknown to the decent citizens of the community, had filled the department with his grafting hangers-on. The chairman of the legislative committee of the leading woman's club uncovered the situation. She called a meeting of the club and presented a program of action based upon the modern technique of crystallizing public opinion. Within two months the community had been aroused, the police chief had been forced to resign, the grafting police were thrown out of their jobs—and the city built up an excellent administration with the help of the woman's club.

What is this matter of crystallizing public opinion which can almost miraculously take a community and force it into decent action?

Its first requisite is organization. Women's clubs must be effectively organized: And they must have objectives: objectives in the deeds to be accomplished, objectives in terms of the time in which such deeds are to be accomplished. There must be crystal clearness. This is essential, because human beings prefer to see things as whites and blacks and not grays.

A woman's club should carefully select these objectives. It should choose them from two standpoints; one, of the ideal, based on the need for the particular change to be effected; second, a practical one, based on the possibility of effecting that change, taking into consideration all possible factors. It might be a wise move, for instance, to attempt to get more playgrounds in the city, but if, for the time being, the city has borrowed money up to its debt limit and has spent all it has available, it would be unwise to attempt this. The field for improvement is, however, so unlimited that no organization need be restrained because of any lack of things to be accomplished.

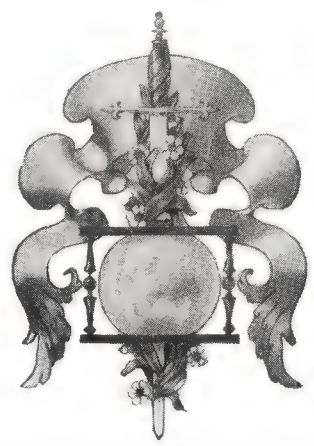
An Expert Makes the Survey

IN DETERMINING on an objective, it is the wisest course to consult an expert. In this highly complex civilization, the specialist is needed to cope with the special problems of the units of government. The expert then is called in to make a survey, official or unofficial; to evaluate a given condition in relation to the ideal and to draw up for the woman's club the recommendations.

These experts need not of necessity be drawn from an outside circle or city, nor need they be paid experts. Every community has its expert—whose desirability the individual club will have to judge for itself. Then, too, there are national and local societies which will be only too glad to cooperate by mail or in person to make available to interested groups the standards they are striving for, as well as to analyze the local conditions.

In education, there is the National Education Association with headquarters in Washington. In public health, there is the American Public Health Association with headquarters which not only make up programs, but assist local groups to carry them out. In social welfare, there is the Russell Sage Foundation as well as the National Association for Social Welfare. And so on.

After the objective has been resolved comes a more difficult problem for the sagacious club president and the chairman of the committee in charge of this particular work—the necessity of knowing, classifying and analyzing the public thru whose cooperation the battle is to be won. That is not a simple matter and the principles involved should be carefully studied before they are applied. The study of the public is the study of groups, just as the study of groups is the study of the individual.



Decorations by Robert Lawson

The problem is to discover exactly what the dominant groups in the community feel towards the proposed change, and on what basis a realignment of these groups and additional groups can be brought about in favor of the proposed measure.

In most communities the obvious group cleavages will be self-evident. The natural impulse will be to divide the local world into Democrats and Republicans. Suppose a Republican boss or leader is in power. Then—all that is necessary is to go to the boss, convince him of the importance of the measure, or, if he doesn't accede to that, threaten him with a withdrawal of votes. Sometimes this is possible; more often it is not. The boss has usually obtained his power thru a knowledge of the technique of molding public opinion, and, if he is reasonably sure of his position, you will find that he is not so easily molded himself.

Study Your Community Groups

BESIDES the political parties, there are other groups to be studied. In any given problem, divide your public into those groups which are dominant in the community and which have some relation to the problem. In education, for instance, there is hardly a group that, on the basis of the strong parental feelings of its members, will not align itself with a movement for improvement. There are also cleavages on a basis of pure gregariousness; the fraternal orders; group cleavages based on professional interests and on religion; social cleavages on family and money differences; neighborhood and racial cleavages; in other words, group cleavages as varied as individuals.

The chairman should first find out what these cleavages are. One good way to find out is by looking thru the classified telephone book of the city, or the city directory of the community; if the town is too small for such an index—the regular telephone book.

After she has enumerated these groups whose support would help her cause, the next step is to ascertain what they think of the particular issue. For this purpose it is not necessary to get an official response; one or more members of the group can be unofficially approached and asked to interpret the attitude of their group. Very often, too, a newspaper man, or man about town, will be able to give a fairly accurate interpretation of the attitude of various groups toward given causes.

A summation of these attitudes will give the chairman an index which will be of help (*Turn to page 83*)

It was after midnight. The Baron Willy von Kleener and Jeanie were in the patio by the marble fountain, when a shadowy figure crept up toward them

EVEN BARONS MUST LIVE

The hilarious story of a European nobleman, a social climber, and her niece who rode bareback

By BRENDA UELAND

MRS. MARTIN HANDCART'S private lady's-maid was doing her hands and Miss Agnes from the Salon was giving her a facial. While pinioned in this way she was running over in her mind how all her schemes had fallen down. She decided that there was only one thing left to try and that meant asking poor Jeanie to give up her career in the department store. Soon Miss Parmentier, her social secretary, came in, and Mrs. Handcart said,

"Honey, get my niece, Jeanie McDougal, on the phone at Taylor and Company on Fifth Avenue. Tell her to come to lunch and send Charlie and Eddie in the French car."

"I will send Charles and Edward," responded Miss Parmentier, in this way reminding Mrs. Handcart again that she should never call a servant by a diminutive or nickname.

After Miss Agnes had gone, Mrs. Handcart said to her secretary,

"Well, listen, honey. I have an idea. You know, I've been kind of discouraged lately. It's nearly three years now since Mr. Handcart died and I located in New York, and the only places where I have the ontray is the Nielsons from Pittsburgh who are nobodies, and the Sachs-Gerners who are mighty fine intellectual people but really nobody."

Miss Parmentier began to bridle.

"Mrs. Handcart, I am sure I am doing my best. I got Mrs. Sevrier to invite you to her luncheon." Miss Parmentier had formerly been Mrs. Sevrier's secretary. It was on the strength of this that she had claimed to be able to get Mrs. Handcart into society.

"Yes, I know it," said Mrs. Handcart. "It was that charity luncheon, and I gave my check for ten thousand gladly for the sake of charity, because Mrs. Sevrier is a lovely woman and I want to get in with her. But when you think of it, who were the ladies there? There was Mrs. Smith, the wife of the underwear man. She gave three thousand. Mrs. Foley of Dubuque; Mrs. Clarence Hodger; Mrs. Frank Griever. But what I mean is all nobodies. Nobody you would really care to meet socially, altho as friends, yes, as friends, lovely women, lovely!"

Miss Parmentier looked so jaundiced that Mrs. Handcart said,

"But my lands, child, don't look so glum. Because I've got a new original idea. Now listen. Take this down."

The Spanish Castle at Southampton was to be opened at once. (It had been bought three years before because it adjoined Mrs. Sevrier's place.) There was to be a week-end party. "Of certain guests," Mrs. Handcart hinted darkly, "whom I will mention later."

ON SATURDAY night, a big dance. Miss Parmentier was to send invitations to the Nielsons, to the Sachs-Gerners, to the Foleys, Doleys, etc.; to the Grievers, Peevers, etc.; to that young man Riley they talked to at the theater; to the two lovely girls Mrs. Handcart had met on the train; to absolutely everybody. And to Mrs. Sevrier. Of course to Mrs. Sevrier.

"Now," she said to Miss Parmentier, "take this carefully. To the Baron Willy Donnersmarck von Kleener——"

No wonder Miss Parmentier was surprised. The whole

world knew about the Baron. His brother was married to the only daughter of Josiah Rogerson of Newport. He was the heir of an Austrian-English family and related to all the royalty in Europe. But more than that, he was so perfectly fascinating in himself. He was haughty, wild, romantic. He had been disinherited three times. He travelled incognito. To the newspapers he had told stories of his duels, in one of which it seems he killed his cousin; of the Bolsheviks he had destroyed on his estate in Finland; of his strange, almost dreadful fascination for women.

"I was at the jewelry counter at Taylor and Company, talking to my niece Jeanie," Mrs. Handcart said, settling into a long narration, "when I notice this tall distinguished looking foreigner standing by me and taking it all in—the swellest looking thing you ever saw, with a monocle in his eye. It was about four o'clock then and I feel kind of let down from shopping so I go around the corner to the Ritz for a cup of tea, and who should come in and take the table right next to me but this here now Baron. Well, you know how I am—before I know it he and I get talking." Miss Parmentier rolled her eyes to heaven, but Mrs. Handcart, absorbed, went on. "So we get talking—you know these charming manners of your aristocratic titled foreigner of the Old School. Lands! There's nothing like them in this country! He asks me about Jeanie, who she was and all about her, oh, and about Mr. Handcart and how he made his money—and all that sort of thing—and about our old home in Duluth."

It was a long story because Mrs. Handcart had an exact memory. The upshot of it was that not only was the Baron coming to Southampton for the week-end, but he was bringing—think of it!—four titled chums.

"One: the Princess Kurgaski," said Mrs. Handcart, striking them off on her fingers. "Two: the Marquis de Maw Blaw, capital M-o-n-t capital B-l-a-n-c. Three: the Duchess of Giles, who recommends the toilet fixtures in the ads. And four: the Count de Melikov. He's Russian. Now, honey," she concluded, "so that's my new idea. Because the way I look at it, if going with real titled nobility don't get us the ontray, nothing will."

At noon Jeanie McDougal came. Now this part of it made Mrs. Handcart feel mean. Jeanie didn't care one tiny bit for your artificial social life.

"But you see, honey," her aunt said, "this Baron might come to my place once for the champagne and terrapin. But, if you lived with me, that would be a real drawing card."

"But I'm sure I'm not the type."

Mrs. Handcart looked at her—those blue, blue eyes, those mouse colored bangs, those long legs, that broad friendly smile——

"You're just fishing!" she said at last. And after a while Jeanie, looking at her aunt's anxious pointed nose in her fattish face, couldn't refuse.

So Jeanie resigned from the store that afternoon, saying goodbye to the other girls. It was too bad, because she was just beginning to get acquainted. Verma La Rue, for instance, was especially interesting, a typical blonde who was going into vaudeville.

"What's the idea leaving, baby?" asked Verma. When Jeanie told her she was going to live with her aunt, who had thirty million dollars, Verma looked at her for several seconds, then she winked. Nothing would make her believe it.

SATURDAY afternoon. Mrs. Handcart and Jeanie were waiting for the house guests. Princess, Duchess, Marquis and Count arrived first in the English car. They explained that the Baron would come later in the Spanish car. Mrs. Handcart made them feel right at home. She assigned maids and valets all around; sent the boys (as she called her footmen) hot-footing it for cocktails, tea, sandwiches, cakes, muffins, cigars, cigarets.

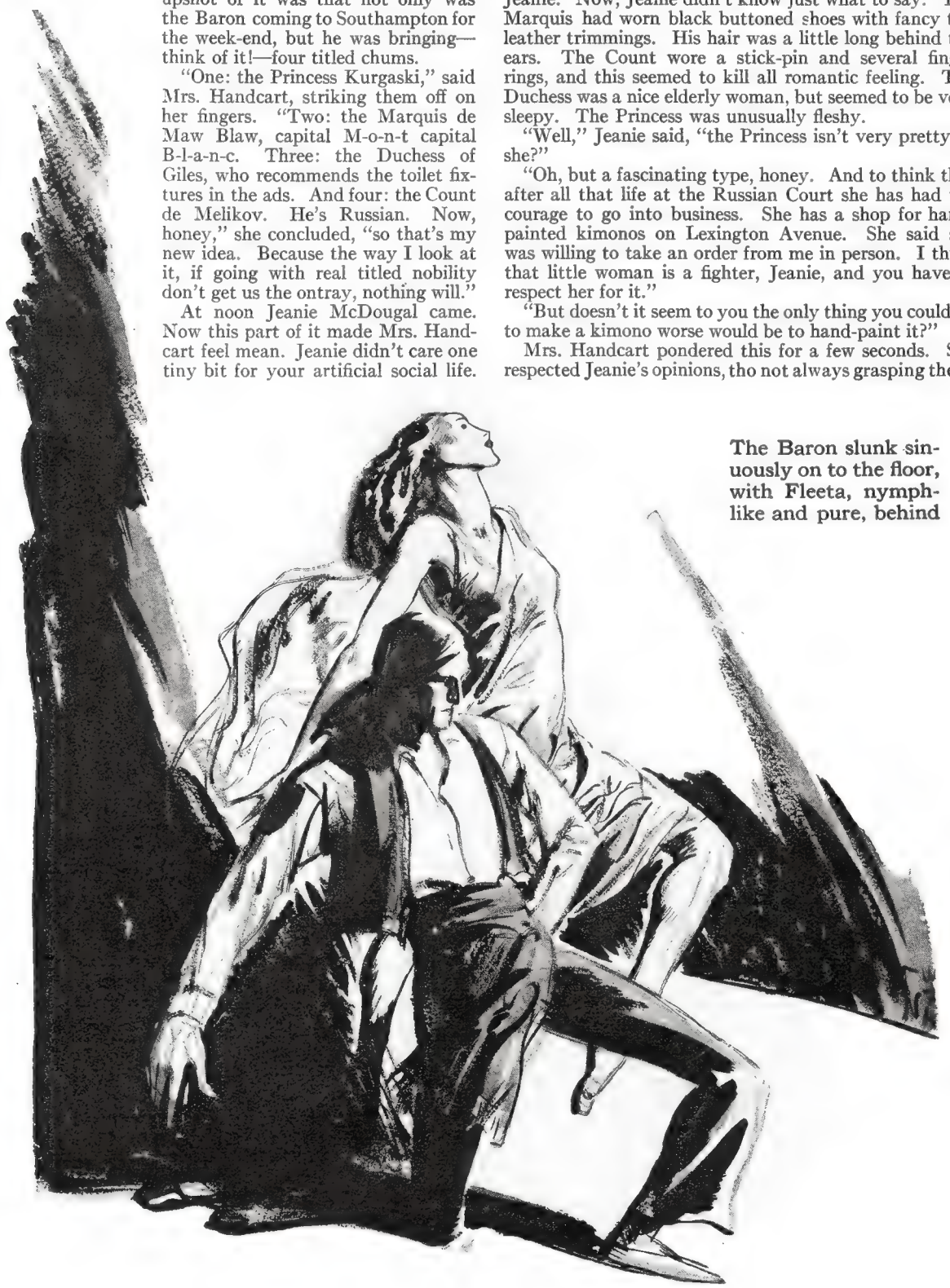
"What did you think of them, honey?" she asked Jeanie. Now, Jeanie didn't know just what to say. The Marquis had worn black buttoned shoes with fancy tan leather trimmings. His hair was a little long behind the ears. The Count wore a stick-pin and several finger rings, and this seemed to kill all romantic feeling. The Duchess was a nice elderly woman, but seemed to be very sleepy. The Princess was unusually fleshy.

"Well," Jeanie said, "the Princess isn't very pretty, is she?"

"Oh, but a fascinating type, honey. And to think that after all that life at the Russian Court she has had the courage to go into business. She has a shop for hand-painted kimonos on Lexington Avenue. She said she was willing to take an order from me in person. I think that little woman is a fighter, Jeanie, and you have to respect her for it."

"But doesn't it seem to you the only thing you could do to make a kimono worse would be to hand-paint it?"

Mrs. Handcart pondered this for a few seconds. She respected Jeanie's opinions, tho not always grasping them.



The Baron slunk sinuously on to the floor, with Fleeta, nymph-like and pure, behind

Illustrations by W. EMERTON HEITLAND

"Joker!" she said at last. "But just wait until you see the Baron."

At first Jeanie mistook another man for him. All the guests had arrived. She was coming down-stairs. Under her aunt's famous Bouguereau she saw a man who, she was sure, was the Baron. He was a tanned blond and his undented trousers were perfection. But it was his face even more than his trousers that was so terribly aristocratic, for it had that austerity combined with an uneasy kind-hearted look that, Jeanie thought, made an ordinary American like herself feel like a piece of cheese.

But just then her aunt came up with a tall dark man wearing a cracked monocle. The Baron Willy von Kleener. Jeanie heard his heels click. He was kissing her hand. He took her in to dinner and in two minutes she could see his fascination.

For instance, to start the conversation Jeanie had said, "I see you cracked your monocle, Baron."

Then he began. He told her how he had cracked it because he wanted to become blind in that eye, and when he had become blind in that eye he would transfer the monocle to the other eye so as to become totally blind.

"But why, Baron?"

"I do not find the world beautiful. I wish to become blind, for then no longer will the world's cheap ugliness put me in despair."

It came out that the Baron not only wished to be blind, he wished to die.

"What?" Jeanie exclaimed. "Do you really mean to tell me you have tried to commit suicide?"

"Oh, yes, yes. The last time was just the other day." The Count de Melikov and he had made a compact. The Baron was to go to sleep before an open window in his suite at the Ritz, and the Count, who lived across the area way—a matter of twenty feet—was to shoot him while he was sleeping. Everything was carried out as he planned. The Baron fell asleep; the Count waited, a rifle in his hands. But when the Baron awoke, he was not dead. "Why did you not shoot?" he asked de Melikov. "Because," de Melikov explained, "you leaned over to one side and there was a stone coping in the way. But sit there tomorrow afternoon and I will shoot you."

Jeanie's mouth was open.

"And did you do it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I had an engagement for dinner."

He changed the subject.

"You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. And I love this gown. It is Chanel."

"Well, thanks a lot," said Jeanie with a sincere look. "I'm glad you like it."

After dinner he would dance with no one else.

"I really believe he likes me," said Jeanie to Mrs. Handcart, "because he gives me trade-last after trade-last."

There was one thing that was bothering Mrs. Handcart. She had done something that was so clever and foxy it was making her feel kind of guilty. She had told her private lady's-maid, Tessie, to tell Mrs. Sevrier's private lady's-maid that the Baron von Kleener was her house guest.

"Now, I always like to be open and above board," she was saying to Jeanie, "and if Mrs. Sevrier bites, I'll feel kinda mean." And just then Mrs. Sevrier arrived!

IT SEEMED to take the boys a long time to find the Baron. The interval was uncomfortable. But at last, to Mrs. Handcart's relief, the Baron came gliding over the floor and began to fascinate Mrs. Sevrier. It was amazing! It took only about three seconds. Mrs. Handcart could hardly keep from exclaiming aloud, it was so wonderful. Like this.

First Mrs. Sevrier said,

"Baron von Kleener, I know your brother's wife, Maida Rogerson. Isn't she charming?"

Now your crude American man would have said, "Yes, isn't she?" or something like that. But not the Baron. First he just shrugged.

"My dear Baron, what do you mean?" Mrs. Sevrier said, smiling in spite of herself, for she was beginning to see the humor of it.

"Do you call that charming?" he said. "That stingy woman with those big knees?"

People had not seen Mrs. Sevrier laugh so hard in years. And so as the direct result of the Baron's fascination, this is what happened.

IT WAS after midnight. The Baron and Jeanie were in the patio by the black marble fountain. Pretty soon, Mrs. Sevrier came sneaking out thru the moonlit cloisters and found the Baron. (*Turn to page 123*)

THE AMERICAN WOMAN AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

By

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

This is the companion article to "The American Woman and the Republican Party," published last month. Mrs. Keyes has aimed to present both parties with equal fairness. In this, it seems to us, she has been triumphantly successful.

"We offer one with the will to win—the happy warrior, Alfred E. Smith", said Franklin Roosevelt in nominating him for President

WIDE WORLD

With a quiet dignity and poise, Mrs. Smith took the acclaim of her husband's many friends and admirers who rushed to congratulate her

WIDE WORLD

LAST month, DELINEATOR presented to the American woman the platforms and personalities of the Republican Party, as revealed in its national convention and carried into its presidential campaign. This month the magazine's representative, having betaken herself from Kansas City to Houston, will endeavor to describe the platforms and personalities of the Democratic Party, as revealed in its national convention and carried into its presidential campaign. Her impressions will reach her readers almost at the eve of election—a time when feeling is apt to run so high that judgment is often at low ebb; and therefore it is with a special plea for unbiased and thoughtful consideration that she takes them into her confidence.

She chose the railroad immortalized by O. Henry and known colloquially and affectionately as the "Katy" for her trip; and the result of her choice was a pleasant, idle sort of journey, during which she sat for hours, contemplating endless fields of yellow daisies, consuming orangeade, and conversing with Henry, the eldest brother in the Keyes family—which, as she has remarked before, has them in assorted sizes and ages. His pursuit of legal knowledge had been interrupted by his summer vacation, and he had therefore become opportunely available as courier, to the unspeakable delight of his mother. She arrived at Houston refreshed rather than jaded by such travel; and her spirits, already high, rose to the point of exuberance upon being met at the station by friends who had arrived before her, who were already established in a spacious house which they had "taken over" for the period of the convention, and who insisted that she and her son must dine with them forthwith.

But in spite of this pleasant interruption in her appointed task, the evening did not end without the discovery that Houston is not one of those cities which takes conventions casually and nonchalantly, conveying to the strangers within its gates that, after all, it makes little difference who or how many come and go. Festooned bunting fluttered in the famous breeze; electric signs winked with their blazing words of welcome; brass bands blared with the bars of "Dixie"; placards of vice-presidential candidates plastered every available corner and corridor; sidewalks and streets, lobbies and elevators seethed to the point of suffocation; not only with conscientious committees of reception and information, distracted policemen, darting taxi-drivers, screaming newsboys, delegates and near-delegates, reporters and near-reporters—all of whom had or felt that they had some logical reason in fighting for a foothold; but also with bustling small children, bewildered middle-aged ladies, belligerent elderly gentlemen, rangers, ranchers, and members of various fraternal organizations, whose lack of official connection with the event at hand and whose immediate danger of being trampled underfoot in no wise seemed to effect their unalloyed enjoyment of participating in the fray. And indeed, a mighty fray it was to be!

Badges, credentials, ribbons, and emblems adorned ample breasts; coats had been left behind in hotel bedrooms which, by effete northeasterners, had at first been mistaken for closets, but which had afterward been submissively discovered as "desirable reservations," designed to shelter three or four persons each. Straw hats were pushed back from perspiring brows, hard-bitten cigars were tucked in the corners of determined lips. One distracted guest, who had waited three hours to be conveyed to the seventeenth floor of his hotel, where his "desirable reservation" was located, at last fired four shots straight thru the elevator door. But there were few exhibitions of temper or even impatience; on the contrary, perfect behavior was positively rampant.

A friendlier, happier crowd could hardly be imagined; and certainly no comment on the convention would be complete without a word of tribute to the good nature of the elevator girls and the waiters in the hotels, and to the door-men at Convention Hall—"Sorry, lady, but I guess you'll have to wait for the next car!"—"Just a second, I'll have that club sandwich for you yet!"—"Well, that ticket really lets you in the next door, but I'm not a-goin' to keep you-all a-walkin' out in the hot sun. You can pass around inside, where it's cooler. Yes, *Ma'am*!"

It was with a real glow of gratitude for the intrinsic and dependable kindness of human nature that Convention Hall was finally reached. This hall was built by that able and enterprising Texan, Jesse H. Jones, on purpose to house the convention; and tho only sixty-four working days were consumed in erecting it, no more excellent results could have been obtained (*Turn to page 86*)

Mrs. Robinson is known to be a true friend to her friends, no matter to what heights she may be called

HARRIS & EWING

Senator Robinson of Arkansas is the able and popular selection of the Democrats for Vice-President

EDITH WHARTON *has written one of her finest novels*

HUDSON RIVER

"Won't I? You'll see then!" Lorry caught her by the wrist, and they stood

A. J. DOWNING, ESQ., in his book on landscape gardening (published in 1842), divided American architectural styles into Grecian, Chinese, Gothic, Tuscan or Italian Villa Style, and Hudson River Bracketed.

The Willows, an unoccupied old house at Paul's Landing on the Hudson, was a perfect example of the Bracketed school of architecture. Its quaint towers and balconies and overhanging eaves, with brackets at every conceivable point, would be regarded with pitying mirth today. Except by Vance Weston, whose whole life it was destined to change.

He had come, a young man fresh from a western college, to convalesce after a serious illness at the house of his mother's cousin, Mrs. Lucilla Tracy, in Paul's Landing, New York. To Vance's surprise he found his cousins almost in poverty; in his dreams everything in the East, and near New York City especially, had been painted rich and gorgeous. But his shy young cousins, Upton and Laura Lou Tracy, made him feel welcome. And when these cousins went on their Saturday pilgrimage to dust the Willows, an old house they earned a little money by keeping in order, Vance joined them willingly. It was that afternoon, in the quiet of the Willows' library, that he met Heloise Spear.

She had come on behalf of Thomas Lorburn, her cousin who owned the place, to see that the Tracy children did their work well. And in the library she stumbled upon Vance Weston, lost in rapturous reading of Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." Vance and Heloise talked together of books, of poetry particularly. Never had his spirit soared as it did in the presence of this dark, mysterious stranger. Vance did not know then that she was the daughter of a patrician family, for generations among the leading aristocracy of America. *Here the story continues:*

THREE men and two ladies were sitting on the wide veranda at Eaglewood at the end of a summer afternoon. The place was full of signs of comfortable but disorderly use. A low table was spread with tea things, a teapot of one make, cups of another, plates with fragments of stale-looking cake and cold toast. There were porch chairs, some disabled and mended with string, but all provided with gaily-striped cushions which had visibly suffered from sun and rain. In one corner stood a tall earthen jar with branches of various blossoming shrubs, in another an easel with a study blocked out in charcoal, and everywhere were trails of ashes, and little accumulations of cigar and cigaret ends.

The low-studded old house of gray stone was throned on its mountain so high above Paul's Landing that those who sat on the veranda missed the dispiriting sight of the town, and of the cement works below on the shore, and saw only, beyond the precipitate plunge of many-tinted forest, the sweep of the Hudson, and the cliffs veiled in mist on its other shore.

The view from Eaglewood was famous—yet visible, Heloise Spear reflected, to none of those who habitually lived with it except herself. Her mother, she thought, had probably seen it for a while, years ago, in her first eager youth; then it had been lost in a mist of multiple preoccupations—literary, humanitarian and domestic—from which it emerged only when visitors were led out on the veranda for the first time. "Ah, our view—*yes*," Mrs. Spear would then murmur, closing her handsome eyes as if to shut herself in with the unutterable, away from the importunities of spoken praise. And her guests would remain silent, too much impressed by her attitude to find the superlatives expected of them.

As for Mr. Spear, his daughter knew that he had simply never seen the view at all; his eyes had never been still long enough. But he had read of it in verse and prose; he talked of it with vivacity and emotion; he knew the attitude to strike, deprecating yet possessive, lighting a cigaret while the other gazed, and saying: "The poets have sung us, as you know. You remember Bryant's 'Eyrie'? Yes—that's the Eaglewood view. He used to stay here with my wife's great grandfather. And Washington Irving, in his 'Sketch-book.' And Whitman—it's generally supposed—" And at that point Mrs. Spear would open her eyes to interject: "Really? You didn't know that my husband knew Whitman? I always scold him for not having written down some of their wonderful talks together——"

"Ah, Whitman was a very old man when I knew him—immobilized at Camden. He never came here in my time, but from something he once said I gathered that Eaglewood undoubtedly— Yes, I must really jot it all down one of these days."

Mr. Spear's past was full of the dateless blur of the remarkable things he had not jotted down. Slim, dark, well-preserved, with his wavy grayish hair and cleverly dyed mustache, he was the type of the busy dreamer

Illustrations by
HENRY R. SUTTER

BRACKETED

A modern story of youth in conflict between old traditions and new purposes

glaring at each other and breathing hard, like two angry young animals

who is forever glancing at his watch, calling impatiently for time-tables and calendars (two articles never to be found in the Spear household), calculating and plotting out his engagements, doubting whether there will be time to squeeze in this or that, wondering if after all it will be possible to "make it," and then, at the end of each day, groaning as he lights his after-dinner cigar: "Devil take it, when I got up this morning I thought of a lot of rather important things I had to do—and like a fool I forgot to jot them down." It was not to be expected, Halo thought, that one so busy should ever have time to look at a sunset.

AS FOR Heloise's brother Lorry (Lorburn, of coursea sunk in the hollow of a canvas chair, his handsom) contemptuous head tilted back, and his feet on the verande rail, Lorry, the fool, *could* see the view when he chose, and out of sheer perversity and posing, wouldn't—and that was worst of all, Halo thought. "Oh, for God's sake, Halo, don't serve up the view again, there's a good girl! Shan't I ever be able to teach you *not to have taste?* The world's simply dying of a surfeit of scenery—an orgy of beauty. If my father would cut down some of those completely superfluous trees, and let us get a line on the chimney of the cement factory— It's a poor little chimney, of course, but it's got the supreme quality of ugliness. In certain lights, you know, it's almost as ugly as the Willows, or the Parthenon, say——"

But unless there were visitors present Lorry seldom got as far as the Parthenon in his monolog, because his family had long since discounted his opinions about beauty, and went on thinking of other things while he was airing them —even old George Frenside never listened nowadays, tho once the boy's paradoxes had seemed to amuse him.

George Frenside was the other man on the veranda. There he sat, beh'nd his eternal cigar, glowering into the tender spaces of the sky as if what he saw there were an offense to the human race; yet Halo wondered if one could say of those small deep-sunk eyes, forever watchful behind their old fashioned *pince-nez*, that anything they rested on escaped them. Probably not; for he was sensitive to beauty, and not afraid of it, like Lorry. Only, to move him, it had to be beauty of man's making, something wrung by human genius out of the stubborn elements. The sunset and the woodlands were nothing to him if they had not fed a poet or a painter—a poet preferably. Frenside had often said to Halo: "No, my child—remember I'm not a vegetarian. I never could digest raw landscape."

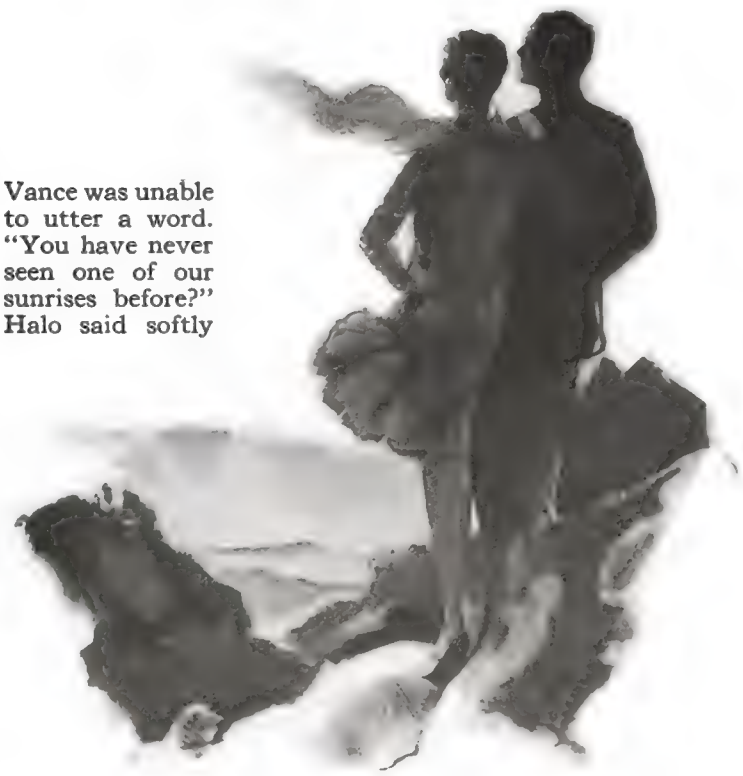
But that did not mean that he did not *see* it, did not parcel it out into its component parts with those cool classifying eyes. George Frenside was aware of most things; little escaped him of the cosmic spectacle. Only for him the beauty of the earth was something you could take apart, catalog and pigeonhole, and not the enveloping harmony it was to the girl who sat beside him looking out on the sunset opalescence at their feet.

George Frenside was an institution at Eaglewood, and wherever else the Spears set up their tents. His short stocky figure, his brooding Socratic head, his cigar and eye-glasses, figured among Halo's earliest recollections, and she had always seen him as she saw him now: elderly, poor, unsuccessful, and yet more masterful, more stimulating, than any one else she had known. "A fire that warms everything but itself," she had once defined him. But he had snapped back: "I don't warm, I singe."

Not a bad description of his relation to most people; but she, who knew him so well, knew also the communicative glow he could give out, and often wondered why it had never lit up his own path.

All his life he had lingered on the outskirts of success, contributing fierce dissections of political and literary ideas to various newspapers and reviews, often refusing to write an article when it was asked for—and especially when a good sum was offered for it—and then suddenly dashing off a brilliant diatribe which no one wanted, and which came back to him from one editor after another. He had written, a good many years earlier, a brief volume of essays called "Dry Points," which had had a considerable success in the limited circle of the cultivated, and been enthusiastically reviewed in England. This had produced a handsome offer from a publisher, who asked Frenside for a revolutionary book on education: a subject made to his hand. The idea delighted him, he wanted the money badly, he had never before had so large a sum proposed to him; and he sat paralyzed by the completeness of the opportunity. One day he found a title which amused him—"The Art of Imparting Ignorance"—and that was the only line of the book he ever wrote.

"It's one (*Turn to page 101*)

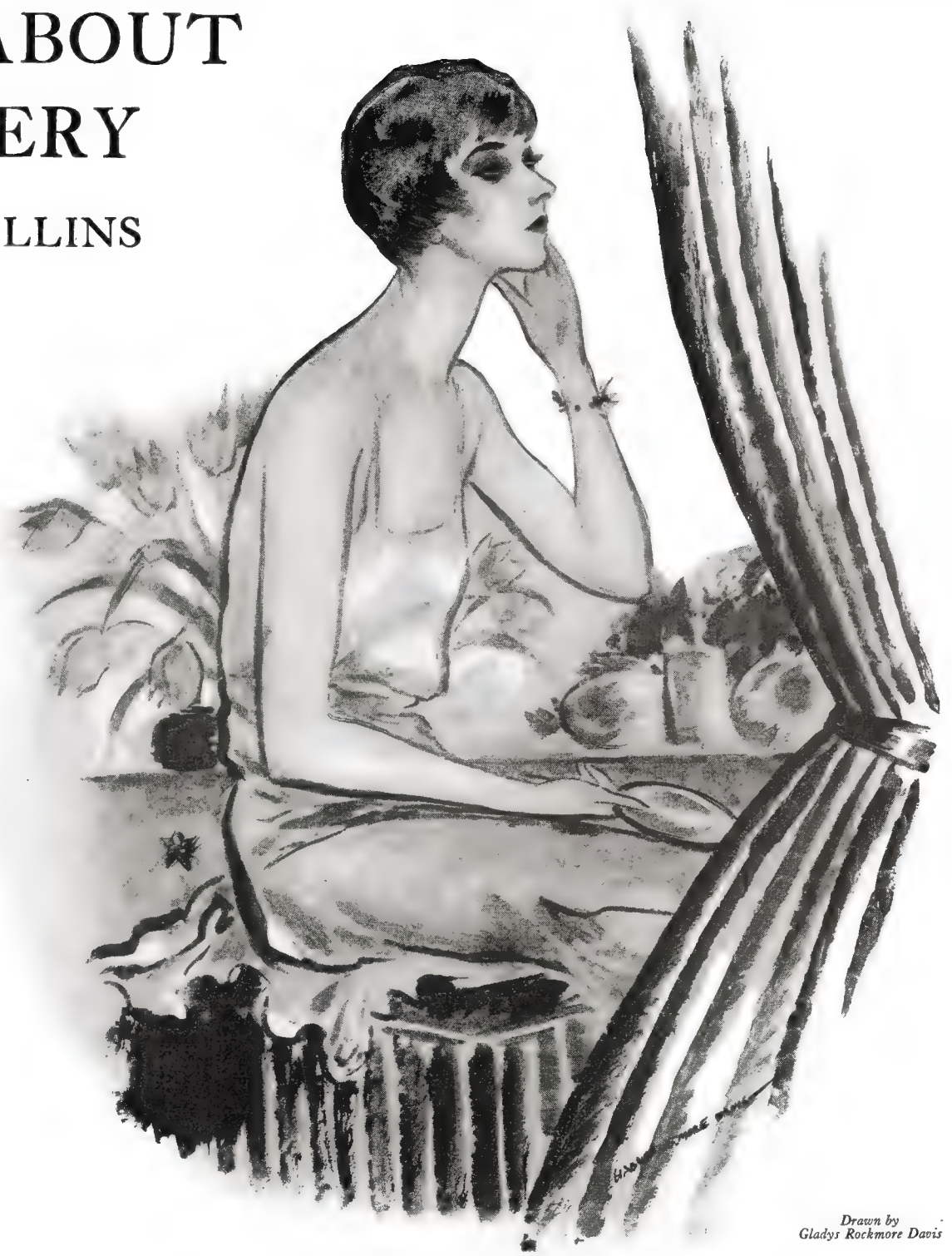


Vance was unable to utter a word. "You have never seen one of our sunrises before?" Halo said softly

THE TRUTH ABOUT FACE SURGERY

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Continuing the series that asks, "Are Women Growing Younger?"



Drawn by Gladys Rockmore Davis

IF IT is right to paint interesting little shadows on the eyelids and under the eyes, is it right to remove the uninteresting little wrinkles at the corners?

If a woman can paint her face into a semblance of youthful color, should she try to lift it into a semblance of youthful smoothness?

The analogy between face-painting and face-repairing is inescapable. They are twin branches of the one science: let's call it cosmetology. One branch seems to have been accepted as normal and legitimate. How about the other? Is there anything in it?

There is a physician of high standing in New York City who could give a most interesting answer to these questions. As a young man, he fell in love with a homely girl. The young woman had her points: figure, carriage, manner and that anonymous something referred to as "it." But her face was way below par. Anyhow, the physician married her. In the course of his medical studies, he had become very much interested in decorative surgery. Professionally he eschewed it, but privately he believed in it. So why shouldn't he give his bride that beauty of face which Aristotle, in his simplicity, used to call "the gift of God"? Why not?

The experiment was successful—so successful, in fact, that the physician's wife became the toast of the town. The praise of her beauty was sung far and wide. Its fame reached the ears of a great portrait painter, who traveled many miles for the privilege of making her portrait. The husband was enchanted. So was the artist. The physician had proved his skill—but he had lost his wife. She ran away with the painter!

THIS story does not prove cosmetic surgery a good thing. But it suggests a reason why the most successful of our cosmetic surgeons has never married! He is a handsome, young-looking man of forty-two: an excellent advertisement for his own business. I asked him if he had ever had anything done to his face, and he said: "Not yet; but next year I'm thinking of having one of my assistants work on my eyes." He spoke of it as casually as if he had said he was thinking of going to walk. Perhaps he doesn't regard it as any more dangerous. He lives in Chicago. He was born on the New York East Side. He has spent most of his life in Central Europe. What's a lifted face to a man like that?

He is very enthusiastic about his European experience. He says that Germany's great advantage over the Allies was her ability to return a wounded soldier to the lines with a new facial equipment, say a new nose, inside of six weeks. He also says that universities and medical schools look with much greater favor on plastic surgeons than they do here, and points to his own teachers, Professors Jac Josephs and Joseph Israels of the University of Berlin, and Professor Max Biedermann of the University of Vienna, as distinguished examples. These men he describes as surgeon-artists, sculptors in flesh, who must not be confused with the general run of "the twenty-six hundred paraffin slingers" whose work has brought discredit on the profession.

The trouble with plastic surgery in this country, according to this exponent, is that the medical profession refuses to accept it. Doctors feel that their lives should be dedicated to healing the sick. They look down on the man whose business it is to beautify the well. This attitude is very galling to our handsome young friend.

"When I returned to this country six years ago," he told me, "and entered a Chicago hospital for my first operation, I was made to feel that I should apologize to my fellow surgeons. Even now, in order to retain my place on the staff of a hospital here, I have to devote at least one day a week to routine operations: cutting out tonsils and adenoids and that sort of thing."

A day a week for adenoids must be a real hardship to this busy practitioner, who has so much more than he can possibly do in his own line of work. He has three assistants. But in spite of their combined efforts, his waiting list on January 1, 1928, exceeded eight hundred.

"All I need to do," he said, "if I want eight hundred clients, is to send out eight hundred letters!"

He talks in pretty big figures, but I daresay he is justified in doing so. He has no regular price for a lift. He charges "what the traffic will bear." And he has a charity list just like any other doctor. But he is no "piker." He told me how much money he made in the course of a year, and he said he owned the very fine apartment house in which he lived.

HIS offices are large and mahoganyish; and they are located in a big down-town office building which seems to specialize in matters pertaining to beauty and the stage. His reading table offers *Variety* and *Zit's*. His walls abound in photographs of feminine celebrities.

"Until about two years ago," he told me, "my clientèle was confined chiefly to women of society and of the stage. Then a very different class began to come in: old maids who felt that they had missed something out of life and wanted to be brought back into line; business women who had spent twenty years learning some man's job only to realize that the 'boss' was reserving his cheerfullest 'Good morning' for some knee-cocking flapper down the line; and I also have many school teachers."

"School teachers?" I asked the doctor in amazement.

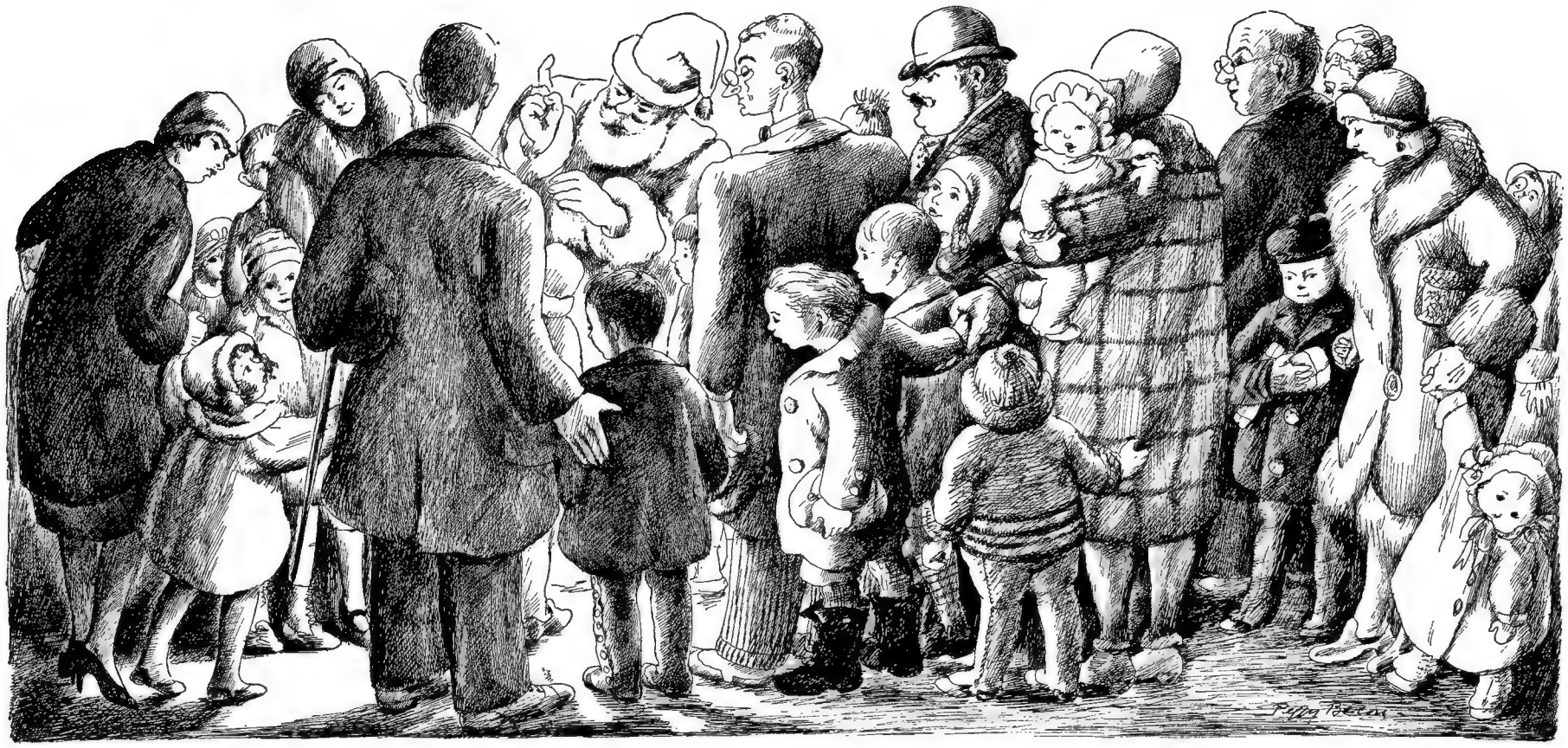
"Yes. We have had over seven hundred of them in the last two years."

Seven hundred mentors of American youth getting their faces lifted, their noses straightened, or their mouths reshaped! The statement seems incredible. Perhaps it is. I'm sure I do not vouch for it. But that it should be made at all by a man who had admittedly been extremely successful in the practise of cosmetic surgery presupposes a wide acceptance by educated people of what was, only a few short years ago, generally regarded as an unmitigated fake.

The man's customers not only come to him from many walks of life, but for many reasons. A man loses his nose in an automobile accident. It is nothing. The doctor sends over to the stock-yards for just the right piece of bone, sticks it in the man's face, builds a nose around it, and sends him out handsomer than he was before the accident.

"A few years ago"—these are his own words—"a young man was brought to me with a shattered face. He had no nose, or cheeks, or ears. Six revolver bullets fired at him by a jealous husband had done the work of destruction. His was a very hard case even for the most modern plastic surgery. Yet I rebuilt this face only to convince myself of what plastic surgery can do."

Today, the man has a new face. About twelve per cent. of this doctor's customers are men. Most of them seek repairs rather than decoration. Most of the women wish to hold their jobs or their husbands, and they are willing to put in modern improvements to do it. Some of them have cross-eyes. He straightens them. Some feel old sight creeping on them. He postpones it. Some have noses that refuse to stop growing. He stops them. (He is the author of a brochure on "The Jewish Nose.") Some have moles and birthmarks. He removes them. Some have bad skins. He peels them. Most of them have wrinkles. He smooths them. Practically all of them have too much fat. And he shaves them. At least, he says he does all these things. He showed (*Turn to page 42*)



"Well, young man," said Santa Claus, "what have you to ask me?" The chance of young Petey's lifetime had arrived!

WATCH, CHAIN AND CHARM

A getting-ready-for-Christmas story that will add to the joy and merriment of your own festivities

By MAXWELL ALEY

Illustrations by PEGGY BACON

THE bells woke Pete—the pleasant jangle of chimes playing hymns and carols; the deeper, steadier ringing of church bells that called worshipers to early services. The sounds came sweet and clear on the cold air thru the open window of the bedroom, and for a moment Pete fancied himself back in one of the old world cities of his early, carefree wanderings. Then he remembered. This was Christmas morning—Christmas morning in New York.

The chimes must be those of Grace Church down at Tenth Street. The other bells were echoing from a hundred scattered steeples. And in the unusual cessation of noise that comes on New York's most workless day, they were filling the whole mid-town region with their cheerful, festive clangor.

The hour must be very early, for it was still dark. Pete stirred, reached out a groping hand, and turned on the bedside light, then sat up in his twin bed, blond hair rumpled, face flushed with sleep. In the other bed, Aileen stirred, too, then opened one dark eye and immediately closed it tight against the light's glare. She sighed and hunched her body up into a ridiculous little ball beneath the pink, down-filled quilt. This position, and the manner in which she pulled the quilt up over her head, was meant to announce, Pete inferred, that Christmas morning or no Christmas morning, she did not intend to stir at any such unearthly hour.

Pete grinned amiably and said, "Stay with it, honey. Us parents have some rights. Especially after working till one G. M. to get the tree all that it should be for the little darlings. But if I am consulted——"

Aileen yawned audibly without unhunching herself or opening her eyes.

"What I say is, you can't escape your young. Maybe, if you were a lady whale with a whole ocean to dive in, you might—but in a New York apartment——"

"I can't bear," said Aileen tonelessly, "husbands who are funny at such an hour." Then she made a sound that could be only interpreted as a giggle. "Lady whale, indeed! Nevertheless, you're a darling."

"Compliment accepted and reciprocated tenfold," said Pete, and yawned. "Ho—ho—hum! O—h!" He sat swaying back and forth sleepily; at last he got up courage to stick out a tentative foot from beneath the covers. "Gosh, it's cold!" he announced, with an elaborate shiver.

He swung around till he was seated on the edge of the bed, felt his way into his slippers, pulled on his bathrobe, and then rushed the window. It closed with a resounding bang.

And as tho that were a signal, two excited squeals came from the adjoining room, the gay babel of small voices; two thuds on the floor in close succession, the rapid patter of little feet——

"Dadee!"

"Bum!"

"It's Christmas! It's Christmas!"

"Quismus!"

"Hoo—ray!"

"Choo-choo—whe—ee!"

Aileen uncoiled herself, sat up in bed, grinned at Pete. "Well," she said with a mock groan, "it's here!"

Pete laughed, the door gave to the assault of Petey and Tony, and the pair of them, bright-eyed, rosy, stood there poised upon the threshold, framed for an instant against the darkness of the room beyond. Petey, five and a half, dark-eyed like Aileen, and with his baby blondness bronzing into brown; Tony a tow-haired, blue-eyed cherub.

PETEY let out a whoop, Tony a shrill squeal of joy, and the pair launched themselves with shouts of "Bum! Bum!"—their own pet name for her—upon their mother's bed.

And so, in a scamper of little pajama-clad legs, and the clamor of little boy voices, Christmas—began.

Of course it had really begun some three weeks ago. One day Pete and Aileen had been making up the November accounts and writing the checks for the November bills, and wondering, as all of us do who haven't a million dollars, how it is that things cost so much and the bills will go ahead of the budget. Suddenly Aileen stopped, pen poised above the check for the gas bill, and said, with the air of one remembering something:——

"This month, of course, there's Christmas to think

"Hoo-ray!" Petey shouted. "Gosh-all-hemlock!"

about, in addition to all this enormous pile of bills."

"Uh-huh," Pete agreed absently, for he was balancing the account, and there wasn't as much left as he'd hoped there would be.

"My idea," Aileen said, "is to keep it just as simple——"

"Uh-huh," said Pete. "Six from eight leaves two, four from nine leaves five, three from five leaves two. Two hundred and fifty-two. You betcha! Simpler the better. The old Fidelity Trust isn't going to stand for anything else, by the looks of this balance I've just figured out."

"Last year," Aileen said, "we *did* weaken."

"But this year——"

"Let's be adamant. You give me a kiss and I'll give you one back, and we'll say it's a diamond necklace from you and an eight-cylinder roadster from me. And mine won't have to be kept in a safe and yours won't need a garage."

Pete gave her a kiss then and there.

"And how about things for the kids?"

"Ten dollars will do it, tree, toys and everything. They don't need a lot. It isn't what they get that counts. It's—giving them the real Christmas spirit. Carols, and—I've an idea!—a Nativity, with those little figures of Mary and Joseph and the Christ Child and the wise men and the ass and the ox and the sheep! We'll fix them in a big box like a stage with just the right light. And they cost almost nothing. Pete—we'll make it a real Christmas instead of making it just an orgy of things."

"Right-o!" Pete said. "You know, honey, I think the best Christmas I remember was one that cost almost nothing. I was seven, and Father and Mother and I were living here in New York in a cheap furnished room somewhere over on the West Side, in the Forties. Dad had come up from the South to see if he couldn't get a job. Things were mighty flat at home just then, and money was scarce. But they were flat here too——

"I'd never seen city shops at Christmas, and Mother took me thru them, with my hand held tight in her shabbily gloved hand, and my eyes just popping out of my head.

"Well, I didn't believe in Santa Claus any more at seven, of course; I knew the Santas in stores were just people dressed up. But how I wished there was a Santa Claus. For I'd never seen so many things in all my life that I ached to own——

"Christmas Eve came. There wasn't any great old fireplace to hang up my stocking at, such as there'd been at Aunt Sally's down South; but Mother had festooned the window with a bit of laurel and hung a few bright Christmas tree balls on it, and had a single candle burning. Father lay stretched out on the bed, dog-tired from his day of trying to get a job, and I sat on Mother's lap, looking at the candle and the window that were our hearth and our tree. And then mother sang, in that lovely low voice of hers,

" *'Oh, little town of Bethlehem,*
How still I see thee lie——'

"Next morning in my stocking I had just an orange and an apple, a candy cane and a single toy—one of those round boxes with a magnetized needle in the center that winds up and revolves and makes little figures on metal bases dance. But I was just as happy as tho I'd had all those wonderful toys of my dreams. We had eggs cooked over the gas jet for our Christmas dinner—and——"

He got up and went over to the piano and straightened the few sheets of music into a mathematically accurate pile.

Aileen followed him, put her arms about him, turned him around toward her. "You blessed big boy!" she said.

And so it was decided that Christmas would be simple.

The world at large went thru the successive stages common to the three weeks before the day: indifference, interest, excitement, and a final thrilling and pleasant frenzy. The papers began to bulk large and then larger, till Hulda, the maid, coming into the dining-room one morning to bring Pete his paper and his fruit and cereal, put the sixty-four page monster down and said "Ach! So beeg! Joos like a feather bed!" And the reason for this bulk was the pages and pages of advertisements of everything under heaven for the enticement of young and old.

"Give him—" "Give her—" "Only nine more shopping days till—" "Come, bring the kiddies to Wonderland!" "Christmas, Merry Christmas! Merry, Merry Christmas!"

And these were but a feeble echo of the real thing—the gay specialty shops, the great stores, with their windows like little stages, each presenting the most alluring of settings for the display of every conceivable gift. People in hordes. Fifth Avenue a slow-moving mob. Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street, where the big department stores converge, often choked so hopelessly that motor traffic ceased, and the lowly pedestrian had no one to contend with but his fellows.

Christmas—Christmas in New York!

Pete and Aileen, talking it over with a cheerful superiority, said, "We mustn't yield. We *must* keep it simple!"

As for Petey and Tony——

"Does Santa Claus really and truly come down chimleys?" Petey asked. He looked at the living-room mantel, one of those cast-plaster affairs without an opening—the kind used by builders of the late Nineties to adorn the "parlors" of flats—which to big Pete's eyes seemed to offer grave doubts. "Could he—could he get my 'leptic train down, you think?"

"Santa Claus can do just about anything," Pete assured him absently. "He's got magic."

" 'Leptic twain!" Tony gurgled. "Choo-choo! Whee-e-e!"

"Where," asked Pete, suddenly becoming aware of what had really been said, "did you two get the idea of an electric train?"

"Edward's got one," Petey said, " 'n it's *swell!*"

Edward lived one floor down.

"Choo-choo!" said Tony with a seraphic smile. "Choo-choo! Choo-oo—choo! Sanky Kaws!"

Pete looked at Aileen, who was witness to this conversation from the doorway—looked with the guilty air of a man caught having forbidden thoughts. "After all," he said, as tho to justify those thoughts, "they'll only be kids once!"

Aileen smiled, with the air of one who knew what she knew.

"Quite so, darling," she agreed. 'Just remember——"

"We *must* keep it simple!"

They smiled at each other over the heads of the younger generation, very bravely, very defiantly. But why, oh why, Pete thought, did they have to be pinched for money just at Christmas?

And then, two days later, came that perfectly terrible bill for Petey's tonsils.

The operation was in August, and the amiable doctor had said, "I know how it is with young people like you. You've got the two days at the hospital to pay for, and all that. Now just don't worry. I'll take my time about the bill."

It arrived December nineteenth, which was on Friday. Evidently the doctor had acquired a secretary who scarcely shared his philanthropic sentiments, and was determined to show what new brooms can do.

"*To Dr. Llewelyn Sparks, Dr.,*" the bill read. "*Tonsillectomy, $100.00. Anesthetist, $25.00. Total, $125.00. Kindly oblige by remitting at once, as payment is overdue.*"

"One twenty-five from two fifty-two—five from twelve leaves seven, two from four leaves two, one from two leaves one. One hundred and twenty-seven," said Pete. "And the dear old Fidelity holds you to keeping one hundred on deposit, or closes out the account. And since we have a loan there—Aileen, *ma cherie*, there isn't the least doubt about it! We not only must, but we *will* keep it simple!"

Saturday morning at breakfast Petey said, "Coming home early today, Dadee?"

"Uh-huh," Pete answered absently. He was looking at an ad of one of the big stores that had a head-line, "Gifts for Her. Gifts that will express your real appreciation—Something she will cherish and remember always."

"Dadee!" said Petey, hitting the table with his spoon. "Dadee! Please do pay 'tention to me!"

"Yes?" Pete said, looking up over the paper.

"Edward's Dadee took him up to see Santa Claus at the big store up-town," Petey said, " 'n Edward told Santa Claus jus' what he wanted, 'n (*Turn to page 38*)

TANGLED

(*For Two Marionettes*)

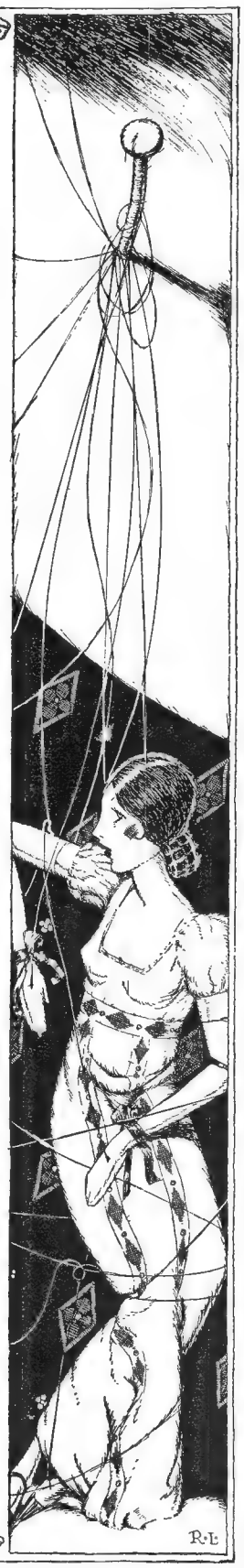
By Christopher Morley

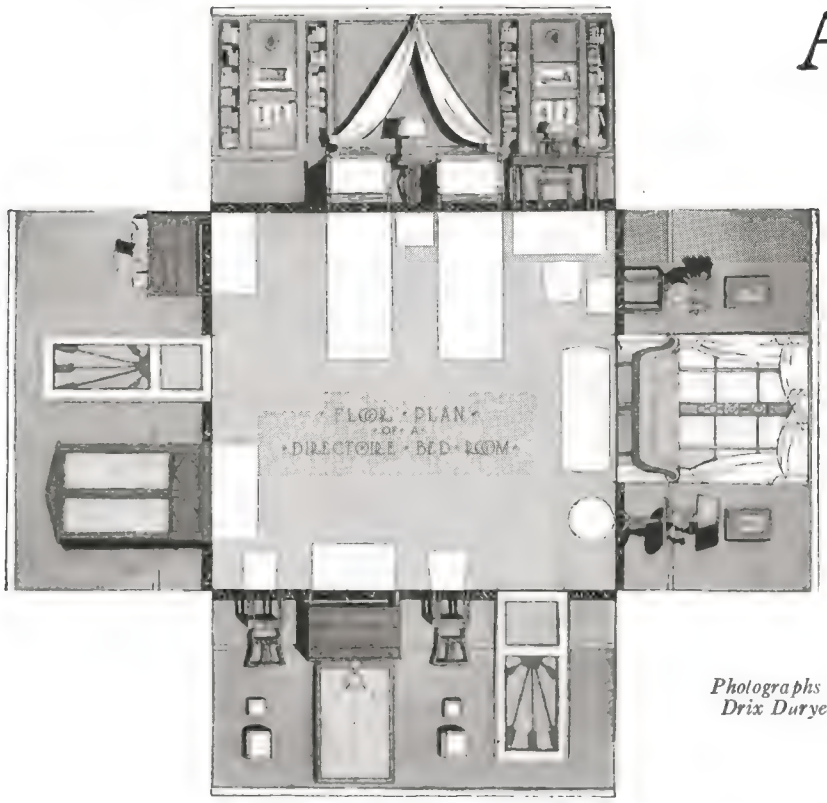
While the others played the show
  As the script directed,
You and I in angry woe
  Stood aside neglected.
We, poor much embarrassed things,
  Had to stand in tether
With our wanton little strings
  Tangled up together.

What a blow was there for pride,
  What a cause for wrangle!
How with clumsy hands we tried
  Threads to disentangle:
But one sweetness in the cup
  Evermore is true—
If I had to be mixed up
  I'm glad it was with You!

Even in the world of men
  None knows how or whether
Lives can be untangled when
  They get snarled together:
Marionettes are only wood
  And if you expect them
To behave, the Author should
  Stay here and direct them.

Decoration by
Robert Lawson





A TRIUMPHANT USE OF COLOR *in a* *Bedroom and Bath*

EVERY COLORFUL DETAIL HAS BEEN PLANNED IN A NEW AN INTERESTING WAY BY OUR DEPARTMENT OF INTERIORS

Photographs by Drix Duryea

OUR new bedroom and bath-dressing-room are modern adaptations of the Directoire style - a style becoming more and more important because it fits in so well with the modernist trend. In the bedroom, for instance, the modernist mirror is in perfect harmony with its surroundings. And this affinity is reasonable, since both the Modernist and the Directoire styles trace their origins to the clean line and simple ornament of the classic, and both have a sophisticated feeling that is most appropriate for this sophisticated age of ours.

In the bedroom, Delineator Interiors show how it is possible to obtain unity and harmony by selecting something of exceptional merit and allowing it to determine the color and character of its surroundings. We selected a pair of fine modern reproductions of Directoire beds. They were painted a mellow antique yellow with the traditional column-and-pediment ornament picked out in dark green and accented with touches of light green and terra cotta. We based our color scheme on these. We covered the walls with deep green paper spangled with gold stars, hanging it above a dado painted green to match the background. We painted the woodwork a lighter tone of the same green We made the hangings and bed coverings of yellow moire bound with a still lighter green and edged with dark green ball fringe, and covered the floor with a terra cotta carpet.

The carpet is a plain colored velvet of domestic manufacture. It covers the entire floor and is laid over a felted padding that makes it pleasanter underfoot and increases its life four times, as we learned recently from tests conducted in Delineator Home Institute's laboratory.

The wall behind the beds is interesting because of four tall narrow recesses for books and bibelots, separated by panels of star paper enclosed in light green moldings.

The doors in this room have long upper panels which we marbleized sea green and ornamented with Directoire arrows that were cut out of wood by our own carpenter and painted a soft yellow.

Tall narrow niches for books are separated by panels of deep green paper spangled with gold stars. The dado matches the background; the baseboard is marbleized black—a pleasing emphasis

We took our color scheme from these fine modern reproductions of Directoire beds. They are painted antique yellow with dark green ornament picked out in light green and terra cotta

We think our handling of the radiator was particularly successful. A low one was chosen and set in the recess of the double casement windows and masked with one of those metal radiator screens that are sold in sizes to fit any radiator.

The beds are splendid in coverings of yellow moire with bolsters and canopy to match. And we made the curtains of the same material. This sounds expensive—doesn't it? But it isn't, really. We used a permanent moire which has the beauty of silk and which will wash to perfection. We lined the covers and hangings with yellow sateen and weighted them to keep them in place.

The covers are turned back to show the soft yellow sheets which harmonize with the turquoise blankets and ribbon bound comforters. Another set of bed linen in pale green is in the armoire

Splendid are the twin beds in their covers of yellow moire bound with light green and edged with dark green ball fringe. The canopy and window curtains, too, are of this washable fabric

A modernist mirror over the chest of drawers in the center illustration is in perfect harmony with its surroundings, showing the remarkable affinity of the Modernist and the Directoire styles

In case you want to duplicate the draping, it will help you to know that the cascades are made separately and are attached after the folds have been sewn in position.

We carried the color scheme a smart step further by using sheets and pillow-cases of soft yellow. We think it is an excellent idea to provide each bedroom with individual linen to match the color scheme. There is another set of pale green in the armoire which stands against the wall. If you turn to page 71 you can peep inside and see our arrangement of linen.

THIS armoire, designed by us in the Directoire taste and built by our carpenters, is our solution of the familiar problem of insufficient closet space. A really decorative piece of furniture, it combines the use of a clothes closet and a linen chest. Its design is simple enough to be adapted by your local joiner to solve your own closet problem.

The transition from the bedroom to the bath-dressing-room is graceful because we continued to employ Directoire motifs and used practically the same color scheme, substituting mauve for terra cotta and employing green as trimming.

This bathroom is a workshop devoted to beauty and hygiene. It is the ultimate of convenience and practicality and yet has none of the sterile whiteness usually associated with bathrooms. Everything is pleasantly colorful—the walls, the curtains, the towels, the bottles and jars that range themselves so brightly on the open shelves. Even the porcelain tub and wash-stand are tinted a warm tannish pink, an innovation put on the market recently by the manufacturers, which helped us greatly in getting away from a hospital atmosphere. And by building the dressing-table over the radiator, placing the tub in a recess, and concealing the toilet in an alcove behind shuttered doors, we avoided the clumsiness of unconnected units and achieved the charming effect of a powder room.

THE bathroom is the logical place for a dressing-table. Ours has a mirrored top and is built over the radiator set in the shallow window recess. Thus we conserved space, secured a good light, and provided a warm place for leisurely dressing on a cold morning. The prettily draped flounce that hides the metal radiator screen is hung on a thin brass rod, so that it can be pulled back to allow the heat to circulate thru the room.

How often have you wished that your bathroom contained a linen closet with shelves deep enough to receive towels folded as they come from the laundry? How often have you felt the need of a convenient method of disposing of soiled linen? How often have you longed for shelves of sufficient size to take care of the bottles and jars of lotions and creams which are so much more economical to buy in these larger sizes?

This bathroom would fulfill all your fondest wishes. The shelves on either side of the wash-stand are designed to display your bottles and jars decoratively in a manner that allows you to select immediately the one you need.

Photographs by Drix Duryea

The panels of the doors are of a marbleized sea green, ornamented with Directoire arrows, carved out of wood and painted yellow. The sofa is covered with chartreuse moire. The washable glass curtains are of pale green voile

We think our handling of the radiator is very successful. An especially low one was chosen, placed in the recess of the double casement windows and masked with a metal screen which we painted deep green to match the dado

A tannish pink tub, set in a mauve alcove, has a pink rubberized taffeta shower curtain and tan over-curtains

The mirror-topped table serves here as a luxurious perfume table, and below (in the center) as a dressing-table

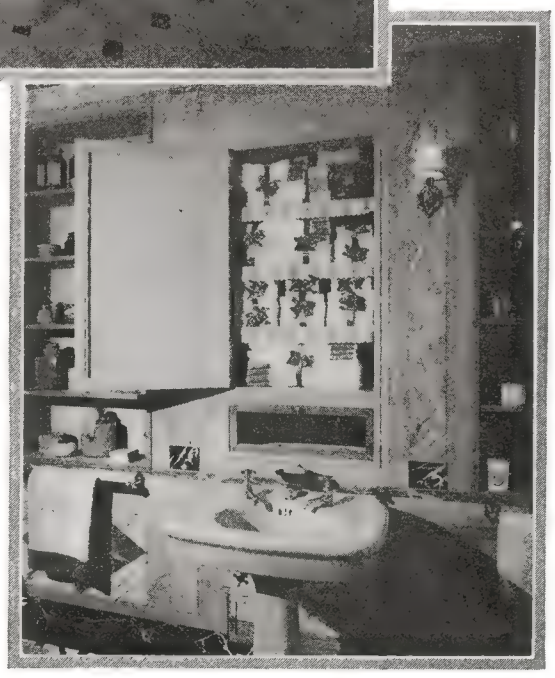
A Dressing-room and Bathroom Combined

The mirror above the wash-stand swings forth to reveal shelves of satisfying depth piled high with fresh towels. And the smaller mirror just below pulls out to give access to a compartment where used linen can be thrown to be removed later thru another panel near the floor. It might have been connected with a laundry chute to the basement.

The floor is of black and white marbleized rubber tiling. The walls are marbleized in tan, mauve, gray, and green, with strong accents of black—a decorative treatment that allowed us to introduce clean bright color. We might have carried out the same scheme in marbleized paper or linoleum or rubber, depending on the amount of money we wished to spend. However, painting is the traditional method and the results are more than satisfactory. The ceiling has a border of plain mauve and we repeated this color in the tub alcove and on the shuttered doors that conceal the toilet.

The plating on the metal fixtures is a new, non-tarnishing variety which makes them very easy to keep clean.

The fabrics in this room are typical of the practicality of the entire scheme. The shower curtain is made of pink rubberized taffeta. The other hangings—warm tan bound with bright green—are made of a new cotton fabric that has been waterproofed, an important consideration for material that must survive the moist atmosphere of a bathroom.



Photographs by Harting

The curtains and the flounce of the dressing-table are made of a new waterproofed cotton fabric —warm tan bound with bright green. Black and white marbleized rubber tiling covers the floor

A mirror above the wash-stand (at the right above) swings out, revealing deep shelves piled high with monogrammed towels. At either side there are shelves to hold the accessories of beauty

THE following firms have cooperated with us in the Directoire Bedroom: Curtains, bedspreads and draperies—Celanese Corporation of America, 15 East 26th Street, New York City. Beds, tables, French prints—Brunovan, Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, New York City. Springs and mattresses—The Simmons Company, 33 West 44th Street, New York City. Sofa—Curtis Furniture Company, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Commodes and desk table—William H. Leavens & Co., Canal and Merrimac Streets, Boston, Mass. Window-boxes—Suxxes Manufacturing Company, Gloucester, Mass. Carpet—Alexander Smith & Sons, 285 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Radiator cover—Art Metal Radiator Cover Co., 1403 Broadway, New York City. Accessories—Chapin & Harper, 433 Madison Avenue, New York City. Lighting fixtures—Poyton Shop, 170 East 51st St., (*Turn to page 95*)

A woman's scream, ringing thru the oak grove, brought Dick Quilter at a gallop to the scene. His wife

Twelve-year old Lucy Quilter wrote vivid letters to Judy

FOOTPRINTS

The author of "The Desert Moon Mystery" gives us an even better, more baffling novel

By KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

Scene of the murder: The Q.2 *ranch in Oregon, owned by the distinguished old American family of Quilters.*

Cast of characters:

Richard Quilter: the murdered man.
Thaddeus Quilter: Richard's father.
Phineas Quilter: Richard's uncle.
Olympe Quilter: Richard's aunt, Phineas's wife.
Gracia Quilter: Richard's sister.
Christopher Quilter: Richard's cousin.
Irene Quilter: Christopher's wife.
Neal Quilter: Richard's son.
Lucy Quilter: Richard's daughter.

THESE were the people to whom that strange and deadly shot, ringing out in the night twenty-eight years ago, brought a sorrow and a mystery which no one could solve. All but Phineas were in the ranch house when the murder occurred. A rope from Dick's bed, out an open window and to the ground below, furnished the only clue—but! there had been a light fall of snow that night. And there were no footprints!

In the year 1928 the murderer was still at large. Could a member of the family have done it? No one believed it possible. The Quilters in the intervening years had risen from struggling ranchers to ranchers of immense prosperity. Little Lucy was now a famous author and married, living at Q.2. Judith Quilter (Mrs. Gregory Whitefield), Dick's other daughter who, with her invalid husband, had left the ranch for a gentler climate some months before her father was killed, had now returned to Q.2, a widow. Neal Quilter was a bachelor. Handsome, affectionate, strong: why had he never married? And why did he flee to Portland and hide, just when it became apparent that he had fallen in love with Judy's friend, Ursula, who was visiting the ranch?

It was to answer these questions that Judy pursued him to Portland. And when she found him, he turned on her fiercely, incoherently. "Judy, *I* murdered Father! That's why I can never marry."

His sister, in torment, refused to believe him. She was sure that some quirk in his mind, from long brooding, had led his reason astray. So she turned for help to Dr. Joe Elm, the Quilter's beloved old family physician. And he immediately determined to call in the successful crime analyst, Miss Lynn MacDonald. Would it be possible to solve a mystery twenty-eight years in darkness? Well, at least there were letters written to Judy by Lucy and Neal at the time, vivid with details of life at Q.2. Miss MacDonald reluctantly agreed to read these and see if her trained mind could force the past to yield its secret. Sitting late in her office, she reached for the packet of twelve-year-old Lucy Quilter's letters. And this is what she read:

PART TWO

March 12, 1900

DEAREST *dear Judy-pudy:* Uncle Phineas's dictum, "Never begin a letter or end a love affair with an apology," has been a hindrance to me in the starting of this letter. Perhaps if I state that Dong Lee has had another toothache, and that Christopher sent us another telegram which came two days after you and Greg left, saying he had been married the week before and would arrive at Q.2 on Saturday, March ninth, with his wife, you may understand why I have not had time to write to you.

All the preparations were exciting and much fun. Grandfather himself helped me shine the best silver on Friday afternoon. Dong Lee had been compelled to lie down, with a bag of hot salt on his face. Aunt Gracia made new curtains for Chris's room, and Olympe put her best cloisonné rose jar on the low-boy. The one drawback was that, with something so very pleasant going to happen, it made us all miss you and Greg even more intensely.

Father and Uncle Phineas met Chris and Irene at the train with the carriage. Neal had worked hard getting it mended and washed and polished; but of course there had been no time to paint it. Bread and Butter were not as dashing as I wished they might be. Tho Neal had curried them carefully, they somehow did seem to betray the fact they were generally used for plowing. I hoped that Irene might not notice it. I fear that she did.

Irene is pretty. Her hair is yellow. Her cheeks are pink, and her eyes are turquoise blue. But, tho it is hard to explain, her prettiness seems inexpensive; like the things we don't buy in the shops because, tho attractive, we feel sure they won't be durable. I should add that this is not very noticeable except when she is close to Aunt Gracia, and that even then Irene's clothes do much to counteract the impression.

She was very enthusiastic over all of us, and the place, on Saturday evening. She has a way of expressing appreciation by saying "Oo," with rising and falling inflections. Sometimes it sounds as if she were running a scale. She showed all sorts of deference to Grandfather by constantly calling him "Sir," and acting humble. I am sure that Grandfather disliked it.

Olympe came down-stairs rather late, as she usually does when we have company. She looked beautiful in her old white lace ball gown and with her "Prince of Wales" magenta plumes in her gray hair. Irene seemed much astonished at Olympe; but then, you know, strangers often do. Olympe was at her best. She lifted her lovely chin (not once all evening did she forget and droop her chin) and told Irene how great artists had painted her portraits. It seems that a great artist once wished to paint Irene's picture, too. It is interesting, I think, to have two beauties in the family at one time.

On Sunday morning, when Father, Chris and I were showing her about the ranch she said, "But Booful!" (She calls Chris "Booful" in public. I thought, for some

was in danger!—Dick drew his gun and fired, as he would have killed a snake coiled and ready to strike

time, that she would spell it "Boofel," or "Boofle," and that it was a joke with perhaps interesting origins. I have since discovered that she means "Beautiful." I should think Chris would abhore it.) "But Booful!" she said, "I didn't know that your funny farm was a truck farm."

Yes, Judy dear, I quote exactly. I was extremely glad that Grandfather had not come with us to be wounded.

Darling Father, as usual, met the situation superbly. He explained to her that, during the hard times, it had seemed wise to him to put in enough garden to supply the family table, with perhaps a bit over, for occasional trading at the stores, until the worst pressure was past. He told her, of course, we still had cattle and horses, and that, now the South African War was raising the cattle prices, the stock men would soon come into their own again. He added that after this he would always have a family garden, however, and a large one.

She said, "It is a large family, isn't it?" She has a syrup sweet voice—but, some way, the things she says with it often seem to ruin its sweetness.

Father came in just then, and when he found I was writing to you he asked me to convey this message. Your last letter, he said, has distressed him. You must spare no expense when it is a question of comfort for Greg. Quilters, he thought, had not yet reached the place where they found it necessary to practice economy on their invalids. He sends you and Greg his dearest love. He will write you at length in a few days.

Just overnight, almost, economy has departed from Q.2. Chris insisted on having all the stoves right out, and the fireplaces reopened. They eat up wood. He says that before next winter we must have the old furnace repaired. Probably, before next winter, he will understand better.

I must run now and help Aunt Gracia with supper. Dear Judy and Greg, I love you so much that when I stand on tiptoes I can touch it in the stars. LUCY.

March 19, 1900

MY DEAR, *sweet sister Judy:* This morning I found out an amazing thing. Did you know that Q.2 Ranch belonged entirely to our Cousin Christopher? Neal says that he had known it, but that it was so unimportant he had forgotten it. I had never thought about who owned it. If I had, I should have supposed that we all did. But today I happened to hear Irene say to Chris, "But, Booful, the farm belongs entirely to you." She seemed to be wishing him to do something, I don't know what, about the ranch.

I went at once to Grandfather. I suppose that no one could question the assertion that Grandfather has one of the most beautiful characters that ever was in the world. No matter what great man I read about, from da Vinci to McKinley, I always decide that Grandfather is superior to him. Sometimes I wonder whether any of us are grateful enough for the opportunity of having Grandfather for an ancestor.

Today, tho I interrupted him when he was deep in his new translation of Schiller, he treated me with kingly courtesy. That is not an exact description. Grandfather, I think, is much more of a gentleman than are most kings.

"Grandfather," I said, respecting his liking for directness in all things, "does Q.2 Ranch belong to Cousin Christopher?"

"It does," he replied. And then I suppose he read my feeling in my face, for he asked quickly, "But, my darling, need that trouble you?"

I told him that if it did not trouble him, it would not trouble me; but that I should like to understand about it.

He placed a chair for me. He explained that, since Cousin Christopher had been Uncle Christopher's eldest son, naturally he would inherit the estate. He said that when he and Uncle Christopher, and later, Uncle Phineas, had founded this second family estate, they had agreed that divisions were unwise. So, tho both Grandfather and Uncle Phineas had put their fortunes into the ranch, they had desired it to be inherited, tho not entailed, as the estates in England are. He explained to me why that is the wisest way. I am sure you know about that; so I shan't bother you with a repetition. Grandfather also said that, of course, mine and thine never had, and never could, mean anything to the Quilter family.

We have often heard that. I suppose we have always believed it. At any rate, I stopped questioning Grandfather and went and looked up the word "bounty" in the dictionary. It meant what I had thought. So, when Aunt Gracia and I were ironing, I asked her why, if mine and thine really meant nothing to a Quilter, it could be true that we had been living on Christopher's bounty all these years.

She seemed shocked, but controlledly so, and said what a very funny baby I was, and where had I managed to pick up so mad an idea.

I told her Irene had said to Chris that, after all, the "farm" belonged to him, and that all these people had been living on his bounty for years and years.

Aunt Gracia said that, of course, I had to do what seemed best to me; but that she was sorry my ideas of rectitude, and of being Grandfather's granddaughter, seemed to allow me to eavesdrop. She finished ironing one of Irene's beautiful corset covers, trimmed with yards of lace ruffling, before she said another word. I ironed plain pillow-shams in silent humiliation. Oddly, the next thing she said was, "What did Christopher say?"

"He called her a delightful little imbecile," I said, "and that ended the conversation."

"Necessarily, one would think," Aunt Gracia smiled. But I explained that they stopped conversing in order to begin kissing. They kiss constantly. Uncle Phineas says that is entirely good form for honeymoons. Perhaps he is joking. It seems strange. You and Greg didn't. At least, not lavishly and in public.

Your letter telling of Greg's improvement brought us all joy. I love you so much that if it were planted as a clover seed it would grow as a meadow. LUCY.

March 26, 1900

DEAREST, *dearest Judith:* You asked me in your letter that came last Monday to write to you more about Grandfather. Grandfather, of late, has spent more time than usual in his room, and (*Turn to page 53*)

When it seemed that the family must break up in a fight, then we would have a little music

Illustrations by CLARK FAY

BEING RIGHT WITH YOURSELF

Never think of beauty as a luxury—
it is one of the first decencies of life

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

Negligée from Saks—Fifth Avenue *Alfred Cheney Johnston*

Alluring color can be obtained by using a rouge blender

YOU remember that magnificent old preacher in Ecclesiastes who got himself singers—men singers and women singers—and the delights of the sons of men such as musical instruments, but when he settled back to enjoy the performance, the enjoyment never happened? Instead, his face said "Yeah?" And back of it his heart cried, (frightened that life could be so dull) "Vanity! Vanity! And vexation of spirit!" Remember?

And then he got himself everything else that money and intelligence and power could collect, until he was increased more than all that were before him in Jerusalem. And moreover, his wisdom stayed with him—think of *that*—that's a feat not accomplished every day!—and still he cried, "Vanity! Vanity!"

What was the matter with him?

Not right with himself. He had lost, or had never had, that deep inner sense of well-being that comes only when you are right with yourself, when you have faithfully done the very best you can and the result is not bad at all!

You see what the meaning of "vanity" is? In vain. Not all those things you do to make yourself pretty, but whatever is in vain. Not a little gilt or silver or enameled box with rouge and powder and lip-stick in it, but emptiness—that is vanity.

And the thing that is the quickest to make all the world seem vanity—empty and in vain—is not being right with yourself.

I know women who are successful and wise and generous and good sports and have some spiritual understanding of what life is all about, and yet things are not meaning very much to them. And every time, it's because they haven't the gift—or the trick—of inspiring love. In spite of all their strength, they lack the stimulating challenge. Many things may cause that challenge, but the most frequent cause is beauty, charm. So they lack that deep inner sense of well-being that means happiness, because being love-inspiring is woman's star part, it's the rôle she makes her reputation on! Very few people have charm. But one can take a long step towards both by doing the best she can with herself!

HAVE you ever bought a frock in a hurry—or in a thrifty mood—that looked like nothing at all on you when you got it home and put it on in the privacy of your own self? There you are before your long mirror—a bitterly disappointed woman in a plain dark blue frock with simple smart lines. And you have no distinction at all, you look like Aunt Jerusha—prim and respectable and neat 'n' clean.

Then, because you simply won't be defeated, you try this necklace with it and that hat, this buckle and that purse—now you're getting it—there you are—distinction, emerged from primness, from neat 'n' cleanness, from obliteration. And all accomplished by the right accessories.

A tremendous lot of us have the dark blue dress kind of face—just ordinarily good color and the lines of it not bad. And if we haven't even that kind of face, we can usually get it by faithfully taking a little trouble. Twenty minutes setting-up exercise every morning, a few minutes of conscious relaxation (either thru exercise or mentally) several times a day, plenty of sleep—eight hours for most people, nine for the highly keyed ones, most of it at night but an hour of it after lunch if possible—astringents, deep breathing while we're walking in the open, twelve glasses of water a day, cleansing creams, skin foods, pore creams, occasional circulation ointments or masks. And there is our dark blue dress translated into a face—the fundamental dress and the fundamental face. Some faces, like some dresses, are born with all their accessories right with them, and that's very pleasant for the people who own them. But perhaps they miss a little something—it's heaps of fun to take a plain tin pail and make a modern art waste-basket of it.

First of all, make-up, application of rouge and powder, (the accessories in this case)—should never be by faith. There is never any way of telling—in an article—how people should make up, faces vary so; but three things you should know backwards and forwards and never just trust that it will come out all right. First, women make up too heavily. Second, every woman should have a magnifying mirror so that she can perfectly blend the rouge to keep it from showing any visible beginning or ending. Lastly, she should match her own color as nearly as possible and keep in mind her type.

THE general place for rouge is over the cheek-bones up towards the temples, then a little sweep across the lobe of the ears—your ears always blush when you do—then blend it into the cheek so that you can't tell where it ends or begins. Never rouge along the lower cheeks and let it stop abruptly above the white neck. Very ugly and artificial and unalluring.

High cheek-bones are very chic now, so if you have them, emphasize them with your rouge. The heart-shaped face with rather evident cheek-bones, wide-set eyes, broad brow and little pointed chin is a very appealing kind of face. You can change the whole line and expression of a face by make-up.

Play a bit with your face—it isn't good for a face always to be taken seriously. You have your provocative days—wear a provocative face. Have, for instance, in your dressing-table drawers a box of rouge the color of a peony. A swirl of it on the cheeks, a careful drawing of it across your lips, deep cream, very fine powder for the face, liquid powder of the same tint for the throat—and then some purple eye shadow, deftly blended into the upper eyelids, elongating the eyes and bringing an added brilliance to them—it is astonishing what charm it gives the face, what freshness of color!

If you are one of those amber-gold women with pale rose lips, shining gray-green eyes with dark lashes, use almost no rouge and that of a delicate tint, making your accent with the eyes by an application of pale green eye shadow—a lovely effect, like a dryad whose eyes have brought with them into the world the memory of the forest that once was home.

This same green shadow blended over a first layer of blue is exquisite for evening, and for blondes at all times. Eye shadows have come to stay and they are brilliant in their effect, but one must blend them carefully all over the upper lid and sweep out a bit beyond the outer corner of the eye. Use only a very little, always blending with the finger-tip. In making up the mouth, always begin in the center of the upper lip, otherwise it is very difficult to get it on evenly.

One hears now and then that compacts are bad for the skin, but it is not really the compact, it is rather that women do not keep their powder and rouge pads clean. It is the griminess and not the cosmetic that causes blackheads or at least a blurred look in the skin. Some day some one will invent a perfect "vanity" with loose powder that won't sift out when you don't want it to. And then women will use cotton instead of pads and throw it away after each carrying.

POWDER rouge is the easiest to put on, but it is not very lasting; liquid rouge is difficult to put on but it lasts longest; always have the skin a bit damp for liquid rouge and then apply the rouge either with the finger-tip or with dry cotton; paste rouge is the happy medium—easy to apply and fairly enduring.

Powders should not be heavy or far from the natural shade of the skin. Peach, apricot, banana, sun-tan are the most softening shades. You can buy them already blended or you can buy several shades and blend them yourself to suit your moods and varying color. Blend them in the palm of your hand, play with the colors, a little of this, a dash of that. Vary your face. Don't be so static!

Looking very fit is a short cut to that delectable sense of well-being for a woman. Never think of beauty as a luxury—it is one of the first decencies of life.

"While I was passing with the crowd in the road I saw thy smile from the balcony, and I sang and forgot all noise," wrote the Indian poet, Tagore. That is what woman should mean to the race, down in the road wearily, gallantly traveling along—"Sing and forget all noise."

DELINEATOR HOME INSTITUTE Directed by MILDRED MADDOCKS BENTLEY

Thanksgiving—American Plan

American Emblems and Designs for our Holiday Table-Setting

By HELEN UFFORD

Community Silver
Paul Revere Pattern

A THANKSGIVING MENU

Tomato Juice Cocktail
Celery Pickled Walnuts Gherkins
Oyster Soup Whole Wheat Wafers
Turkey with Apple Dressing and Giblet Gravy
Cranberry Jelly
Baked Squash or Candied Sweet Potatoes
Spinach with Browned Onion Butter
Corn Bread Sticks
Lettuce Slices with Cottage Cheese, Relish Dressing
Mince Tarts with Cheese Sauce or Pumpkin Pie
or Cider Sherbet
Salted Walnuts Coffee Raisins Dates Figs

The American eagle, in the victory wreath, and star-spangled, is the motif of this new Federal Design in glass. Fostoria

The Pine Tree for the silver design, and the "Fence and Flower" for the china. International Silver. Syracuse China

Stately old American designs are revived in a new-pewter demi-tasse service. The Early American Pewter Company

FOR our Thanksgiving table-setting this year, we are offered a distinctively American quality of designs and symbols. Stars, eagles, pine trees, New England fences, copies of old American designs and forms, patterns named in honor of our national heroes—these Americana have been chosen as appropriate motifs for glass, china, silver, and other items for our table equipage.

Most fittingly many of these are making their bow just before Thanksgiving. Most fittingly, for such an essentially American festival as Thanksgiving may well be "stage set" with American themes and American designs.

Given such gracious—and patriotic—items for arraying her table, the punctilious hostess gives careful attention to their correct and convenient (or, better, correct *because* convenient) use.

For serving the menu given above, a few suggestions:

The oyster soup may be served, formally, in the conventional soup plate; or, informally, in the increasingly popular cream soup bowl, for which a special spoon has been made.

The "Double" Service of Silver

THE double silver service—knife and fork or fork and spoon—will be used in this feast by the careful hostess, wherever it is convenient and appropriate. In both serving silver and place silver, the fork is always placed on the left, since it is taken in the left hand. For the serving of entrées, vegetables, salads (when served from the salad bowl), and puddings, the spoon and fork should be placed.

And in the place silver too this double service is gaining in use. The small knife and fork—the so-called "tea" knife and fork—for entrées, canapés, and some kinds of desserts. While only the dessert fork or other small fork would be placed for the "great American pie," the double service, dessert fork and dessert spoon, are placed for many other kinds of desserts; conveniently, as a matter of fact, if the suggested mince tarts with cheese sauce are served, or if we prefer a lighter dessert, like compôte of fruit.

For the salad the "double service"—knife as well as fork—is becoming more and more popular as hostesses realize how convenient it is for the guest to have a knife as a friendly supplement to the fork when difficult-to-manage salads are served. As American as the spirit of Thanksgiving itself is the popular hearts of lettuce salad. And really, when this salad is served, or romaine or endive or slices or pieces of pineapple, aren't you grateful to your hostess when you find that she has thoughtfully provided you with a knife which helps you to win—and comfortably too—the obstacle-race with your salad?

Appropriate for our Thanksgiving table-lighting is the copy of an old American candlestick. Also an artistic glass "cradle" for grapes. Heisey

The Demi-Tasse

CONSIDERING the amount of jesting about Thanksgiving tables "groaning with food" and the sympathetic transmission of the "groan" to our digestions, one of the most important courses of the feast is the after-dinner coffee, famous for its "settling" quality. In well-appointed households the after-dinner coffee is served in the living-room, not at the table. And this delightful, leisurely, conversation-compelling way of serving the after-dinner coffee—demi-tasse or "large cup"—should be, whenever practicable, adopted by all households. Especially for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, when the spirit-of-the-family prevails and suggests "chatting of this and that" over coffee and a leisurely smoke.

Serving the coffee in the living-room isn't a bit more trouble, really, than serving it at the table. The coffee service—with pot or percolator—and accessories may be arranged on the tea wagon or tray before dinner, and brought into the living-room as the guests are leaving the dining-room.

An attractive service of vari-colored demi-tasse cups—the so-called Harlequin service—is finding distinct popularity this year. The gold-lined cups are of simple design, their glory being in their colors—and the guests may choose their favorite shades. In a family I know, a charming young daughter is given the artistic delight of "matching" the cups with the frocks of the women guests.

Some hostesses—and some dietitians, I believe—frown on serving cream with after-dinner coffee, but the custom of offering it is, nevertheless, becoming more popular.

All of these amenities combine to make the demi-tasse service the sauntering culmination of the Thanksgiving "dinner that is noble and enough."

Sauces for the Puddings

The Institute tests foods for approval and makes appetizing new sauces

TANTALIZING odors of sugar and spice and lots of things nice have been creeping thru the doors from the Institute kitchen—proclaiming the approaching celebration of the traditionally American Thanksgiving—for we have been conducting fruitful research to bring new interest to our holiday dinners.

And altho, proverbially speaking, "sauce for the goose" always seems to gain quite a bit of attention from the world in general, the Institute concludes that "sauce for the pudding" goes a long way in bringing about success to the festive board. For with each spoonful of the basic pudding, the accompanying quantity of sauce is really savored first. So it follows that the flavor and texture of the sauce are extremely important—it is not merely a certain amount of moisture to help the pudding slip down easily. Now, the sauce may serve the purpose of again intriguing a jaded palate which has already been tempted thru a series of courses—again, it may by its flavor add richness to a frugal pudding which is offsetting the expensiveness of an elaborate main course.

"Ebb Tide" design in silver dishes. Serving knife and fork: Minuet Pattern

Courtesy of International Silver Company

The sauce dresses the pudding—from the simple one to the imposing holiday creation—at the same time supplementing it with flavor, spiciness, fruitiness, richness, tastiness or moisture, as the case demands

SO, ALONG with our testing of foods for approval, we have been experimenting with this series of sauces—realizing that in this way the traditional pudding dessert may be one of greater subtle satisfaction. Spices we had, pungent and aromatic; vanilla and lemon extracts, fragrant and more delicate; wine flavorings that carry the bouquet of the grape in legitimate form; grape juice and ginger ale, old friends in a new rôle; root beer, which proves to be a delicious flavoring too; fruits of all kinds with oranges, lemons and raisins always to the fore; coffee and chocolate; cocoanut, nuts, dates and marshmallows.

From the cooking standpoint, sauces group themselves into solid (as hard sauce) and liquid—which in turn divides, according to its base, into these classes: starchy, egg, fruit, whipped cream, and gelatin. But here too, there is much leeway. Starches may be cornstarch, flour and (if you follow our suggestion) tapioca. White or yolk of egg beaten or unbeaten may be used. Cream, or evaporated or whole milk, supplies the milk ingredient.

Spice Sauce

Thoroly mix one tablespoon corn-starch and one-fourth teaspoon salt with one-fourth cup cold water, using a fork. Add three-fourths cup boiling water and boil five minutes, stirring constantly. Add one tablespoon lemon juice and cool. Cream four tablespoons butter with one-half cup sugar, one-fourth teaspoon each of allspice, cloves, and mace, three-eighths teaspoon each ginger and cinnamon. Cream well and beat in the corn-starch mixture slowly and thoroly. Fold in the stiffly beaten white of one egg.

Creamy Hard Sauce

Cream one-half cup butter, adding one-eighth teaspoon salt and one cup confectioner's sugar gradually. Beat in one-eighth teaspoon hot water with four drops lemon and one-half teaspoon vanilla extracts, and fold in one-half cup cream, whipped.

Ginger Ale Foamy Sauce

Soften one teaspoon gelatin in one tablespoon ginger ale and dissolve over boiling water. Whip one egg white until stiff and add gradually while whipping two tablespoons sugar and two teaspoons lemon juice. Then whip in the dissolved gelatin. Chill. When ready to serve, whip in one cup cold ginger ale and serve immediately.

Chocolate Sauce

Scald one and three-fourths cups undiluted evaporated milk, add one and one-half tablespoons corn-starch mixed with one-fourth cup cold water and cook eight minutes in a double boiler. Melt two squares chocolate in two tablespoons hot water. Add one-half cup powdered sugar, and stir into thickened milk. Cook two minutes while beating, add two yolks of eggs and beat well. Remove from fire and stir gradually into two egg whites beaten stiff with one-half teaspoon salt and one-fourth cup powdered sugar.

Whipped Cream Cocoanut Sauce

Whip one cup cream, but not too stiff, fold in one-eighth teaspoon salt, three tablespoons sugar and one-half cup cocoanut with as little beating as possible, and flavor with one-eighth teaspoon almond extract. Serve immediately.

Root Beer Pudding Sauce

Moisten one and one-half tablespoons corn-starch and three-fourths teaspoon salt with one-fourth cup milk. Add to one and three-fourths cups scalded milk and cook for ten minutes in a double boiler. Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff, add two-thirds cup powdered sugar gradually, then add the unbeaten yolks of the eggs and stir into cooked mixture. Cook one minute, add one and one-fourth teaspoons root beer extract and chill. Fold in one-half cup cream whipped and serve.

Cold Grape Sabayon Sauce

Beat one egg and two egg yolks until thick and creamy, beat in one-half cup sugar and one-fourth teaspoon salt gradually and thoroly. Add one-half cup grape juice and beat again. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thick. Add one tablespoon lemon juice, chill.

Pineapple Tapioca Sauce

Soak two tablespoons granulated tapioca in one-fourth cup cold water and add to two cups pineapple juice heated with one-fourth cup sugar and one-half teaspoon salt. Cook over boiling water until tapioca is transparent. Add one teaspoon lemon juice, chill and serve.

Creamy Orange Sauce

Bring one cup corn syrup to the boil and add one-half teaspoon salt and four tablespoons orange juice. Pour syrup over one stiffly beaten egg white, beating constantly. When foamy, set in ice and continue beating until cold. Fold in one cup cream, whipped.

Marshmallow Cream Sauce

Beat marshmallow cream, add salt and lemon juice to thin and flavor it. To one jar marshmallow use one-fourth teaspoon salt and three tablespoons lemon juice.

Raisin and Nut Wine Sauce

Cook one cup nectar seedless raisins to plump them in one cup hot water until mostly absorbed, adding, when half cooked, one-sixteenth teaspoon salt, one tablespoon lemon juice and grated rind of one-half lemon. Cool. Stir in one-third cup chopped nuts and one-half cup heavy wine flavoring before serving.

Coffee Cream Sauce

Combine two slightly beaten eggs with one-fourth cup sugar, one-eighth teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon cocoa. Stir in one cup clear strong coffee and cook over boiling water until mixture coats the spoon. Strain and chill. To serve, fold in one-half cup cream, whipped.

Cold Apricot Mousseline Sauce

Boil three fourths cup sugar and one-half cup water to the thread stage, 238° F. Pour in a fine stream on the well beaten yolks of six eggs, beating constantly. Add one-half teaspoon salt and one cup puréed apricots. Cool while beating and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs and three-fourths cup cream, whipped. Chill.

Malt Cocoa Sauce

Cream together one-half cup butter, one-half cup powdered sugar and one-half cup prepared malted cocoa powder. Add one cup cream whipped until stiff. Set bowl over hot water and beat constantly with egg beater until smooth. Stir in one-half teaspoon vanilla and chill.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's, with all the famous birthdays coming soon after, will mean many parties. We suggest these Delineator booklets as most helpful.

HOLIDAY MENUS AND RECIPES 10C

For occasions from Thanksgiving to Easter.

AT THE TABLE 25C

Correct modern usage of silver, glass, linen and table decorations.

Send stamps, check or money order to Service Editor, Delineator, 223 Spring St., N. Y. C.

Soups For All Occasions

To introduce the meal or, in supper menus, as a main dish—say our Housekeepers-at-Large

Wedgwood China *Community Silver*

For different soups, different services—the tureen, generous and informal, and three individual services. With the soup plate, a choice of tablespoon, dessert spoon, or round bowl soup spoon; the new cream soup spoon for the cream soup bowl; the bouillon spoon for the bouillon cup

OVER the roast beef we may grow brilliantly conversational, and confidential over the pie and cheese; but it is during the soup course that the mellow spirit of friendliness and good cheer is created which starts the whole dinner off properly. Like a cup of tea, there are few things which promote sociability as successfully as does a bowl of fragrant, steaming soup.

When we asked our Consultant Housekeepers if soup as a food made a regular appearance on their family table, they replied almost unanimously that they believed in soup. Here are some of their reasons, just as they gave them, and heartily approved by the Institute:

"I serve soup at least once a week as the main dish, and often thruout the week to start a meal off or to piece out an evening meal which seems a bit skimpy. It is a hot dish; it is nourishing; it can be prepared well in advance, and it gives me a wonderful opportunity to use up my left-overs. Also it is the one way in which I can induce the man of the house to eat certain vegetables that otherwise he would never touch." Another housekeeper uses soup at lunch as a means of getting her little boy to eat vegetables and meat.

"It is a highly condensed food, strong in nourishment and stimulating to the appetite. As a luncheon dish, it offers a convenient way to serve the entire meal in one appetizing dish, as it may contain the different food elements—protein, starch and minerals. And thin soup, served at dinner, takes the edge from a keen appetite and permits the remainder of the dinner to be eaten in a more leisurely fashion."

"It is economical, as I can use any little left-overs, such as meat, vegetables or cereal, with a can of condensed soup as a foundation. It is invigorating and easily assimilated."

"It is warm and appetizing, especially for cold, wintry days; and it often serves as an alternate for meat with us, or as a main dish at supper time. Also, if I haven't enough 'filling' dishes, I add soup to the menu and know we will all feel satisfied with the meal."

The ideal soup is not only seasoned well, but it is served tastefully with the right accompaniments and garnished attractively. It may be served from the kitchen, tho many people are finding an added charm in having it served at the table by the hostess from one of the new-fashioned-old-fashioned soup tureens which are beginning to have again a distinct place in our modern methods of dining. Particularly attractive are these tureens when a chowder or thick soup makes the main course for luncheon or Sunday night supper. The more formal service in china offers the soup plate, dedicated entirely to dinner use; the bouillon cup, exclusively to luncheon use, and the new cream soup bowl, which, tho informal, has, because of its satisfactory design, crept into dinner usage. For all sorts of heavy soups and chowders it is excellent, as well as for the cream soups from which it takes its name. Another interesting way to serve thick soups or chowders is in the *petite marmite* or small covered bowl of pottery.

On our list of breadstuffs to serve with soups are: toasted wheat crackers, crisped salted plain crackers, cheese wafers, bread sticks, crusty rolls and tiny meat turnovers—about three inches in diameter and filled with highly seasoned chopped meat. All these companion soups delightfully, and add food value.

Most garnishes and accessories serve the double purpose of enhancing the appearance and increasing the food value of the dish. Some Institute favorites are:

Alligator Pear or Avocado Balls: Half balls cut from alligator pears which are scarcely ripe, and boiled with the clear soup for about twenty minutes.

Banana Slices: Cut crosswise from partly ripe bananas and boiled for twenty minutes in clear soup.

Custard Cubes: Thick egg custard baked as usual, but in a layer in a shallow pan, and cut into fancy shapes, which are dropped into the hot soup just before serving.

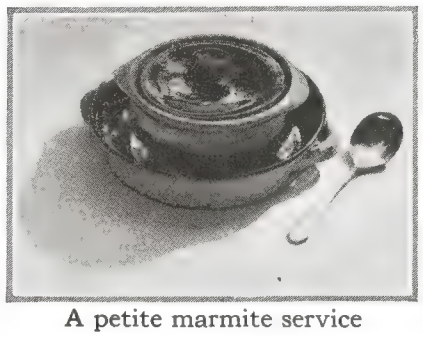
Mushrooms: Broiled and placed in the center of cream soups.

Croûtons: Squares of two day-old bread, fried to a golden brown.

Tiny dumplings, tapioca, rice, barley and the finely ground cereals, macaroni and noodles: These serve also the purpose of thickening soups.

Vegetables, of course, both fresh and dried, and whipped cream, egg whites, grated cheese and parsley. All these serve to help complete the soup.

And here are a few of our new soup recipes. Some are made by combining canned soups, others use canned bouillon as a soup stock and some are made from start to finish



A petite marmite service

Onion Soup

3 cups thinly sliced yellow onions
4 tablespoons butter
6 cups boullion
3 wheat cereal biscuits
⅛ pound Parmesan cheese

Sauté onions in butter, turning carefully until a light brown. Add to hot bouillon about fifteen minutes before serving. Put one or two slices of wheat biscuits cut crosswise, one inch thick, in the bottom of serving dish; sprinkle with cheese, cover with enough onions for the serving and fill the bowl with bouillon. Canned bouillon or cubes or vegetable extract may be used for making the bouillon.

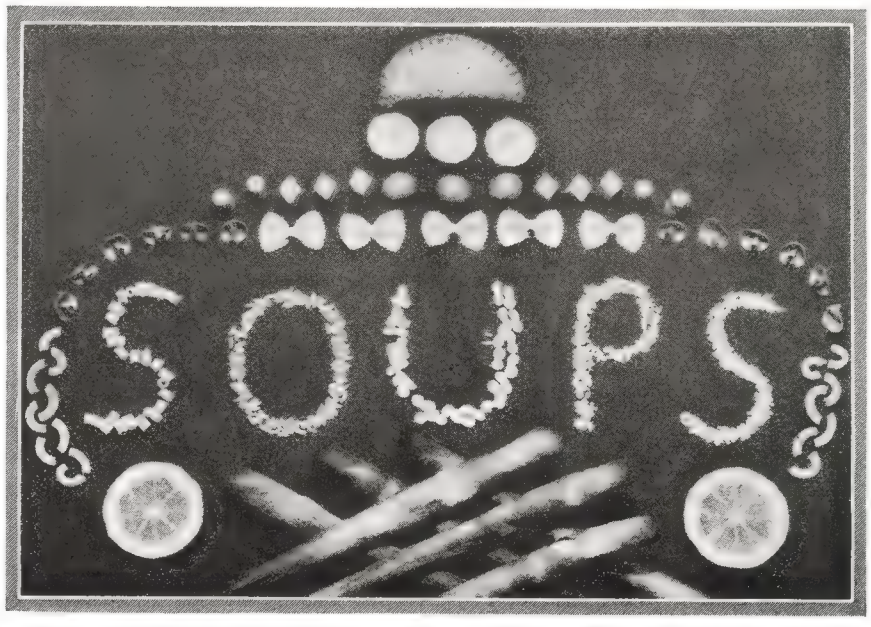
Quick Heavy Bouillon

Heat together a can of consommé and a can of vegetable beef soup, without diluting. Rub hard thru a rather coarse strainer. Reheat and serve immediately.

Cream of Lima Bean Soup

1 cup dried Lima beans
1 medium sized onion
1 cup sliced celery
2 small carrots, sliced
1½ teaspoons salt
5 tablespoons fat
4 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
¼ teaspoon pepper
Grated cheese
3/8 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Soak beans several hours or overnight in six cups cold water. Cook in the soaking water until partly soft; add onion, celery, carrot, one teaspoon salt and cook until all the vegetables are tender. Rub thru a strainer—there should be four cups. Combine with the milk. Melt the butter, stirring in flour mixed with one-half teaspoon salt and the pepper. Add the liquid (which is the combined milk and vegetable purée); bring to a boil and add Worcestershire sauce. To serve, put about a tablespoon of grated cheese into the soup bowl, pour over the hot soup.



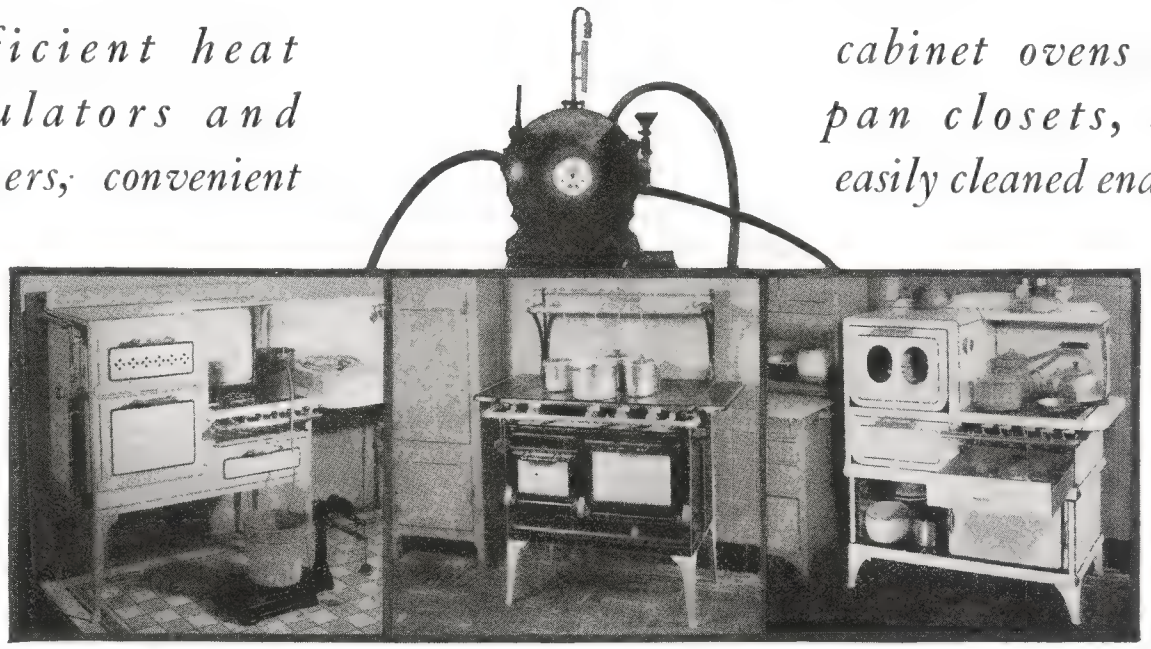
Vegetable Chowder

1 cup cooked celery
1 cup cooked carrots
½ cup diced onions
1¾ cups celery water
1¾ cups carrot water
3 sprigs parsley
12 asparagus tips
2 tablespoons fat
1 can peas
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 cups hot milk
1 to 2 cups crumbled whole wheat bread

Cook celery and carrots separately until almost done; drain. Sauté onions and parsley in butter until they begin to brown; add liquid from celery and carrots, boil hard five minutes. Add celery, carrots and peas, also salt and pepper, and boil until vegetables are tender. Heat milk, add to vegetables just before serving. Put several tablespoons of the bread crumbs—as much as desired—in bottom of serving dish. Pour over the hot chowder, lay two asparagus tips across the top and serve at once.

The Gas Range Has Style Plus

Efficient heat regulators and burners, convenient cabinet ovens and pan closets, and easily cleaned enamel



Every stove which is tested in Delineator Home Institute cooks the same complete meals, while an individual gas meter measures the fuel used. This gives us information on the cost of operation. Oven regulators are tested for accuracy of control, burners must heat efficiently and ovens must turn out perfect products—biscuits, cookies, delicate sponge cakes, and roast beef. This gives us proof of the cooking efficiency and convenience of the ranges

Gas ranges now being tested in Delineator Home Institute have interesting new features—a choice of color, cabinet ovens, heat regulators, pilot lights and solid tops. At the left is a compact cabinet range with a reliable oven regulator in the process of a laboratory test. The center range has a solid top, and separate broiling and baking oven. The next stove shows generous cooking capacity. It has a sliding door, pot closet and utensil drawer

WHEN you buy the new gas range that you have been wanting and no doubt needing for so long—how will you select it? Not for its looks alone, we hope. Perhaps you will write to us for advice after you read this article, for you will find that Delineator Home Institute requires and finds technical laboratory efficiency and kitchen cookery convenience and performance as well as style and beauty in the new gas range.

Before you even begin looking at stoves, make up your mind to purchase one which is sufficiently large for your requirements. Then decide on the position in your kitchen in which it will be most convenient for you to use it. Remember that it should be sufficiently close to the sink so that you will not have to carry pots and pans across the room or around a center table. There is constant need to add a bit more water to food or to fill an emptied pot with water so that it will be easy to wash.

And then decide about the oven, for the modern cabinet range has brought its oven and broiler from the floor level to a position of equal height and honor with that of the surface burners. These ovens may be had on either the right or left side, so, in choosing your range, note which it should have to give the top of the stove the most light and make it nearest the sink.

THE superiority of the new models of gas ranges which now come into Delineator Home Institute, to those which we knew ten or fifteen years ago, is tremendous. So many new features are to be found in the various stoves that it becomes somewhat a question of personal preference which will give you greatest satisfaction. There are oven heat regulators, insulated ovens, pilot lights for surface burners, convenient cutlery and pot closets, solid tops, a choice between a black egg shell finish and enamel and color finishes. There are also safety gas cocks which cannot be turned on accidentally. All these attractions have their advantages, but the Institute recommends an oven heat regulator with a pilot light as an essential and a top stove pilot as a desirable convenience.

"Are oven heat regulators successful and any real help?" women still ask us, and our unqualified answer is "yes—if it is an endorsed regulator so that you are assured that it will continue to function efficiently, and includes a pilot light so that it will automatically relight the gas should the flame become extinguished, even when throttled for low temperatures." That they *help* is certain, as they have taken the guesswork out of baking and cut down cooking failures and food losses due to uncertain baking.

Oven heat regulators control temperature within an oven by actually governing the flow of gas to the burner. You set the guide on the outside, and the heat regulator does the rest automatically. A full flow of gas enters the burner until the desired temperature is reached. The gas is then automatically reduced to a point which will maintain this temperature within a limited range. However, if you open the door to the oven or if for any other reason the oven temperature changes appreciably, the gas flow is again increased. Oven heat regulators tested and approved in the Institute control the temperatures in the oven to within 20° F. of all dial settings.

Regulators must be built into a range and may not be added afterwards. Before leaving the factory they have been checked to insure their correctness, but during shipment may receive such rough handling that adjustment may be necessary. So have yours checked with a mercury thermometer when it is installed.

It has been established that the most satisfactory gas flame for cooking is one which has two blue cones in each flame—a lighter inner cone and a dark blue outer cone—without yellow tips. This indicates the proper combustion of gas to give all around good results.

It is possible for any one to adjust a gas burner to produce this flame. It is seldom necessary, however, for you to do so yourself, as nearly all local gas companies have trained men and women to take care of this for you.

The importance of having proper adjustment and clean burners is not to be considered lightly, since improper adjustment allows the formation of carbon monoxide gas, which, inhaled in quantity, will give severe headaches or even more serious consequences.

Since dirty, clogged burners can produce this condition—two holes in each of the fingers of a surface burner or one-third of the total number clogged up will increase the escape of this poisonous gas eight and three-tenths times—it will be seen that cleanliness is extremely necessary.

The burners may very easily be removed without the necessity of even loosening a screw. If this is done once a month or more, and the whole burner placed in a pail of scalding hot water to which has been added half a pound of washing soda—and the pail scoured after that—cleanliness is assured. The use of a piece of wire to open the gas ports as soon as food is spilled over the burner is also excellent practise for safety.

Really, the best precaution is not to let foods boil over! Water boils at 212° F. at ordinary altitudes, and it cannot be made to go any higher no matter how much flame is placed under the utensil which holds it, unless it is in a pressure cooker. Too vigorous boiling merely wastes gas, breaks down the food and causes "boil-overs."

IMPORTANT POINTS SUGGESTED BY THE INSTITUTE ENGINEER

1. Adjust the flame properly. Yellow tips on flames show poor combustion. Floating flame, gas that pops, or any gas trouble should receive attention from the gas company.
2. Keep all burners clean. Open clogged burner holes as soon as food has boiled over. Clean regularly.
3. When using a full flame, the tips of the cones of flame should just touch the bottom of the utensil.
4. Before lighting oven, open all stove doors.
5. If oven is connected to a flue, use chimney—not window—opening and insert a damper.

A typical—plain, but substantial—meal which is used as a cooking test for fuel consumption on every Institute stove

WELL insulated ovens are now to be found in many gas ranges. These are particularly serviceable in the family where great quantities of baking and roasting are popular, and they not only save fuel but help to keep the kitchen cool.

Gas ranges with smooth tops have gained rightful approval from those who are used to the all-over heat obtainable from the top of the coal range.

The new complete enamel finish on a range gives it a truly luxurious appearance and a surface which may be kept as clean as an enamel cooking utensil. But this finish does not make a stove that produces better cooked foods. Enamel lining in an oven is much easier to keep clean. However, if expense is an all important item to you, sheet steel or iron with a baked aluminum finish will wear well.

On the subject of color, our advice is to choose a range with handles, legs and perhaps some other trim in color, and the large areas in white, gray or black. If your personal choice is a solid all-over color, select a neutral shade in a color that you will not tire of in a large mass.

We have here given suggestions for the selection and care of ranges and will later supplement this article with another giving special suggestions on cooking methods to get the most from your range whether it be gas or electric. Watch the Institute pages for this.

Do you know why good hot soup is so beneficial?

THERE'S nothing like good hot soup to tempt and refresh and satisfy you! What other food offers such an infinite variety of deliciously blended flavors? Soup gives a zest and sparkle all its own and nothing can take its place.

People eat soup because they enjoy it so much. The liquid food delights with its flavor and imparts a comfortable, happy glow. It's a wise meal-planner who selects soup to add its brightness and cheerfulness to the daily menus.

Pleasing the appetite is, as every diet expert knows, very important in making the meals most beneficial. Selecting the right kind of wholesome, healthful food and providing it in the most attractive way—this spells success for your home table. Soup is your daily help in getting this result.

For soup is the great tonic to the appetite. It is eaten eagerly because it tastes so good. It encourages a freer flow of the digestive juices and thus promotes digestion. All your food does you more good after you've eaten a plate of hot, invigorating well-made soup.

So plan to serve soup for your family every day—for their enjoyment and their benefit. It's such an easy thing to do, now that Campbell's Soups supply this important food in such convenient form. You simply add an equal quantity of water, you know; then bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes. The soup is all ready for your table!

And what delicious soup it is! For today's luncheon, serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup and see what finish and perfection Campbell's French chefs give to this great home and family soup. It contains fifteen different vegetables, invigorating broth, cereals, herbs and seasonings—all blended with the deft hand of the master.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on every label. 12 cents a can.

My flowers seem to laugh with me
And wink their eyes in merry glee;
It's just the way I show delight
When Campbell's thrill my appetite!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

"Right much life in that soap," says Mrs. King's Eliza ... "and in the children, too!" adds Mrs. King

ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES *No.* 14

We heard about Eliza recently when we were going about from house to house in a pretty little Virginia town, asking women what kind of laundry soap they used. When we asked Mrs. King*, she laughed and said, "You really should talk to Eliza about her P and G Naphtha Soap."

"Eliza is your maid?" we asked, with caution.

"Eliza," said Mrs. King impressively, "is the pillar of this family. She has lived with us for ten years. She brings up the children, makes the most wonderful fried chicken and beaten biscuits, *and* hangs out the whitest clothes you ever saw."

"And she likes P and G?"

"Indeed she does. Once I asked her why she liked it. 'There's right much life in that soap,' she said. You see, she doesn't have to rub so hard to get the children's clothes clean. And they are a test of any soap—how *do* nice little children get so dirty?"

"Then, too," Mrs. King went on, "it keeps the clothes looking bright and fresh—and Eliza is proud of her clothes. And she can use it with cold water any time she wants to rub out a dress for Mary-Elizabeth or a blouse that Billy has gone climbing in. ''Deed, Miss Harriet,' she will say, 'that soap is a good friend to me'."

Less rubbing, whiter clothes, brighter colors—in any kind of water, hot or cold, hard or soft! Do you wonder that P and G is used by more women *than any other soap in the world?*

This unequalled popularity means that P and G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacturing costs less in proportion than small-scale manufacturing, a very large cake of P and G can be sold to you for actually less even than ordinary soaps.

So P and G costs less *because* it is so popular. And it is so popular because it *really is a better soap.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

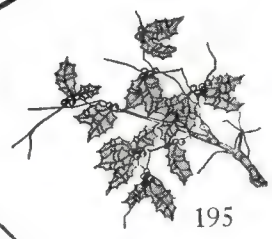
FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. ND-11, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Of course, this is not her real name.

© 1928, P. & G. Co.

The largest-selling soap in the world

For The Youngest



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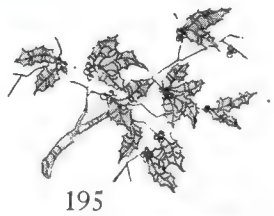


195

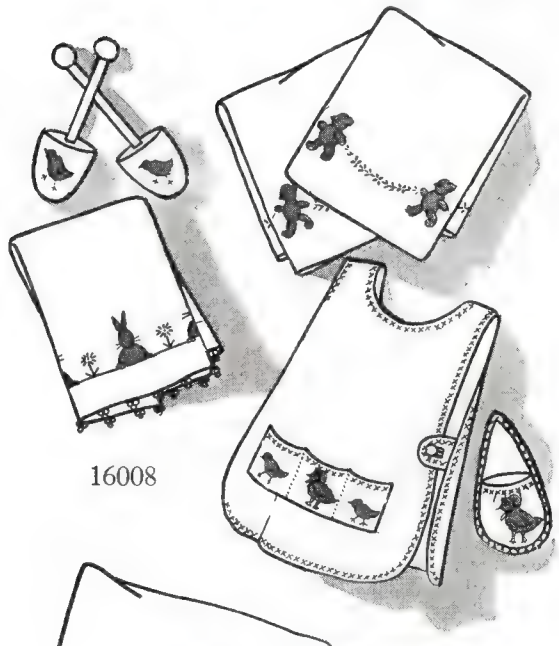
195—Quite a new idea is the wearing of one's monogram on one's collar; and with such a well designed monogram as this the effect is more than usually good. They are smart on brother and sister costumes—small sister putting hers at the right, her brother wearing his at the left, an easy way to tell the twins apart. Work in self or contrasting color.

185

185—A universal thought at any season concerns handkerchiefs, and these intriguing specimens with amusing French designs are easily worked on white or colored linen in six-strand floss in matching or contrasting colors. The edges may be rolled and cross-stitched or they may be finished with lace. The embroidery stitches used are outlining and satin stitch.

16005

16005—Charming floral figures of great simplicity are the theme of this design, which may be used to decorate dresses or underwear. The borders are most intriguing above hems and edges, and motifs give importance to pockets and corners. If speed is a factor, work in lazy daisy stitch; if there is time and inclination, work in the more elaborate satin stitch.

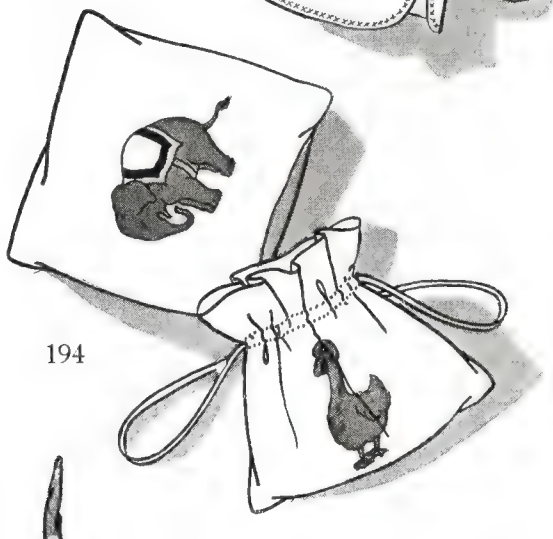


16008

16008—More interesting and amusing designs for the nursery were never made, and they may be used as inspiration for most entertaining gifts. As suggested in the illustration, these quaint figures may decorate an unlimited number of articles, and the stitches needed for their development are few and simple, as befits anything directly connected with the nursery.

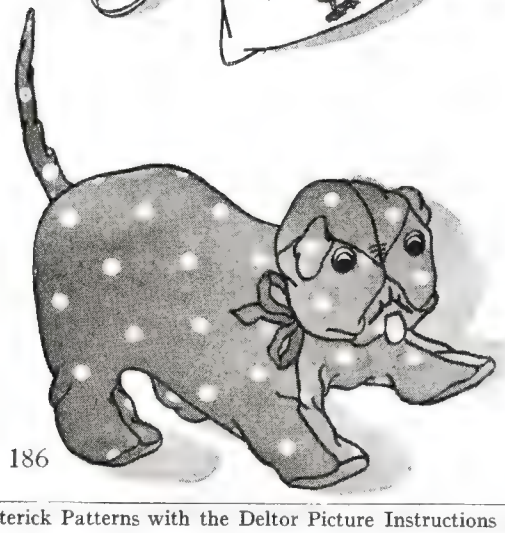
209

209—A method of decoration so simple that the whole process of application consists of pasting on a decorative motif and varnishing it over, will appeal to most people, particularly when one sees how really effective the motifs are. These usually vary in size from three to six-and-one-eighth inches in diameter, and may be used to decorate a variety of things.



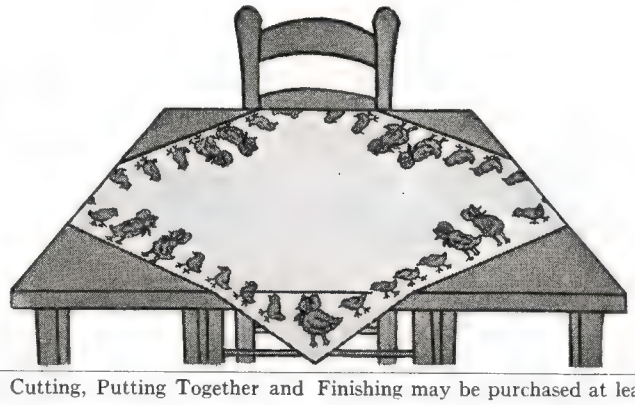
194

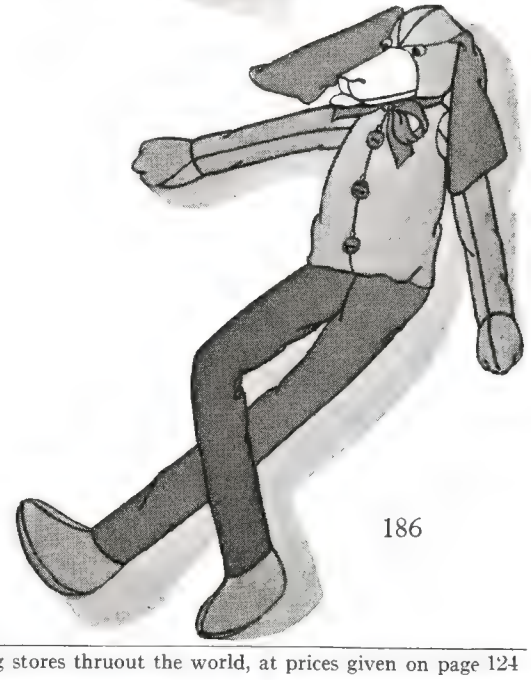
194—Pillows and bags, which are always useful in the nursery, may be made quite unique by the addition of any one of the numerous designs of birds and animals. They should be made from seven to nine inches high and they may be embroidered, or quilted or worked in appliqué. They are particularly smart when quilted and particularly colorful when worked in appliqué.



186

186—Two fascinating animals of unique appearance and cotton batting stuffing are sketched here. The spotted dog should stand eight and one-half inches high and his friend of the long ears should be made eighteen inches tall. These may be made of velvet or of flannel, and stuffed with cotton wadding.





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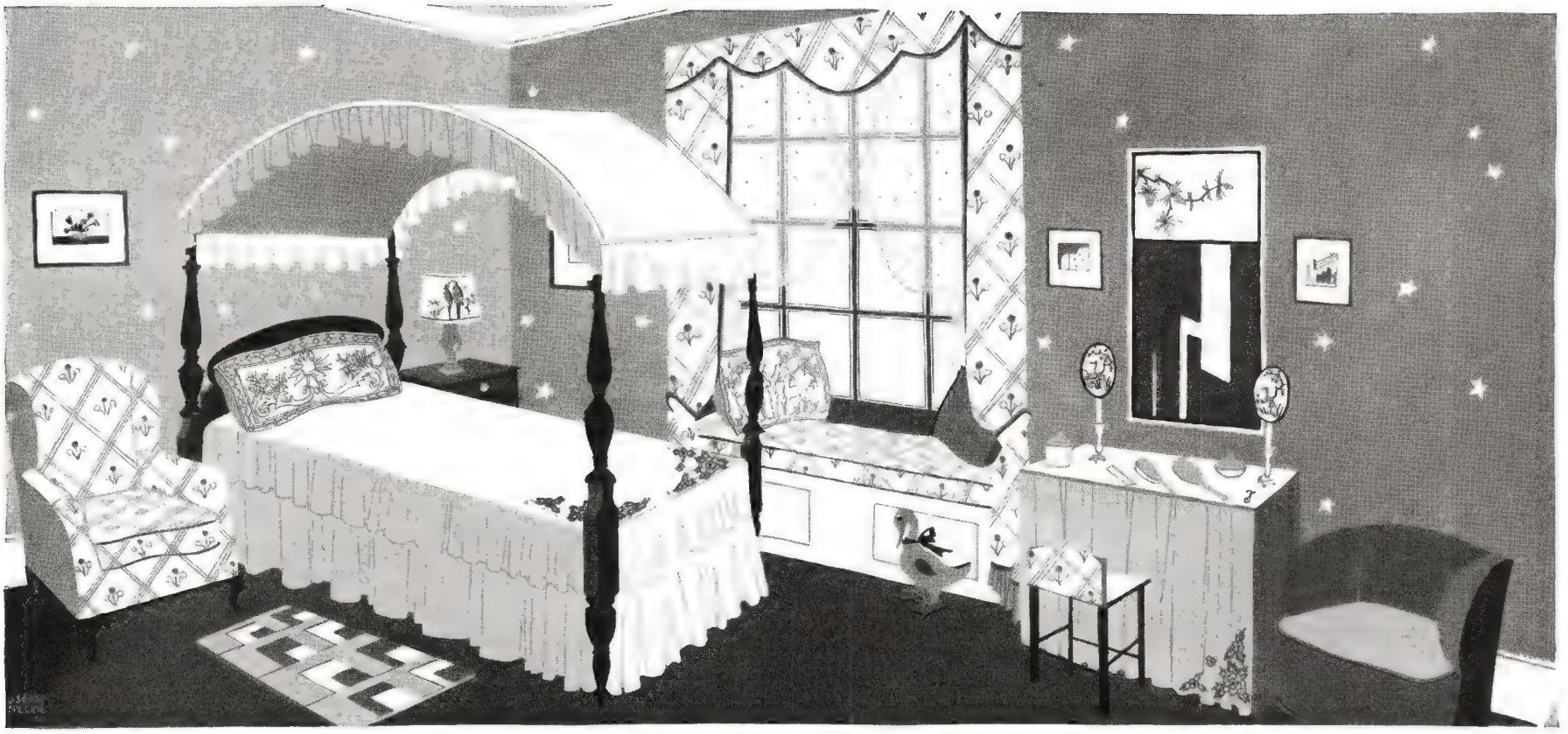
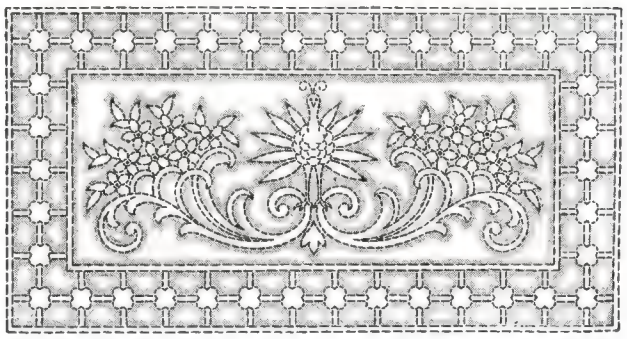
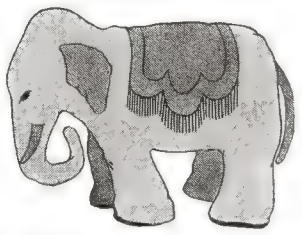


HANDWORK MAKES ROOMS INTIMATE



16015



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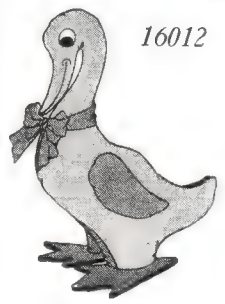
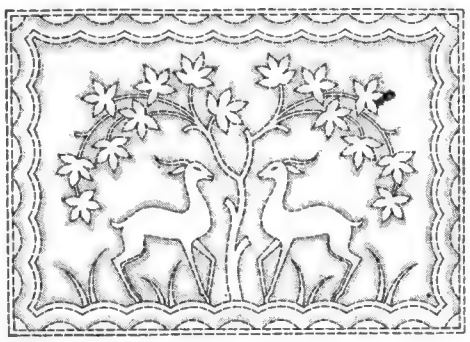
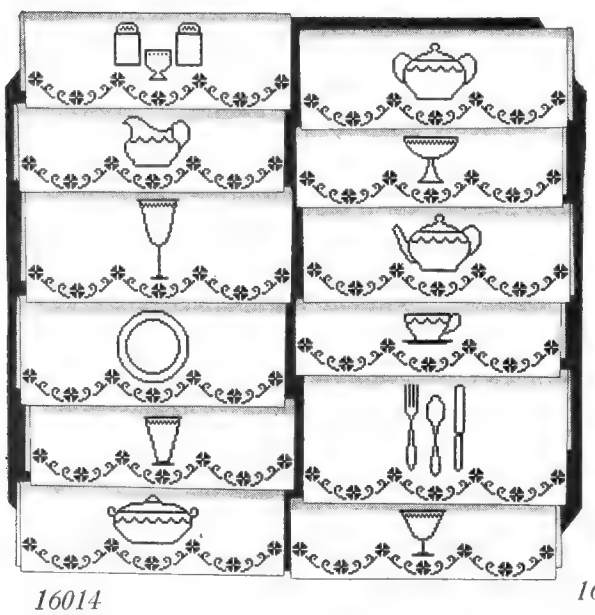


Miss Marie Ashley will be glad to answer any question about needlework if you will write to her, care of the Butterick Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.





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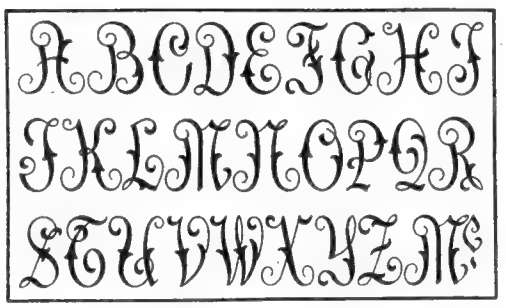


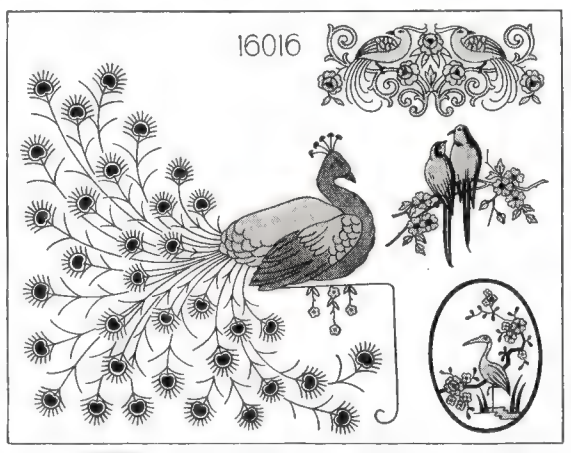
16013

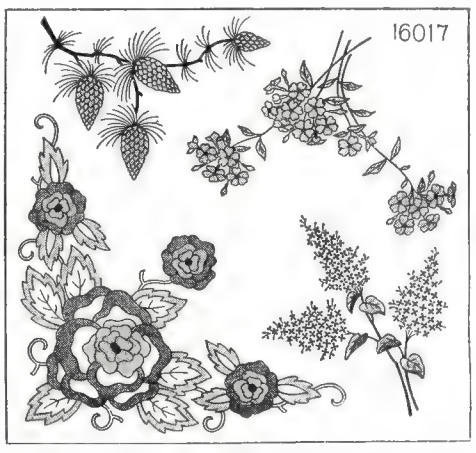
16012—A placid elephant and a joyous duck are pleasant companions for rainy days in the nursery and make the crib less lonely when the lights are turned out. Felt, velvet, flannel, fur cloth, gingham, or leather make durable hides for the elephant and feathers for the duck. The former wears a bright blanket. The elephant should be about 9 inches high and the duck about 14 inches high.

16015—When a thing is as lovely as this quilted taffeta pillow, it may be used in a bedroom of any period as an object of sheer beauty. Either pillow is charming and may be made of satin, crêpe de Chine, radium, velveteen, or sateen, instead of the taffeta. Work with a long fine needle in matching or contrasting silk. One pillow may be about 16½ by 22¾ inches, the other, about 16 by 30½.

16014—Like primitive sign writing, the plates and tumblers on these towels tacitly signify their use. They are done in cross-stitching in bright cottons and would be amusing on informal kitchen cloths. The motifs should be from 3½ to 7 inches high and 16 inches wide.

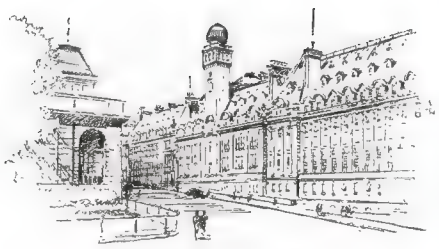
16016—The proud peacock and the gentle love birds may live peacefully in the same room, perched on the lamp-shades, screens, or wall hangings. They come to life under the paint-brush or the embroidery needle. The motifs may be from 4½ by 11 inches to 18 inches square.





16013—Linen that goes into the trousseau and is handed down from mother to daughter should be marked with the family initial. The fancy script letters are worked in satin stitch and French stemming in different weight threads and may be from ½ to 4 inches high.

16017—Flower sprays are a charming decoration in a room where flower prints hang on the walls. They may be painted or embroidered in outline, lazy daisy, satin stitch, and French knots on pillows and bedspreads. They should be from 8½ by 12½ to 17 inches square.



The ancient University of Paris, which has made Dr. Rosenthal Laureate of the Academy of Medicine

Dr. Georges Rosenthal

Laureate of the Institute, and of the Academy of Medicine, and of the Academy of the Moral Sciences, Paris. Doctor of the schools of the City of Paris. Doctor of the Anti-tuberculosis Dispensaries of the Social Hygiene Department, Paris. Assistant at The Pasteur Institute, where he has a laboratory for research work. Laureate of the Municipal Welfare Work of the City of Paris. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Yeast keeps the body cells young

says Dr. GEORGES ROSENTHAL, *noted French specialist*

"*Yeast acts as the watchful policeman of the alimentary canal. It reduces the poisons which, penetrating into the blood stream, make the body cells grow old and wear out more quickly. Yeast is one of the best agents of intestinal purification. The continued use of yeast, by cleansing the organs, protects human health.*"

Dr Georges Rosenthal.

FAMOUS alike in Europe and America for his remarkable studies of the blood, Dr. Georges Rosenthal speaks with acknowledged authority.

This distinguished scientist and physician confirms the discovery made by thousands of Americans that eating fresh yeast prevents sluggish, poisoned intestines and—in his own words—"protects human health" from all the ills that follow.

"Yeast feeds on and absorbs the wastes," he says. "It deprives the disease microbes, which are always ready to develop in our bodies, of their nourishment. That is how yeast acts as the watchful policeman of the intestinal tract. At the same time it stops poisonous decay and thereby helps to a great degree the normal working of the intestine." Dr. Rosenthal's words, taken from an authorized interview widely printed in American newspapers, reveal the importance of a healthy and *active* colon, shown below.

Where the trouble starts . . where yeast works

From throat to colon is one continuous tube. Here is where 90% of your ailments start, doctors say. Fleischmann's Yeast, a food as fresh as any garden vegetable, keeps this entire tract *clean*, active, healthy; prevents poisoning; promotes health, youth.

Keep Young with Yeast

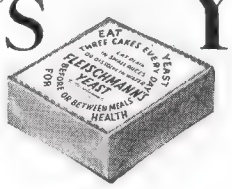
Clogged intestines are easily restored to normal activity when you eat fresh yeast which Dr. Rosenthal has shown to be so effective.

More than half the doctors reporting in a recent survey in the United States said they prescribed yeast. Thousands have found the joy of health and happiness by eating this fresh, natural food every day.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly—daily*—one cake before each meal, or between meals. To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Cheeks will bloom; skin will clear; that tired feeling vanishes; happiness and success seem easy. All grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today.

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. T-58, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH



WATCH, CHAIN AND CHARM

Continued from page 22

Santa Claus said— Dadee! This afternoon let's go see Santa Claus!" Petey's dark eyes were luminous, Petey's small face was alight with eager appeal.

"You betcha!" Pete said. And then, with caution, "But I tell you, old man, you mustn't ask Santa Claus for too much. Remember that Santa Claus has to have something for every last little boy and girl, and it's really a big, big job. I expect he just runs out of things sometimes. Electric trains and——"

Petey looked at big Pete, and the glow went out of his eyes and they slowly filled with tears.

"P-p-pete," he said, "Santa Claus wouldn't —wouldn't go back on *me!* Me 'n' Tony? We jus' been so good, and a 'leptic train's everything we're askin' for. P-p-pete!"

He gave an awful, a prodigious gulp. His chin quivered. (Which was the one thing in the world Pete couldn't stand.)

"Dadee!" he howled, "Dadee! My 'l-l-leptic train! My——!"

Pete picked him up out of his chair, swung him into his arms. "Listen," he said, "listen, old man. We'll go up-town and talk it over with Santa Claus this afternoon. I'll get down home for you just as early as I can."

PETE and Petey stood in line with Santa Claus as their ultimate goal. Before that there had been a thrilling half hour of watching the "'leptic" trains that zipped on their bright tracks hither and yon over a great counter; shiny engines with real headlights, gay red trains, chaste dark green trains, beautiful de luxe blue ones. And bridges! And tunnels! And stations with windows and doors that opened and roofs that lifted off so you could arrange things to your liking inside. Not, of course, to forget such minor delights as signals, switches, and water towers. Small Petey was ecstatic.

Big Pete was having a pretty good time himself.

And now the long line of children and parents ahead of them moved on slowly toward Santa Claus. Petey held tightly to his father's hand, but said nothing. If this was thrilling business, it was serious business as well, and breath was not to be wasted on idle chatter when you had the chance of your young lifetime just ahead.

At last Pete and Petey were almost there. Only a little girl and her mama were ahead, and that audience was very soon concluded, for Santa Claus seemed a bit bored by an insistence on "Jus' everythin'! Lots 'n' *lots* of toys. Dolls—big, *big* dolls—'n' everythin' else besides!"

And then Petey's turn had come.

"Well, young man," said Santa Claus, "now what have you to ask me?"

Petey considered. "Well, I ain't no pig like that little girl—" he began.

"Sh—h!" Pete interrupted, "say 'I am not' instead of 'ain't,' but first—remember your manners and don't call a lady a pig!"

Santa Claus grew quite purple in the face, and appeared to be in danger of apoplexy.

"Well—I *am not*," Petey insisted. "What my Bum says—she's my mama—my Bum says you *must* keep it simple, and that *you*—" looking Santa Claus firmly in the eye, "don't like little boys to be pigs."

Santa Claus nodded gravely. "Your Bum's quite right," he said.

"There's me 'n' Tony," Petey went on, "'n' we don't want but *one* thing—a 'leptic train. But we *do* want that! You wouldn't —wouldn't go back on us, *would* you?"

"Never!" Santa Claus told him, catching Pete's eye. "You and Tony can be perfectly easy in your minds."

PETE said nothing of it to Aileen Sunday, but he thought a lot about finances. Pay day in his present job did not come until the first of the month. All the money they had in the world, barring a little housekeeping cash left in Aileen's worn hand-bag, and the precious emergency fund soaked away in gilt-edged bonds, was that twenty-seven dollars stored in the bank. Where enough was coming from to run them till January first and provide the simplest of Christmas celebrations, Pete couldn't quite figure.

On Monday the office sent him trailing after some South American politicians who were in New York to buy certain things a branch of the company manufactured. But the "Spigs," as Pete profanely called them in a deep irritation at their elusiveness, were always somewhere else and seemed far more on pleasure than on business bent.

He went to the bank and drew out the twenty-seven dollars, and as he put it in his bill-fold, looked longingly at the four tens which had been issued him as expense money by the office in case he had to take the elusive South Americans to luncheon or dinner. But that—well, that was that, and not his to touch for any personal needs.

Tuesday he reported to the office and gave a whimsical account of the chase after the gentlemen from below the equator to the Big Boss himself. The Big Boss wasn't feeling whimsical, and told Pete in a not too amiable way to redouble the pursuit.

Pete went to the hotel and found that the South Americans had not been in since Monday afternoon. Expected back? The slick-haired young man at the desk shrugged his shoulders. He wasn't a mind reader. Besides, he didn't give out information about guests.

One of the ten dollar bills changed hands. The result was an affability as sudden as a desert sunrise.

"Listen, Bo," the slick-haired one confided. "I'll tip you off quick as I know if you'll give me your 'phone number. And when I say get down here, make it snappy."

The summons came more quickly than Pete had dared hope. He "made it snappy." He caught the four gentlemen, quite enenchanted them by knowing enough Spanish for general conversation, took them to a luncheon, and at three in the afternoon had them closeted in the Big Boss's private office.

He heaved the sigh of one who has done all that the angels could, and decided to take the rest of the afternoon off.

If the big store had been crowded when Pete took Petey there on Saturday, it was as nothing to the crush he found when he arrived half an hour after that decision. And every one in the world was, it seemed, buying electric trains. Pete fought his way to the front with a ruthlessness known only to parents in the Christmas rush.

The cheapest train that seemed to live up to Petey's expectations cost seven ninety-eight. The transformer was four something. The little tin station, a couple of signals, and a beautiful green tunnel brought the total to fifteen forty-eight.

WITH the box under his arm, Pete fought his way to freedom. He stopped on Thirty-fourth Street then, and counted the remaining bills in his wallet. He had had to pay some taxi fares not covered by his expense money and buy a lunch. And of the twenty-seven dollars only nine remained.

Aileen's housekeeping cash would be gone by now. Come to think of it, the home menu had been rather scanty and strange the last few days. Pete suspected that it had been made up largely of odds and ends of canned and dried things that had been unearthed from the back of the pantry shelf.

He mustn't forget the faithful Hulda—she must have the customary five dollar tip. And besides the necessities of life which must be bought, there was the tree and the turkey.

Pete felt his watch, took it out and looked at it. It was a good watch—a mighty good watch. Solid gold case, and a fine movement. Aunt Sally had given it to him when he graduated. The chain was a good one, too, and his Phi Beta Kappa key was heavy and solid gold.

The little bent old German Jew in the pawnbroker's shop on Seventh Avenue was unbelievably considerate. He treated Pete as one gentleman should treat another in a transaction of a slightly embarrassing and distressing nature.

"You won't need to leave it long," he assured Pete, peering up kindly over his spectacles. "I give you feefty dollars for de vatch, chain und charm. You come in next veek, de veek after, any time in a month, und bring mit you der teeket, and you get it all back for feefty-two-feefty."

Pete, feeling awkward, but losing the acute sense of misery with which he had entered the place, thanked him, took the ticket and the five soiled tens, and turned to leave.

"You have perhaps the small keeds?" the old man asked him.

"Two."

The spectacles came entirely off now, and a long yellow hand, strangely sensitive, made little clicks with them on the glass-topped counter to emphasize what their owner said. "You are r-right! I know now. Ve have only keeds vonce a leetle vile!"

With that fifty dollars in his pocket Pete felt light-hearted and gay and rich. He paused at the entrance to the subway, stopped by the thought of Aileen. He realized suddenly that what he had wanted all week was to go to some good shop and get her something nice. It was all very well for her to say that she'd give him a kiss and he'd give her one back, and she'd call hers a diamond necklace and he could call his a roadster. Bless her heart! Aileen was like that—gallant. Speaking of necklaces—he'd been crushed against a counter over there in the big store where he'd bought Petey's train, and under the glass of it he had seen a necklace—a rope of golden mesh. He knew all of a sudden that it belonged about Aileen's neck. That the warm, red-gold color of it was made for her.

After all, he told himself, there's nothing like buying something utterly beautiful and utterly useless for a person you love, particularly when you haven't any business in the world spending the money——

Wednesday morning an early 'phone call brought instructions for him to go over on Long Island to one of the factories and look to the assembling of special samples for the South Americans, and then to see that these samples got to their hotel.

He swallowed a cup of coffee, standing up in the dining-room, while Petey, eating in lone grandeur at the table, fired conversation at him so fast that the questions remained unanswered.

"Is it *really* tomorrow? Oh, Gosh, Dadee! Where we gonna get the tree? You don't s'pose they'll all get sold? Oh, Gosh! Dadee, can't it hurry? Can't it be tomorrow quicker? I can't wait—I *got* to see my 'leptic train!"

Pete felt his watch pocket and was glad it was empty. After all, as the old pawnbroker had said, "Ve have only keeds vonce a leetle vile!"

"Quismus! Quismus!" came Tony's treble from the kitchen, where Hulda was feeding him. "Choo—choo! Whee-e-e-e!"

WHEN he got back to the office at three in the afternoon, all his duties done, Pete found the place deserted, closed, locked.

He had had a lingering hope that maybe he'd find an extra week's pay as a bonus waiting for him, or some sort of Christmas check from his benevolent and paternalistic employer. But, well—that was that. He had enough left of his fifty to see them thru.

When he reached home, Petey, all dressed up, and with his leggings on and his hat and overcoat at hand, was waiting for him in the living-room. Aileen was sewing on something which she stuck under the chair cushion as he came in. Making him some sort of present, bless her heart!

"Dadee!" Petey cried, "Gosh! I thought you'd *never* get home. I was 'fraid all the Christmas trees'd get sold."

"Twee!" shrieked Tony, rushing in from the dining-room, dragging his woolly Teddy-bear suit after him. "Twee! Tony, Dadee, Petey, Bum, Twee!"

Pete threw back his head and laughed.

"Honey," he said to Aileen, "we're all elected. Let's make it a family party."

And so, if you had been walking down Third Avenue in the block between Twentieth and Nineteenth late in the afternoon of that twenty-fourth of December, you would have seen a very gay family party.

IN PETEY'S and Tony's old go-cart was the tree. Not a very big tree, not a very wonderful one, for it was just a wee bit lop-sided, and its top only came to Pete's shoulder; but it was the best that could be bought for a dollar at that late date.

On one side was Petey, with the holy, shining look of utter and complete happiness. On the other was Tony, trotting along on his fat little legs, determined to keep up with the party, and clutching a branch of the tree to be sure he wouldn't get lost. Pete pushed the go-cart, and Aileen brought up the rear with her arms full of packages.

"Twee-ee!" panted Tony.

"Hoo-ray!" Petey shouted. "Gosh—all—hemlock!"

Pete looked at Aileen, and they grinned happily, first in amusement at Petey's ridiculous expression ("Where on earth did he ever hear that?") and then—well, just because they knew they had the two most delicious small boys in the world, and it was Christmas, and even if they were mighty near broke, still—when you love each other and your hearts sing—— (*Turn to page 41*)

Drawn by C. E. Stephenson

MISS HUMPETY COMES TO TEA

A Poem for Young Folks of Every Age

By Grace Noll Crowell

The dogs are barking. There's somebody coming!
Children, run to the window and see—
Is it the rag-man, or is it the tag-man,
Or is it Miss Humpety coming to tea?

O, it's Miss Humpety! Look at her, children—
A little round dumpety figure of fun:
Her cheeks are two apples, her lips are two cherries,
Her hair done up tight like a bakery bun.

Stir up the fire, and put on the kettle—
And let the hard-knuckled rain beat at the door,
Sweep off the hearthstone, and gather around her,
She'll tell the same stories she told us before.

Forget it is raining—forget it is winter—
Forget that the flour is scarce in the bin;
Look at Miss Humpety, purple with laughter,
Who once was a rack-o-bones, she was so thin!

But she laughed, and she laughed, and she kept right on laughing.
Children, let's laugh 'till our ribs rock with glee.
It's better than rhubarb—it's better than quinine
To have dear Miss Humpety coming to tea!

St. Moritz, society's winter playground in the Swiss Alps, crowns the world like a glittering jewel.

AN AMERICAN-BORN MARQUISE

animates Europe's most brilliant Winter Playground

The Marquise de Polignac, the former Miss Nina Crosby of the popular Newport set, married into an aristocratic French family of equal prominence today as in the time of Marie Antoinette. Here she is ready for a day's skiing wearing a chic Vionnet costume, hatless. Madame de Polignac adores the dry invigorating mountain air full on her face. But although her skin is thoroughly tanned she keeps its texture fine and smooth, using Pond's Two Creams for their "swift, dependable results."

EVERY season at St. Moritz, a piquant and striking personality is the Marquise de Polignac. Her sparkling charm and verve make her an acclaimed favorite in this colony of cosmopolitans who, in a setting of snow-clad Alps, seek their pleasure under azure skies and ardent sun.

Madame de Polignac, an indefatigable sportswoman, spends her day in chic sports attire, skating, skiing, "bobbing" in the sun-drenched snow. And at night she turns into an *elegante* of the sophisticated world, and dances till morning in *grande toilette*.

Fascinating though it is, this life of sports by day and formal functions by night, makes terrific demands upon a woman's skin. The contradictory delights of blazing sun, sweeping winds and exhilarating cold coarsen the skin—burn it black. Yet the Marquise de Polignac manages to keep the texture of her complexion clear, fine, smooth.

When asked how she achieves this perfection, she replied:—"The cold, dry air would draw and chap my skin unless I carefully protected it and kept it soft and supple. For myself I prefer Pond's Two Creams. They give swift, dependable results."

BUT it is not only at St. Moritz that the Marquise finds Pond's indispensable. "When I motor in the Midi, or the Basses Pyrenèes, Pond's serve me equally well," she continued. "In these warmer countries I also use Pond's Skin Freshener to tone and liven up my skin.

"And when I am in Paris these three guardians keep my skin smooth and firm and white. In fact," she concluded, with a flashing smile, "I have got the Pond's habit completely."

And this is how Madame de Polignac uses her invaluable Pond's:

First—for thoroughly cleansing she spreads Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck twice a day and when retiring. *Second*—with Pond's new fairy weight Cleansing Tissues she removes the cream, carrying the dust with it.

Third—she dashes on the Freshener—Pond's tonic which leaves the face feeling gorgeously fresh. *Fourth*—she lightly applies Pond's Vanishing Cream before she powders—a film of perfection like the frosted bloom of untouched grapes.

Follow yourself, Pond's four steps to beauty. They will keep your skin exquisite—fresh, clear, fine.

MAIL COUPON WITH 10c—*For a generous trial package of Pond's 4 delightful preparations.*

POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. L
115 Hudson St., New York City

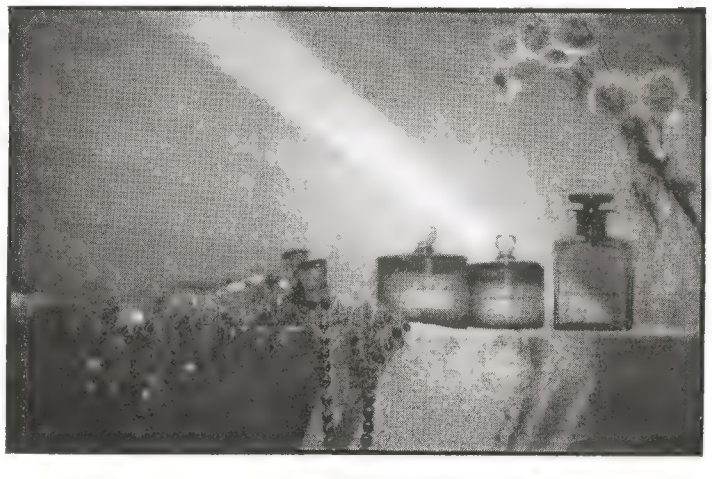
Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright 1928, Pond's Extract Co.

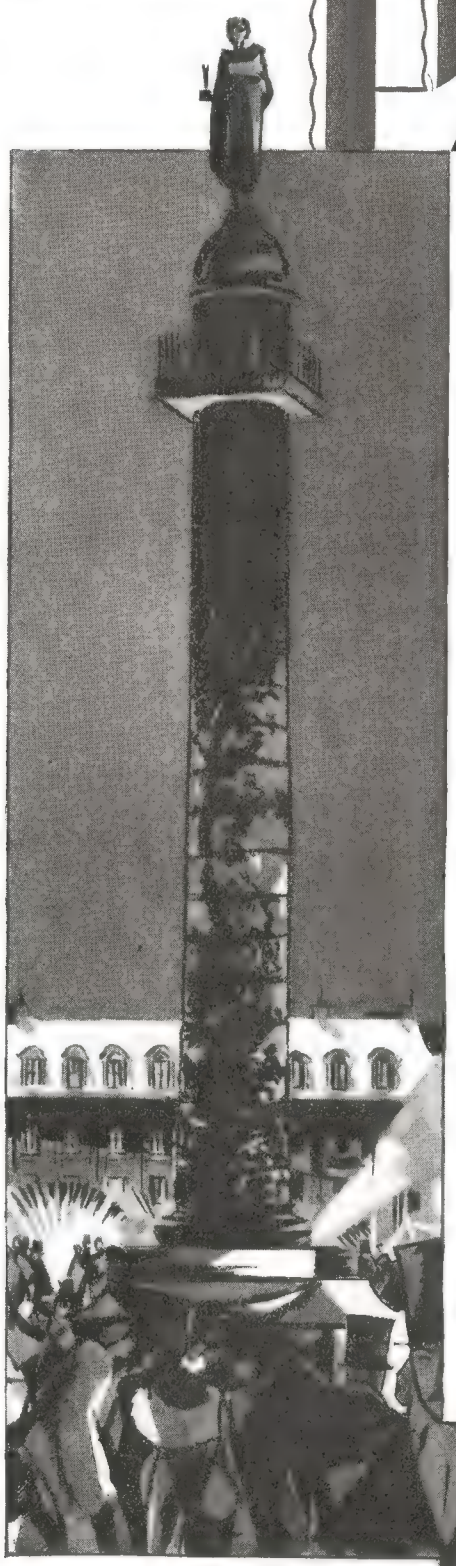
Madame de Polignac who spends two months of the winter season at St. Moritz, the popular winter resort of fashionable Europe, dances as gracefully as she skis. Her lithe, slim figure moves through the ballroom with distinctive charm. With her sincere grey eyes, her well poised head and her clear, sun-tanned skin she is a striking example of a fine type perfected.



On her dressing table the Marquise keeps Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener in choice green jars. You can buy Pond's in the familiar containers at all department and drug stores.

PARIS ON THE FACE OF IT—BUT A TRUE AMERICAN WATCH AT HEART

ELGIN PARISIENNE



Paris, unmistakably... Paris on the face of it... Paris in the delicate design... the tiny uniquely fashioned numerals... the entire air and flair of the Rue de la Paix.

Which is just as it should be ... for Elgin, sensing your demand for style in all of your personal accessories, engaged the most illustrious of French modistes to design your watches. Louiseboulanger, Lanvin, Molyneux, Agnès, Premet, and Jenny.

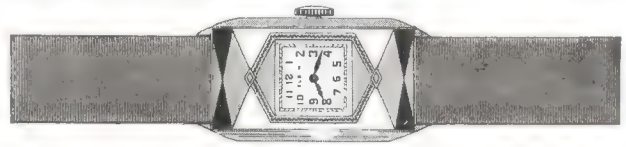
But true American watches at heart! Stout-hearted and staunch for all their slender elegance. Accurate, capable of timing a crack limited for all their feminine daintiness. True Elgin movements ... guaranteed.

The Parisiennes are no "here today, gone tomorrow" fashion. Beauty, good taste, true style, are changeless. As long as your Parisienne ticks, it shall tick in time and tune with Fashion.

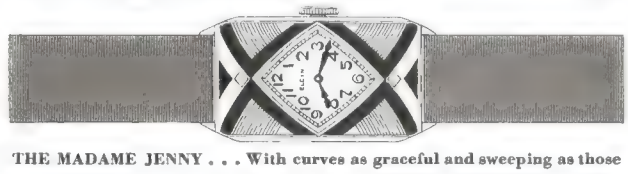
The price? That's another American thing about them ... Elgin's great, efficient factory places a Parisienne upon your wrist at the modest cost of $35.

THE MADAME LANVIN ... Jeanne Lanvin believes that time is much more decorative on a hexagonal face bordered by fan-shape designs in black enamel ... and in other smart colors $35

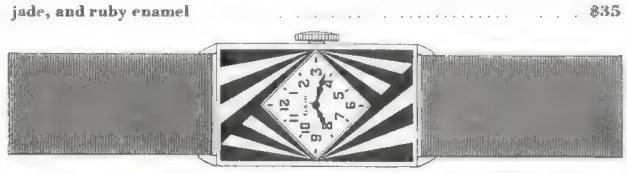
THE CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX ... If time is eternal, then this is the eternal triangle in modern watch form. New silken thong instead of ribbon. Black, and other colors of enamel $37.50



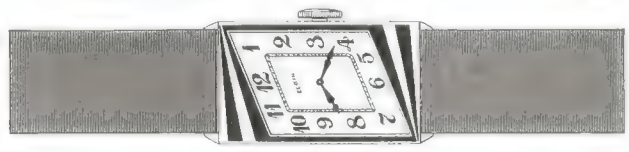
THE MADAME LOUISEBOULANGER ... This great *costumier* to some of the world's very smartest women, creates one of the world's very smartest watches. In black, and other colors of enamel $35



THE MADAME JENNY ... With curves as graceful and sweeping as those of a bouffant skirt, Jenny designs a tiny Parisienne. Fashioned in black, jade, and ruby enamel $35



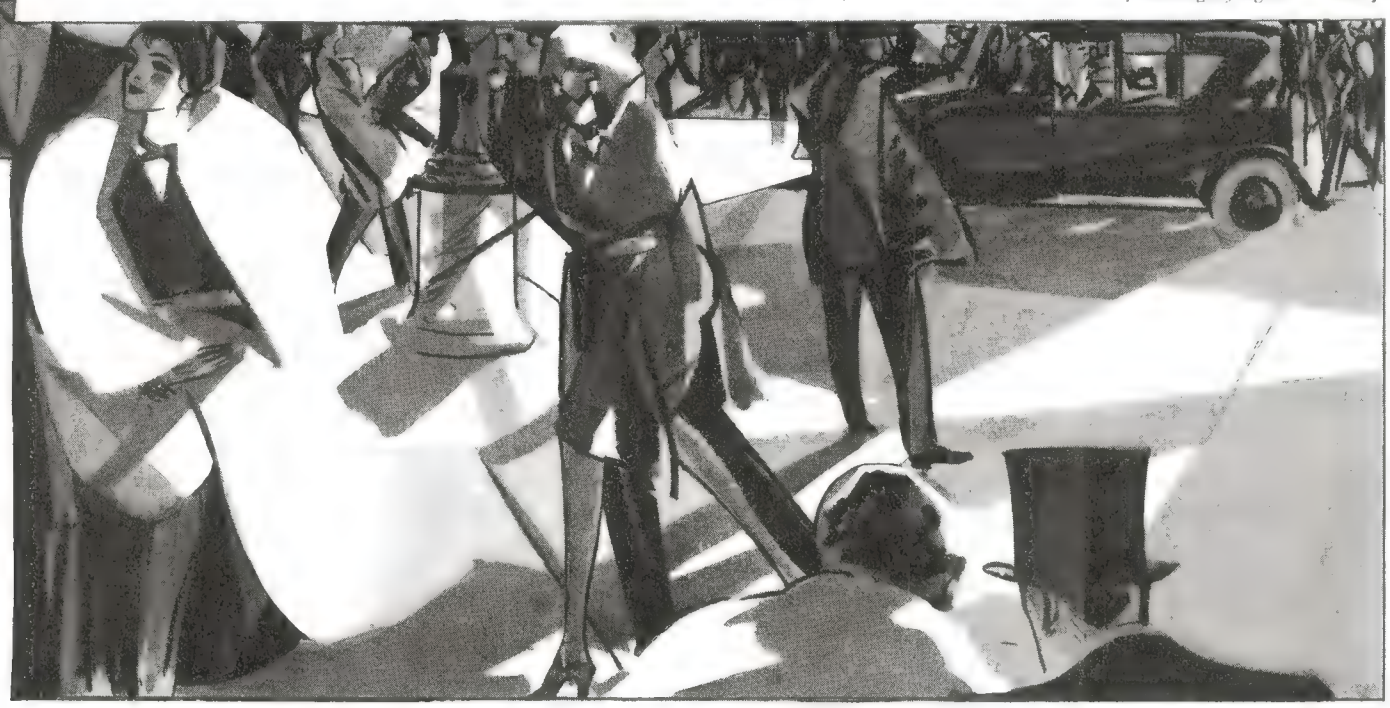
THE MADAME AGNÈS ... A tiny diamond-shape dial ... a modernistic enamel design surrounding it ... thus does Agnès give chic to the simple act of telling time. Black, jade or ruby enamel $35



THE PREMET ... Madame Charlotte of the white hair and youthful face, directrice of Maison Premet, has designed this Parisienne. Fashioned with black, jade or ruby enamel $35

© ELGIN, 1928

[Prices slightly higher in Canada]



WATCH, CHAIN AND CHARM

Continued from page 38

And so, at six o'clock in the morning, with the sound of the chimes faint thru the closed window, with Petey's and Tony's shrill little voices piping excitedly, with Pete in his bath-robe grinning across at Aileen and the two who were dragging her from bed—Christmas began.

"Dadee! The tree! The 'leptic train!" Petey cried.

"Twee!" Tony shrilled. "Choo-choo! Whee-e-e-e!"

"Wait!" Pete shouted above the din. "Everybody's to stay right here till I come back and head the procession. No peeping! Kiss Bum and wish her Merry Christmas, and by that time——"

HE LEFT them, went into the living-room, and paused in the gray light, feeling the wall for the switch. One twist and the little tree leapt into light. Gosh! Was there anything in all the world more like a child's bright, shining dream? It dripped with cut tin-foil, and the little colored bulbs glowed red and green and blue and yellow and white in their tiny, gay shields.

At one side was the little Nativity in its box. Aileen had stained the inside brown, and grouped the ass and the ox and the sheep behind Mary and Joseph, who stood beside the Child in the little manger. From the front, the wise men advanced bearing their gifts, the foremost kneeling, with a tiny gilded box extended in his hands.

Four stockings were suspended from the shelf of the silly fireplace—Petey's and Tony's, and (Petey's idea) his own and Aileen's. He'd slipped the box that held Aileen's necklace into hers, and it made a strange absurd bulge. His held something, he could see. Petey's and Tony's were filled with little odds and ends, and a candy cane.

A candy cane——

Pete was a little boy again on his mother's lap before a window in a shabby, rented room, a window hung sparsely with a few bits of laurel, and with a single candle burning down below.

"Oh, little town of Bethlehem,
How still I see thee lie——"

"Dadee!"

"Dadee—ee!"

"Hurry! Hurry! My 'leptic——"

They were pounding on the door.

He connected up the electric train, and regulated its speed so that the shining little engine with its bright headlight went whizzing gaily around the oval track. Then he put a march on the old phonograph, softening it down so it wouldn't be too loud—and threw open the door.

Petey and Tony and Aileen paused there for a moment, the two little boys with round eyes fixed on the shining tree.

And then they saw the " 'leptic" train.

Petey stood panting, while the fact of it sank into his mind. It was real. And it had a headlight. And cars. And a station. And a tunnel. And signals. (Pete, watching him, could see the happy impact of each of these gorgeous realities.) He had *believed*, and Santa Claus had kept the faith.

Tony was too young to feel the full significance of this perfect answer to one's trust. He saw merely a wonderful, whizzing choo-choo.

"Whee!" he cried. "Whee! Choo—choo—choo!"

Petey came to life, then, and the pair of them made a rush for it, letting out shouts and whoops of joy.

The necklace *was* right. And Aileen was so happy about it. ("Not as good as a kiss," she said, "but of course you *can* give me that, too.") And the thing in his sock was a lovely blue and white polka-dot muffler she'd made him. (The pattern looked familiar. Oh—that foulard dress that had been ruined by a stain down the front. But there wasn't a muffler in all New York he'd rather have.)

He stood with his arm about Aileen watching the two little boys. Tony, flat on his tummy, lay as close to the railroad track as safety permitted, watching the whizzing train, fascinated. Petey, all absorbed, was arranging the signals.

"Pete," said Aileen with a naughty little glint in her eyes, "what time is it?"

Pete felt in his bath-robe pocket absently. "Oh—I—ah—left my watch to be fixed," he said lamely.

Aileen pulled his head down with both her hands until she could look directly into his eyes.

"You—blessed—precious—liar!" she told him, and then buried her head against his woolly bath-robe.

Hulda came in, red-faced, stolid, beaming, to "Ach!" and "Schön!" profusely about the tree and the Nativity and the "'leptic" train.

Pete reached in the boughs and brought forth an envelop inscribed with her name. He'd put five dollars in it for her the night before. Hulda curtesied and "danke-schöned" and appeared to be on the verge of weeping, a thing she did very easily. But the envelop seemed to awaken an association of ideas that slowly, painfully developed into speech. Twice she opened and shut her mouth without saying anything. Pete and Aileen found themselves opening and shutting their own mouths out of sheer suspense and sympathy.

"Ach!" Hulda said at last. "So! De letter! It kompt vile you go get de tree. Der Herr haben es gefunden? Ja?"

"Der Herr" hadn't, and said as much. "Where?" he began.

Hulda went to the desk, which was littered with odds and ends from the past night's tree trimming. "Ach! So!" she said triumphantly, and came back bearing a special delivery.

Pete took it, looked at the envelop. It was from the office. Do you suppose he'd have to go chasing those blankety Spigs again today?

He tore it open. A beautiful pink check fell out. A note, penciled on a slip of paper, was pinned to the back. Pete saw that the name signed to it was the cashier's.

The note read:

Dear Anderson:
You've been chasing about so this week I haven't had a chance to get your Christmas bonus to you. Since you're now with us this year and probably don't know our custom, and so didn't come around to collect, I'm mailing it down special delivery to your home address. Merry Christmas.

J. DEEMS.

Fifty dollars? A hundred? A hundred and fifty?

Pete and Aileen looked at each other with speculative eyes. Then Pete slowly turned the check over, turned it right side up, and they read the most welcome four words they'd seen in many a long day.

"Exactly Five Hundred Dollars."

Neither one said anything. Pete took Aileen by the hand and led her over to the sofa and, still silent, they sat down.

And then, very quietly, Aileen, the unemotional, began to weep.

Pete put his arm around her, pushed the hair back from her forehead, looked into her eyes.

"D-don't!" Aileen said. "I—I can't stand it—not just y-yet. It's because I'd never on earth have known how much I loved you if you hadn't g-gone and pawned that watch!"

"Whee-e-e-e!" shouted Tony. "Choo-choo-choo! Whee-ee-ee! Choo-choo-choo! O-o-o-ray for Sanky Kaws!"

Is Your Figure Young?

Do you wear your lovely winter frocks with grace and assurance? If not, Delineator Service offers the timely suggestion of *Watchful Weighting*, an effective and sane diet booklet; and *Reducing in Spots*, an exercise booklet that upholds its title. Send 25 cents for *each* to Elizabeth Bennett, 223 Spring Street, New York City.

A washday message
to every woman
who has ever bought a hat...

YOU'VE learned what it is to find a *bargain in value.* A hat whose style, materials, and smartness make it well worth a bit more—a bit you are glad to pay because of the extra satisfaction the right hat gives you.

Buying soap is a far cry from shopping for hats—but, in soap, too, you are well repaid for seeking out a *bargain in value.*

And a bargain in value is just what Fels-Naptha brings you — a bargain in *washing* value. What do we mean by that? Extra help to make your washing easier! Two active cleaners instead of one! Naptha, the dirt loosener, and good golden soap, the dirt remover, combined by the special Fels-Naptha process in one golden bar.

You can tell there is plenty of naptha in Fels-Naptha. You can smell it. Naptha that joins hands with the rich golden soap. Working together, they get your clothes thoroughly, refreshingly clean with less work and effort. They give you a cleaner wash more easily, whether you use machine or tub—hot, cool, or lukewarm water, or when your clothes are boiled.

That's the *extra* help that has made millions of women say "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha." It's *extra* help that you'd hardly expect to get from any other washing product, no matter what its form. So buy wisely. Take advantage of this *bargain in value* and get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today. The 10-bar carton is particularly convenient.

FELS & CO., *Philadelphia*

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1928, Fels & Co.

THE CHEF OF A FAMOUS NEW YORK HOSTELRY AND A WELL-KNOWN HOSTESS† IN A SMART CHICAGO SUBURB, WINNETKA,

are enthusiastic over delicious dishes made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine

WHEN smart New York dines at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel one of the favorites in demand is Eugene Thomann's "Bavaroise." This famous dessert, made by the renowned chef who has served New York's elite for twenty-seven years, is a dish of perfect consistency and delectability. It is made of Knox Sparkling Gelatine, cream, sugar, eggs and vanilla.

Meanwhile — in Winnetka — a leading hostess, well known for the exquisite dishes she serves, declares that Perfection Salad made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine never fails to delight her guests.

You, too, can make both this dessert and salad in your own home, easily—quickly—and inexpensively. As successfully as though they came from the hands of the experienced chef, or the supervision of the famous hostess whose cookeries delight the connoisseurs of the smart sets.

Women are astonished to find with what ease, skill and little cost they can make bavarians, charlottes, fruited gelatines, aspics, and salads with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Bavaroise takes only 15 minutes to make. Perfection Salad takes 12 minutes. Both recipes serve 6 people generously.

Combine Knox Sparkling Gelatine with meats, vegetables, fruit juices, and canned fruits! Every day you can have a mouth-watering surprise for your family. When you have guests you will be proud to serve such tempting dishes.

Each package contains enough gelatine for four different dishes of six servings each. Send today for your valuable new Knox recipe books (free). Address Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Johnstown, N. Y.

†*Out of deference to this lady we do not use her name. It is recorded at Johnstown.*

**Every recipe is tested and proved practical in Mrs. Knox's kitchen.*

*Vanilla Bavaroise**

*Perfection Salad**

(6 servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine. ¼ cup cold water. ¼ cup mild vinegar. 1 tablespoonful lemon juice. 1 cup boiling water. ¼ cup sugar. ½ teaspoonful salt. ½ cup cabbage, finely shredded. 1 cup celery, cut in small pieces. 1 pimiento, cut in small pieces, or 2 tablespoonfuls sweet red or green pepper.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt. When mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into wet mold, and chill. Remove to bed of lettuce or endive. Garnish with mayonnaise dressing, or cut in cubes, and serve in cases made of red or green peppers, or turn into molds lined with canned pimientos. (A delicious accompaniment to cold, sliced chicken or veal.)

The Chef's Own Bavaroise

as made by Eugene Thomann, chef of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York.

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 4 whole eggs. 4 tablespoonfuls sugar. Few grains salt. ½ pint cream. 5 or 6 drops vanilla.

In a dish place eggs, sugar, salt and vanilla and beat over boiling water until hot; remove from fire and continue beating until cold. Soak gelatine in ¼ cup cold water five to ten minutes, dissolve in ⅝ cup boiling water, and cool. Beat whipped cream into egg mixture, add dissolved gelatine and turn into wet molds. Set on ice until stiff and ready to serve. (This will serve six people generously.)

Note: Two eggs may be used instead of four, separating eggs and folding in the stiffly beaten whites just before turning into molds. This cream may be served with berries or any fresh or canned fruit, or with whipped cream. *Caramel Bavaroise.* Add 1/3 cup sugar caramelized to the egg and sugar mixture. Caramelize the sugar by putting it in a saucepan and stirring it over hot fire until maple color, add 1/3 cup hot water and cook to a syrup.

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FACE SURGERY

Continued from page 20

the many photographs of his work. The face-lifting operation as disclosed by them, is simple and convincing. The modern surgeon, it seems, scorns the old-fashioned method of cutting a hole up back of the ears and pulling the skin tight over the cheeks. Instead, he makes several insertions on the face itself, following the natural physiognomical lines. If there are three insertions, it is a three-plane lift. If there are five, it is a five-plane lift. The principle is the same. The knife follows the map of the face, and it bevels into the flesh at an angle which produces the smallest possible scar.

I asked him the inevitable question, "How long does it last?" "That depends," he said, "what Nature does. In ten years, perhaps five, it might be well to do something else. But think what five years of youth mean in a woman's life!"

These temporary effects of a successful facial operation are undeniably youthfulizing. Whether the scars finally show or not is another question. One of our most famous reclaimed beauties is said to have dents in her face deep enough to lay your finger in them. But this young woman—I think she is sixty-five—was fixed long before the days of the three-plane and five-plane lift: long before the day of the modern plastic surgeon.

Our Chicago man seemed to be very indignant about such crass work. He hoped that some one would issue a public warning against the quacks and fakers who do such bad jobs. And since I now know, as a result of my own investigations, that such a warning is very much needed, I hereby solemnly issue it:

Beware of the quacks and fakers in the face-lifting business—and think well before you pay good money even to those who aren't.

THERE is even more reason for going slowly in the field of glandular surgery. People expect too much *of* it, and so-called "rejuvenators" promise too much *for* it. One man who has done a good deal of this kind of work told me:

"I am opposed to the term 'rejuvenation.' It is misleading, and may do a great deal of harm. I never promise to 'rejuvenate' people. In fact, I never promise anything, except to perform the operation to the best of my ability."

In vivid contrast to this highly professional attitude are the vicious promises of the charlatan and the quack. The latter exist in every branch of medical and surgical work; but in this branch, which is so new, so little understood, and so continually advancing, they are more than usually difficult to recognize and distinguish. The time may come when there will be thousands of doctors capable of performing rejuvenating operations. It hasn't come yet. It is not likely to come in our day.

The case of the gland doctors sounds plausible. Women risk their health and their beauty to be *camouflaged*. Why shouldn't they undergo a simple surgical operation to be rejuvenated? Women starve and roll and bend and rub and paint and peel and lift to create the *illusion* of youth. Why shouldn't they maintain its *reality?* Women spend nearly two billion dollars a year to *look* young. Why shouldn't they *be* young?

Well, I talked with the head of a small hospital in a large city, who told me he had performed over three hundred rejuvenating operations on women and a good many more than three hundred on men. I liked this shining-eyed, middle-sized, foreign-looking doctor. He seemed to have the right attitude toward his work. And I had a feeling that he spoke with authority. Perhaps the atmosphere of the big, high, old-fashioned room may have helped. It might have been Steinach's own study in Vienna. On the walls were photographs of most of the great surgeons of Europe, appropriately inscribed. Voronoff addressed him as his "brother in spirit."

I asked him how he happened to take up the kind of work in which he was engaged.

"Years ago," he answered, "I read in the paper of Serge Voronoff's early experiments. I did not know him at that time, but I wrote him asking for more light. It was forthcoming. Voronoff sent me everything he had. And he has been sending me things ever since. He even sends me patients—all the way from Europe!

"The subject interested me more than anything else I had ever studied. I began experimenting on my own account. I tried everything: electricity, x-rays, monkeys, goats, Steinach's method, Voronoff's—until finally I worked out my own. Now I use only glands taken from human beings."

"But doctor, how do you get glands from people?" I asked. "What healthy person would sacrifice himself like that?"

"I don't believe in people sacrificing their glands for others," he replied. "And it isn't necessary. There are plenty of patients who have to have glands removed for reasons that do not affect the healthy condition of the removed parts. There is enough glandular tissue thrown away in the ordinary course of operating room practice to take care of all the cases where transplantations are indicated."

"Indicated?"

"Yes. There is only one time in a patient's life when such an operation should be performed; when he passes from youth to age. This operation helps to carry him over that period. *It doesn't bring him back to youth. That is absurd.*"

"Would you call what you do a major operation?" I asked this modest doctor.

He smiled. "I am conservative enough to believe," he said, "that any operation where a knife is used is a major one."

That, it seems to me, is a complete answer to the "Why shouldn't she's?" of both the facial and the glandular surgeons. An operation is an operation—no matter who performs it. There is in it the inescapable element of danger. The job itself may be simple; the effect of the job, devastating. Infection and death may finish the work which the surgeon's knife begins. There is no such thing as "a perfectly safe operation."

Risking life to save life is one thing. Risking life to remove a wart is another. Setting a leg that is broken is one thing. Sawing a leg that is bowed is another. Curative surgery is based on necessity. Decorative surgery is based on vanity. These facts should be seriously pondered by the woman who thinks of seeking youth by the knife.

I wish to be fair to facial surgeons and glandular surgeons. I left the men, whom I have quoted so freely, with real respect for their enthusiasm and skill. I have talked with other youth doctors—not so well known—who have impressed me seriously as practitioners and as men. There is something important in what they are doing—something significant, something expressive of the modern urge toward youth.

FOR a pioneer, like Serge Voronoff, I have nothing but respect. Medical records show that he has been active in this supposedly new field thruout most of his professional lifetime. He is a big man—quite as big as the better known Steinach. But doubt about the permanency of his "rejuvenations" still persists.

Voronoff's own records and those of other believers seem to dispose of the problem beyond disbelief. But the same operations performed by less enthusiastic rejuvenators show less favorable results. Just a few months ago, the authorities of the University of Freiburg announced that a series of experiments conducted under their supervision indicated that "in some cases a temporary apparent rejuvenation followed the operation, but this was followed by a reaction in the form of rapid decay or the complete cessation of all vitality." Voronoff's admirers retort that the Freiburg conclusions were based on insufficient clinical experience. So there you are! "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

Perhaps it is because I am old-fashioned that I cannot yet accept these new apostles of youth. Anyway, I prefer to retain the glands with which I am personally familiar, and to take the face God gave me down to an un-lifted grave!

Modern Youth by modern diet is the important topic which Frederick L. Collins will discuss in his entertaining article next month

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Peach Up-Side-Down Cake

Especially tempting are DEL MONTE Peaches—always welcome, alone or in so many easy salads, puddings and other desserts. This luscious, golden fruit is the pick of California orchards—packed for convenience, either halved or sliced.

To make the tempting DEL MONTE up-side-down cake shown here is much easier than it looks. Simply cook in a skillet for 5 minutes, ¼ cup of sugar with ½ cup of syrup drained from DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches; then add 1½ cups drained fruit; cover with ordinary cake batter and bake 40 to 45 minutes in a moderate oven. Delicious with whipped cream if desired. Serves six.

Take DEL MONTE Quality for granted —but learn, for your own enjoyment, what remarkable variety this label offers your meals

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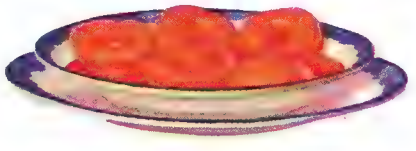
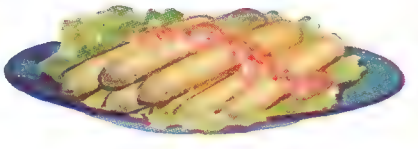


APRICOTS

And for a change, what better than apricots like these? There's almost no end to their many uses. Delightful for breakfast, luncheon or dinner; with omelets—with almost any meat or poultry—in salads, desserts, shortcakes, custards, puddings, etc. A rich, sun-ripened flavor — tart, yet sweet—different but always tempting.



ASPARAGUS

Then there's asparagus, too—another aid to delightful meals. For convenient service, both long, tender spears and the shorter tips. In both, you can be sure of the world's finest asparagus—skillfully packed to bring to your table all the goodness, natural delicacy and matchless flavor of asparagus fresh-from-the-garden.

Do you sometimes wonder what to serve? Then you'll like to have our full assortment of handy DEL MONTE recipe folders and "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book". They contain more than 200 different recipe suggestions—all of them economical and easy to prepare. Write for *your* free copies today. Dept. 425, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

TOMATOES

And DEL MONTE Tomatoes are just as dependable, just as uniform in quality as all the rest. They're always firm, clean fruit, all meat and juice. Ripened on the vine, they have that fresh, distinctive flavor you like so well. And they're especially healthful, too! Their high vitamin content and natural alkaline reaction in the body make them one of the finest foods you can serve.

Do you remember this FRUIT CAKE ?

Even large business organizations occasionally become sentimental . . . We've always had a sentimental feeling towards this picture of a fruit cake and this fruit cake recipe.

It's such a good picture and such a good recipe. They both appeared in an advertisement we published two years ago. And we still remember our thrill at the number of letters that we received. Letters from women who had used the recipe and who apparently just *had* to tell us what wonderful fruit cake it made.

And so we print this picture and recipe again to remind you not only of the fruit cake but of the fact that the use of a choice salad oil is becoming decidedly the modern method of cooking . . .

Certainly, it is easy and convenient to make a cake with Wesson Oil, for you just *pour* it to measure and *pour* it to mix.

But more than that: Wesson Oil is so delicious in itself—so pure and wholesome, so delicate in flavor, so crystal clear and light in color—that it can't help lending its own delicacy and fineness to whatever you bake with it.

Muffins, biscuit, cake, cookies, waffles, pie crust—they're far lighter and more finely-textured and more delicious when they are made by this new and modern method . . . And never did fried food boast of a crust so flaky and tender and edible as when it is fried in Wesson Oil.

Perhaps you would like to try this recipe for a holiday dessert. And perhaps, even more, you would like to adopt this modern Wesson Oil way for your day-by-day baking and frying. We can assure you in either event—or both—that you will be more than a little delighted.

Send for our new book of recipes. We shall also appreciate it if you will send us the name of your grocer. Address the Wesson Oil—Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne St., New Orleans.

RECIPE FOR FRUIT CAKE

1 cup Wesson Oil · 1 cup fruit juice
2 teaspoons allspice · 1½ cups candied cherries
2 teaspoons cinnamon · 4 eggs · 1 cup shaved citron
1 teaspoon baking powder · 1 teaspoon ground cloves
2 teaspoonfuls salt · 3 cups flour · 3 cups nuts
1 cup chopped candied pineapple · 1 cup raisins
1 cup chopped figs · 1½ cups brown sugar

Mix Wesson Oil, sugar and egg yolks and beat vigorously for two minutes. Sift together spices, salt, baking powder and 2 cups of the flour and add alternately with the fruit juice to the first mixture. Then add fruit and nuts which have been mixed with the remaining cup of flour. Fold in egg whites, beaten stiff, and bake in a very slow oven (275 degrees F.) for about four hours.

GARDEN BOUNDARIES

Clever planting of shrubbery adds spaciousness to a plot

By RUTH DEAN

"THE first thing I am going to do is to plant a hedge along my property line, or maybe put a fence around it," confides the new property owner, full of pride over his pleasant new possession. And when you say, "But what will you accomplish by that?" he replies impatiently, "Why! I'll mark off my property lines and show how big the place is." Now, unfortunately, he does define the property lines, but more often than not he shows how small the place is. Before the hedge is planted or the fence erected, he is the possible owner of a whole hillside, but with these lines drawn he becomes the proprietor of a prosaic little rectangle. There are ways of disguising this rectangle if it be a necessity so that it takes on more interest than its obvious limits inspire, but often the owner of such an area could have the benefit of a much larger piece of property if he did not follow his first impulse to gloat over his own possessions. A neighbor's stretch of lawn may be his also to enjoy if only he refrains from cutting across it with his hedge, or a fine tree may be part of his picture if he does not block it off in a mistaken attempt to claim his own.

A charming combination of hedge and taller planting where height is needed

The wisest method to adopt is to look the landscape over, up and down and thru and around, and see what are the best points the horizon has to offer; plant out the objectionable things, and open a way to include and bring into the picture all the pleasing things whether the property line gets marked in the process or not. It is the last thing that matters. Of course the neighbors' dogs and cats and chickens and rabbits cannot be so lightly dismissed; they do complicate the gardener's life, and if they are troublesome they must be kept out. A strip of chicken wire stretched thru an irregular grouping of shrubs will accomplish as much in this direction as will a more costly fence, and it can be removed when the pests disappear without entailing any great waste of money.

THE thing that is usually important on a small place is to conceal the boundaries rather than to define them, and this is only to be accomplished by the mystifying play of light and shadow on irregular masses of trees and shrubbery. There is very little mystery about a hedge; it presents a flat surface with no contrasting lights and depths to deceive the eye, and draws a straight line that is all too definite a marker. In fact a hedge should be used only to define or outline a given form.

A great deal of deception may be accomplished by means of the lights and shadows of well combined foliage masses. Dark greens such as those of most of the evergreens, pines, hemlocks, cedars, increase the apparent distance and make the spot where they grow seem farther away from the eye than a spot equidistant but planted with something having a light green foliage such as the gray Russian olive, deutzia or some of the flowering shrubs. If the former are planted to form a recess, with the dark foliage farthest from the eye and the light foliage on either side, the dark greens will seem twice as far away. Such a planting arrangement is called a "bay." Even if a place is so small as to afford room for only a straight belt of planting, the effect of irregularity can be obtained by means of planting dark foliaged and light foliaged shrubs at intervals—and it has the effect of making a piece of ground only forty feet wide seem much wider.

Fifteen feet would seem to be an advisable minimum width to allow for such a belt of planting; this would permit two tiers of shrubs, or shrubs and trees, to form a fairly thick planting. But if fifteen feet is not available, the planting can be squeezed into twelve, or even less. Below this width one could resort to a staggered single row of shrubs, and below that to a straight-planted row, depending entirely on differences in foliage color and texture for effect.

THE average hedge requires five feet as a minimum width after it has attained any size at all, and if one cannot give up even this space to boundary planting, as is often the case in city gardens, a wall or fence with supplementary planting becomes the best boundary treatment. Then one must depend on vines for the necessary mystery-creating foliage, with trees planted close against the wall here and there to provide foliage above the wall.

A very good boundary where space is at a premium is a wall of a height to come just above the eye level, five feet and six inches or six feet high, and a row of close foliaged trees such as lindens or maples pleached against the wall with the interlocking branches of the trees beginning where the wall leaves off. If a solid screen of this sort is not desirable or necessary, an occasional tree planted along the wall where it will close out the neighbor's house or garage, and vines to soften the wall and provide light and shadow, will relieve and disguise to a considerable extent the straight line of the wall. The tumbling masses of trumpet vine, clematis, honeysuckle, bittersweet and wistaria make almost as dense a thicket of green as do shrubs—and where the wall itself is to show thru, as it should be allowed to occasionally, there is nothing lovelier than the shadows of grape leaves, or the long reaching arms of some of the climbing roses on the wall itself.

The point to remember with this boundary treatment, as with any other, is that there is no charm in a piece of land without mystery and that a fence or wall or hedge which reveals the limits of the property at a glance betrays at the same time all the interest it has, and leaves no question unanswered.

Ruth Dean's next article, in the December DELINEATOR, will start you planning your spring vegetable garden while the North winds blow

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IT can be done easily, effectively, by simply using Arm & Hammer Baking Soda (Bicarbonate of Soda) as a dentifrice. It is alkaline in reaction and instantly neutralizes mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

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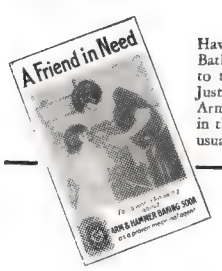

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It makes nails

NATURALLY BEAUTIFUL

That's why this flawless polish is the smart woman's choice today

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And with this new vogue, the popularity of Glazo has risen to new heights. Even though popularly priced it is society's favorite because it is the one polish that accents natural nail beauty and makes hands appear at their loveliest.

Created for women by a woman, Glazo is the inspiration of Edna Albert, one of America's most successful business women. She combed all Europe for nail polishes, tested them all, learned their advantages and shortcomings and perfected Glazo in her own laboratories. It was America's first liquid polish.

Glazo's obvious superiorities have revolutionized manicuring methods. Constant improvements in the formula have achieved a lasting beauty that is unequaled—and made Glazo the favorite polish of smart women.

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Glazo instantly gives to nails that mirror sheen demanded by fashion without extreme artificiality. With a whisk of the tiny brush it spreads evenly over the nail surface, thin as silk, bringing out all the natural rosy coloring of the nail.

And once Glazo has been applied, you are immaculately manicured *for a whole week*. This is the polish that will not crack, peel or discolor. Not even hot water can dim its radiance. At all toilet goods counters in dainty twin bottles—Glazo Polish and Glazo Remover, 50c.

Send the coupon now for three generous samples, Glazo Polish, Glazo Remover, and Glazo Cuticle Oil.

GLAZO

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Three brief steps for a perfect Manicure

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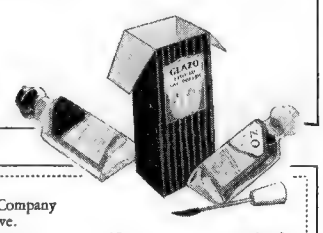
3. With the soft camel's hair brush, apply Glazo Liquid Polish—brushing quickly from half-moon to tip. Two shades—natural and deep.



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I enclose 10 cents. Please send me Glazo samples (polish, remover and cuticle oil). Shade checked above. Also booklet of complete directions by Miss Rosaline Dunn, New York Society manicurist.

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Street.....

City..... State.....

FROM HERE TO HEAVEN

Continued from page 13

Broadway in the gray dawn, the lights of the all-night restaurants look the color of white that has been left out and faded yellow. Newsboys shiver on the corners, the early morning papers packed under their arms. Lines of taxicabs stand along by the lunch counters, the drivers inside eating, or outside hunched on their seats asleep.

At half past four in the morning, Broadway is quiet. Under the pavement the subway rumbles. At the door of a restaurant a newsboy shrills a head-line. Vegetable trucks slam their crates down on the iron coverings of the sidewalk elevators that are the back doors of the Broadway kitchens. An old woman shuffles along the curb, rattling the waste cans—poking at what is in them—but all of it is empty, hollow noise. Broadway is quiet. Dawn is pushing away the stars, and rolling up the dark. The solid, slender bulk of buildings is covered with shadows like store goods that are covered from night until morning. The wide doorways are full of heavy darkness. A policeman stands against a shop window looking at everything, nothing, waiting for the night to go along to morning.

OUTSIDE Jerry Denver's the party of gentlemen waited for Margo Lind—six gentlemen in evening clothes, top hats and sticks, white flowers in their buttonholes, a girl in ermine doing a tap dance on the sidewalk for their laughter and applause—one of them, with a high pink paper hat on, strutting back and forth tooting a pasteboard horn for her, and another with a sunflower pinned on his shirt front, beating his foot and clapping his hands like a minstrel. De Veille's cream-colored limousine and Margo Lind's blue one waited back a little from Jerry Denver's door.

The young lady in ermine was Miss Delevan of Jerry's entertainers, the girl who danced his new waltz hit, "The Midnight."

Jerry Denver's entrance was a foyer of colored walls and a gold revolving door. There were no lights now. Like all the rest, this was only a doorway full of shadows.

While Miss Delevan danced and the others strutted and laughed, one of the gentlemen stood looking at a frame of pictures of Margo Lind, put up along the arch between Jerry's doorway and the next. He had his cigaret lighter open and the little flame down close to the glass so he could see in the dim light, when he heard Miss Delevan stop dancing, the men stop clowning, and saw de Veille coming across the colored floor with Margo Lind.

"Miss Lind," de Veille said, "may I present Mr. Donald Owens, Mr. Sawyer, Langford Carson, Ben Bridewell, and Mr. John Arthur Moore there, trying to memorize your pictures."

Mr. Moore looked at de Veille, at Margo, then suddenly stepped past the others and caught her in his arms so close it took her breath away—then kissed her on her lips once, twice, three times.

De Veille stared. There was an astonished silence.

"John, you're out pretty late," Margo said, when he let her go. She turned to de Veille.

"Ron," she said, "you know I've always reminded you I had a husband somewhere. It is Mr. Moore."

She looked up at John amused, half teasing.

"John," she said, "is it possible you were as tall as this five years ago!"

Sawyer, with the pink hat on, made a foolish hurrah, and put the hat on John. The pasteboard horn began squawking, and every one began laughing and talking at once, prodding John Arthur Moore and wanting to know why he hadn't told them, why he hadn't said so, why he hadn't dished the beans!

Margo asked if they all wanted to come home with her for breakfast, Sawyer shoved John Arthur Moore and Margo into Margo's car, every one else crowded into de Veille's, and so as the sky began breaking into little silken pieces of pink and purple, Margo Lind and that man with the tawny hair were riding together along the gray Hudson—monument of soldiers and sailors, the Claremont, long high bridge over the ferry station, Albany night boat washing against the wharf, a tug and a freighter crawling up the river, gray anchored boats, trees catching the first pale reflection of morning.

Along the dim line of the Jersey shore, lights flickered off and on. A chain of lights like a string of beads stretched across the Palisades. Margo's cheeks were pink with the rouge of her make-up she had not taken off, her lips scarlet, her lashes beaded with drops of velvet wax.

"Have you missed me, John?" she asked him.

"No," he told her. "Not much."

"Fancy that," she laughed, "and my punkin pie used to thrill you so!"

She put her head back against the velvet and watched him.

"Have you ever thought," she said, "that I might be missing—*you*?"

He brought out a gold cigaret case, tapped a cigaret on the back of his hand.

"I don't know why you would, dear," he said. "You wanted Broadway, and you got it. You thought Broadway wanted you and you were right."

He looked at her with eyes gray and serious.

"Margo Lind," he said, "Margo Lind! That's all there is to hear on Broadway, and I listen and amuse myself remembering you in a little kitchen making my supper, and washing my dishes, and ironing my shirts. Margo Lind—ironing my shirts," he laughed.

She didn't take her eyes from his face.

"John," she said, "where did you go? What did you do after I—went away? I tried a thousand times, a thousand ways to find you. I—*have* missed you, John."

He didn't answer her.

She looked at him with half-shut, curious eyes.

"John," she asked, "have you found some one else to love?"

He blew a ring of smoke against the window.

"Yes," he said. "I have."

Margo watched him, the corners of her eyes touched with tiny three-cornered patches of purple.

"Is she—pretty?" she asked him. "Clever?"

"She is beautiful," he answered.

They said nothing more. He looked out at the river, seeming to forget her. She followed with her fingers the smoke of his cigaret drifting past her face.

IN HER apartment the long gold and gray rooms were full of pale early iridescent light.

"Tell Sarah to make breakfast for eight," Margo told her maid. Miss Delevan dropped her lovely wrap in a heap on the floor by the piano, and began a tattoo of jazz, the men crowding around to sing.

Ben Bridewell pulled Margo away from the rest and told her how wonderful she was, how he adored every move of her fingers, every word she sang or said.

Miss Delevan played "From Here to Heaven," and Carson imitated Margo, while every one screamed with laughter.

At breakfast Sawyer pinned a napkin to his vest, and served fried eggs in cocktail glasses and orange juice on plates. At eight o'clock they were still at the table laughing at him, when de Veille suddenly said they had been there long enough.

Sunlight was streaming across the floor, there sounded a steady rumbling "*wh—oo—m, wh—oo—m*," of whistles of ferry boats out along the river, and a ceaseless purr of motor cars up and down the drive. Day was well in town.

De Veille hurried the breakfast party away so abruptly they scarcely said goodbye.

But John Arthur Moore only stood with his hands in his pockets and watched the others go.

"I'm not leaving now," he said to de Veille. "I have something to say to Margo."

De Veille had not yet given her that jewel he had brought. Now he took it out of his pocket, loose in his fingers, and fastened it around her neck—amethyst and diamond pendant strung on a chain of diamonds and platinum. Then he left without saying goodbye to either of them. They heard him in the hall—heard the front door open and close.

Margo went over to the French windows and looked down at the river. A milk wagon jangled by on the pavement below. John Arthur Moore gave (*Turn to page 48*)

Elizabeth Arden is personally interested in you

DEMEYER

Write for Elizabeth Arden's book, "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL" *which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. And a second book,* "YOUR MASTERPIECE—YOURSELF," *will tell you about Elizabeth Arden's Home Course for beauty and health.*

Come to her Salon and you will hear these precious truths about the care of your skin

First of all, Miss Arden will tell you that no skin can be bright and fine and clear until it is healthy. She will say, "you must make your circulation dance so that the blood goes joyously through your veins, freshening old tissues and carrying away the deadly waste products that produce blemishes."

"You must brace up your muscles, make them taut and vigorous. And, of course, you must keep the outside of your skin scrupulously clean and toned up. You must nourish starved tissues, too—some skins you know, have such a hungry look."

And, then, emphatically, Miss Arden will be sure to add, "whatever you do, do not use make-up to cover your faults, but simply to enhance your virtues!"

As Miss Arden counsels you, you cannot help but know that every word is true, for she herself is so young and vivid and glowing, that you realize she practices as well as understands the exquisite care of the skin.

Indeed, this is the great truth back of Elizabeth Arden's success: Every Preparation, every method of application is directly inspired by Miss Arden, is first of all perfected by her for her *own* use before she offers it to you. That is why Elizabeth Arden has won the confidence of ten million women and become a symbol of loveliness to them.

Elizabeth Arden recommends these preparations for the regular care of your skin at home

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM
Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC
Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, $2, $3.75, $9.

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD
Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles, lines and hollows. $1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25.

ARDENA VELVA CREAM
A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face, as it smooths and softens the skin without fattening. $1, $2, $3, $6.

VENETIAN PORE CREAM
Greaseless astringent cream, contracts open pores, corrects their inactivity. Smooth over coarse pores at bedtime. $1, $2.50.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL
A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles. $1, $2.50, $4.

AMORETTA CREAM
A vanishing and protective cream, gives the skin a soft, natural finish under powder. $1, $2.

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT
For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin. $2.25. $4.

VENETIAN FLOWER POWDER
Fine, pure, delicately perfumed. White, Cream, Naturelle, Rose, Special Rachel, Spanish Rachel, $1.75.

VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE LOTION
Use with an eye-cup, morning and night, to cleanse and tone the eyes. $1, $2.50.

VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE CREAM
Fills out lines and wrinkles around the eyes. Leave a little on the skin around the eyes overnight. $1.50.

On sale at shops all over United States, Canada, Great Britain, in the principal cities of Europe, Africa, Australasia, the Far East, South America, West Indies, The Philippines, Porto Rico, and Honolulu, Hawaii

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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Down with... "Discontented Hunger"

Chase it away with DROMEDARY DATES

1 When you tire of the old tastes—that's "Discontented Hunger"

2 The cure for that horrible state is a package of Dromedary Dates

3 How the family will welcome this fine new taste

4 How the Lord and sometimes Master will thank you

5 How the club would enjoy a delicious Date Salad

6 A box of Dromedary Dates starts many a hostess' fame

IF the truth must be told, most women and their families as well, are bored to death with the same old tastes!

Menus are too monotonous. Many family specialties acquire an "all-too-familiar" air. "Discontented Hunger" stalks the boards in thousands of well provided homes!

That's where the date steps in! . . . The Dromedary Date . . . and brightens up menus in new and almost magic ways!

Nothing else under the sun has the same spicy languorous "give-me-some-more" taste. Nothing else lends such a diverting flair to the good old dishes . . . or is so easy to compose in new and exciting delicacies.

Eat them as the pure fruit they are. Get the Dromedary taste into your salads and your desserts.

The date has hundreds of uses . . . the children will eat their morning cereal with avidity if you put in half a dozen dates as sugar plums . . . Dates are easy to stuff with fruits, fudge, nuts or cheese. They are fine in muffins and quick-breads.

But be certain to get Dromedary Dates. Every grocer in the land who considers the cleanliness of the food he sells will have Dromedary Dates for you. Dromedary cleanliness is axiomatic and absolute.

Don't you long for a new and vivid taste? Get a new package of fresh Dromedary Dates — today.

You Can Have Them Pitted or Plain!

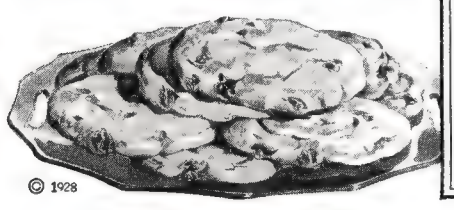
Pitted Dates are easier to handle in recipes. Every date comes to you with its golden meat intact, ready for you to pack with cheese, with nuts, or with fondant — ready to be placed in salad, to be put in a dessert, to be cut up for muffins or quick-breads.

Send for "The Date Book" which gives the newest ideas for original ways to serve this delicious fruit.

FOR THANKSGIVING'S COOKIE JAR
DATE COOKIES

2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ to ½ teaspoon salt
1 cup (½ pkg.) sliced dates
½ cup shortening
⅔ cup sugar
1 egg
2 to 4 tablespoons milk or water
½ teaspoon vanilla

Sift the dry ingredients. Cream the shortening; stir in the sugar gradually, then the unbeaten egg and sliced dates. Mix well, add the milk and vanilla. Stir in the dry ingredients. Drop by teaspoonfuls on dripping pan. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F) about 10 minutes. 36 cookies.



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In convenient packages —either Pitted or Plain

THE HILLS BROS. CO.
Department H-118
110 Washington St.,
New York City

Please send me a free copy of "The Date Book," containing many new and original Dromedary recipes.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

FROM HERE TO HEAVEN

Continued from page 46

the maid five dollars and asked her to go out and buy white hyacinths. Margo laughed.

"White hyacinths," she said. "You and forever white hyacinths! When I think of those days and that little house we had, it is always you, and all the little bowls of white hyacinths!"

The sunlight was tangled in her hair. The day they had married, she had looked like this—little and young—the sunlight in the church door tangling in her hair as the little frock-coated minister had held open the church register for her to write her name —"Mrs. John Arthur Moore."

Mrs. John Arthur Moore. And now that possessive voice of de Veille's all around town—"How she will startle Vienna when I take her there!"—"She costs me more than the little princess I left in Cairo!"

"Well, John," Margo said, "what is it you're going to say?"

He laughed and brushed back the shaggy lock from his forehead.

"I stayed to annoy de Veille," he said. "I have nothing to say."

She turned from the window and faced him.

"I have been wondering why you kissed me," she said. "Was that to annoy de Veille too?"

"Entirely," he laughed, "and you will admit it *did!*"

The maid brought hyacinths, and the air absorbed the perfume as night absorbs a mist.

"All right," Margo said, watching him steadily. "Tell me one thing more. Why did you want to come to Jerry Denver's tonight?"

"I didn't," he said. "I didn't know where the boys were going. I didn't know where we were, until de Veille began boasting how much you cost him. Which reminds me to ask," he said—"have you any plans for divorcing me?"

She smiled a little bit.

"None whatever," she told him.

He went across the room to the hyacinths, arranged them a little, moved a spray of fern. Such awkward hands to be fussing with flowers, such serious eyes to be bent upon a fern leaf!

He looked at his watch and said that it was almost nine and that he was to meet some one at ten.

"Goodbye," he said. "I hope you'll be happy in Vienna."

She was still watching him, her head back against the pale gray wall.

"De Veille seems to mean more to *you*, John," she said, "than he ever did to *me*."

With a quick little movement, she reached for his hand and laced her fingers into his.

"When will you come again?" she asked.

"I'm not coming again," he told her. "I did not mean to find you or see you tonight. I did not *want* to find you or see you."

He picked up the jewel on her neck, and held it over his fingers.

"I can't compete," he said, "for some one who costs more than the Princess of Cairo."

"All right, dear," she laughed. "Then where are *you*, if perhaps some time I want you?"

"I'd rather you didn't know, Margo," he said. "I'd rather you didn't know anything about me. It is as easy now as any other time to say goodbye."

He pulled her head against his shoulder and held it there, looking—looking at the tangle of sunlight in her hair.

"Goodbye," he said, and left her so quickly that while it seemed to her his arms were still around her—she was hearing the sound of his footsteps on the walk outside—the echo of the iron gate clanging.

AND then—in the room off the hall, as she parted the velvet curtains, she saw de Veille, smoking, smiling, stretched out in a lazy chair.

"So he isn't coming back," he said, "and you don't know where to find him!"

She was astonished that de Veille was there.

"What are you doing in my house," she said angrily, "spying on a guest!"

"Not at all," he laughed. "I thought you might need my protection."

He came out to where she was—Margo Lind, the only thing he had ever wanted that his money had not been able to buy.

"Well," he said, "so the husband story is told! I'll buy the divorce he wants, and then we'll go out and help ourselves to life! Why haven't we done it long ago? What has *he* to give you!"

"Nothing," she said.

"Has he any money?"

"No."

"Where could he take you? What position would you have? What name? What distinction? Who would know you? What would he make of you?"

He drew a linen handkerchief out of his pocket, embroidered with his coat of arms.

"The kiss was to annoy me," he laughed, "and the only reason he came into your picture at all was because he didn't know Jerry Denver's when he saw it! He refuses to come back and forbids you to find him! What an empty life he has left you!"

HE WAGGLED her nose, and held up the end of his thumb, poked between his fingers, as you would amuse a child, twisted his hair in a hook on the top of his head, and made eyes at her like an owl's eyes.

"So sad," he said, and clucked his tongue against his teeth. "Now there's nothing left for us but the rest of the world!"

The breath of the room was a mist of hyacinths. Across the table trailed the piece of lace green fern.

"There's only one thing you haven't thought of," Margo said. "I love him."

The maid asked if Miss Lind knew who had left a pair of gloves.

On the polished mahogany piano were John's worn gloves—the fingers curved as tho waiting for a hand to come into them. The gloves—and a newspaper Margo had seen in his pocket. A newspaper folded to a story and picture of the little star of Jerry Denver's.

John's gloves left there on the piano, just the way he used to leave them everywhere! Taking care of him, making his supper, washing his dishes, ironing his shirts. That little kitchen, the best punkin pie in Bronxville—he'd come home and sniff the spice—one cup of flour, half butter, half lard, a pinch of salt and a little ice water—little, little at a time! "Let's take a dollar out of the blue jug and go to the movies, sweetheart"—rocking, rocking in his arms at dusk. "Or shall we weed the garden? The lettuce is three inches high!"

"But you left him," de Veille was saying, walking back and forth by the French windows, hands in pockets, his evening clothes like a foolish masquerade in the staring light of day.

"Why do you say you love him when you left him?"

"Sometimes we do not find a thing until we *lose* it," Margo said. "I thought I knew the only thing in the world I wanted. And now, I want only the thing I left behind."

He had been here in this room—and was gone! Worn gloves? No, he would not come back for a pair of worn gloves. He would not come back! And now she knew that all these days, all these years, she had been waiting, watching, longing for only the hour that now had come and gone, for only life to take up again at the moment where she had put it down!

Who thinks wisdom is what men think they *know!* If one bud makes a springtime, then men are wise! One bud comes thru, but where is springtime? In the millions that have yet to come! So when we live by what we are so sure is wisdom, how often it only proves to us our endless ignorance!

De Veille came out of the dining-room with a bunch of cool blue grapes.

"Well, dear," he said, "love has little to do with a woman's taste in jewels. No doubt the one he loves now would be delighted for a chance to trade places with you!"

Margo faced him, her hands shut on the edge of the table by that trailing bit of fern.

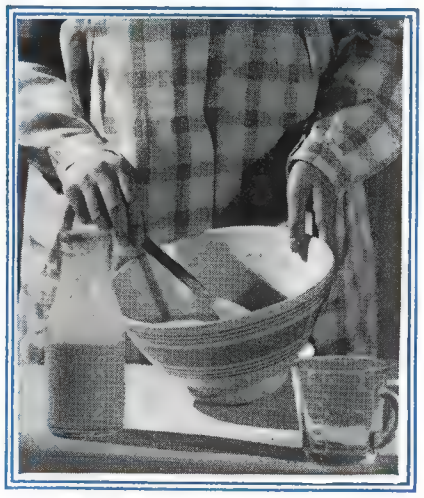
"It's not true that he loves some one else," she said. "I don't believe it! And it's not true that he didn't mean to come to me! It's not true that he kissed me just for you!"

She turned away from him to hide the tears in her eyes, turned away and looked down at those worn gloves just as John's hand had put them down, the newspaper just as his hands had folded it.

Then suddenly she was laughing—crying—laughing——

(*Turn to page 51*)

A "knack" of mixing flours for unusual *lightness in pancakes*



So Easy Now
to follow this old plantation recipe

LIGHTER, daintier pancakes—made by mixing four different flours! Fluffy plantation pancakes that literally melt in the mouth!

This old southern recipe has come as a welcome discovery to many women. It is a secret from the South before the Civil War—a special way of combining wheat flour with rice, rye, and corn flours.

Years ago the fame of these tender, fragrant pancakes with their wonderful flavor, spread far and wide among the plantations along the Mississippi River. But in those days only Aunt Jemima's master and his guests could have them. She would not reveal her recipe to a soul.

Today millions of good cooks are making those same pancakes, so unusually light and fluffy.

All ingredients ready-mixed

All of Aunt Jemima's ingredients—her four flours together with sugar, salt, milk and baking powder come *ready-mixed* just as she proportioned them, in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. So easy now! *Just add a cup of milk (or water) to every cup of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—and stir.*

A new tempting tenderness—a new wholesome lightness in the pancakes you give your family! And a matchless plantation flavor! Try Aunt Jemima's four flours—her entire recipe *ready-mixed* in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Grocers have it.

We are often asked, *"Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?" They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, Quaker Oats Company, Chicago and Peterborough, Canada*

FREE —a chance to test this famous recipe

To get a free trial size package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour together with a recipe booklet giving many delightful suggestions for serving pancakes and waffles, just mail coupon

The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, Quaker Oats Company, Dept. G-12, St. Joseph, Missouri.

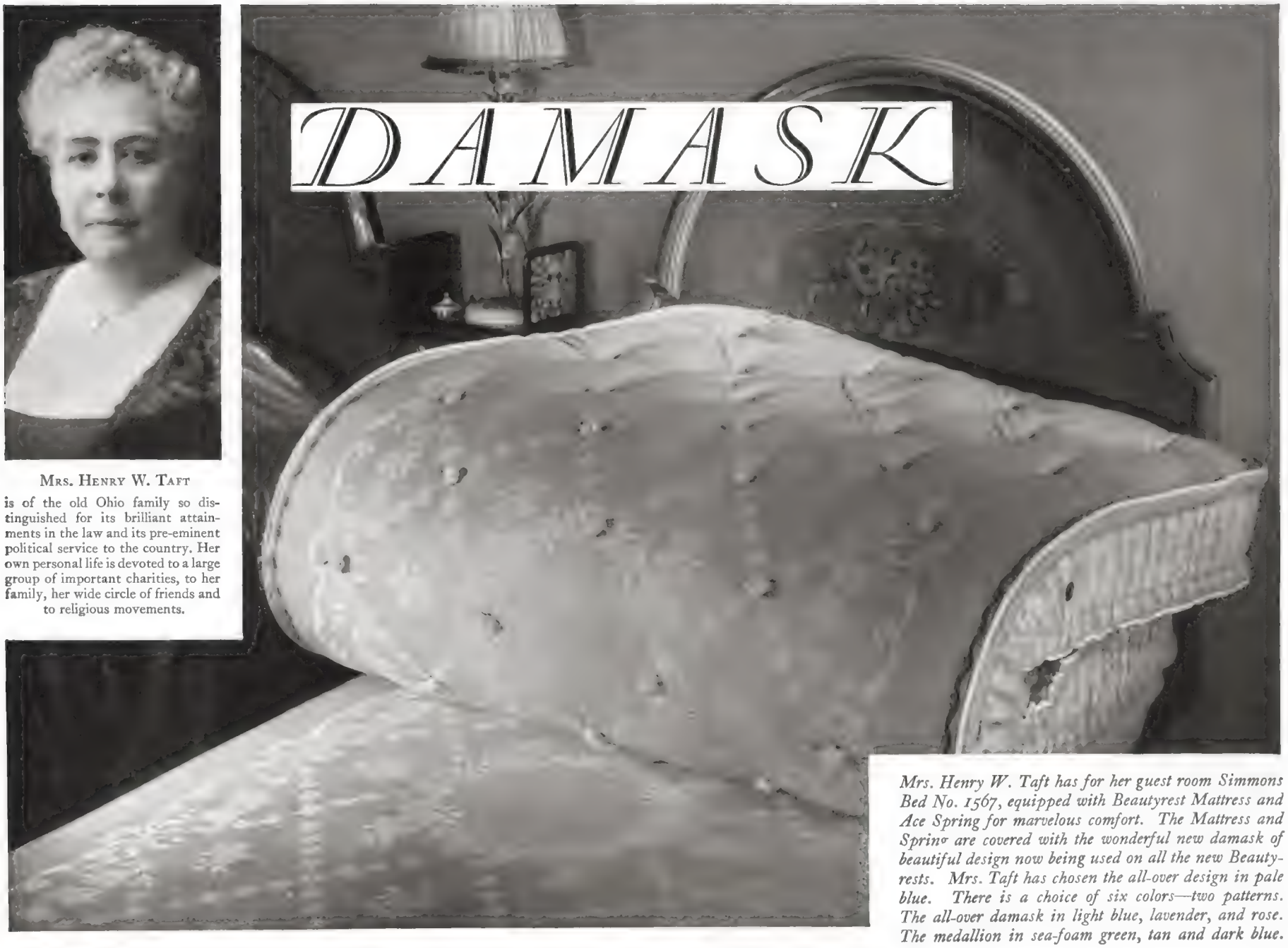
Gentlemen: Please send free trial package Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and recipe booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

Mrs. Henry W. Taft

is of the old Ohio family so distinguished for its brilliant attainments in the law and its pre-eminent political service to the country. Her own personal life is devoted to a large group of important charities, to her family, her wide circle of friends and to religious movements.



Mrs. Henry W. Taft has for her guest room Simmons Bed No. 1567, equipped with Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring for marvelous comfort. The Mattress and Spring are covered with the wonderful new damask of beautiful design now being used on all the new Beautyrests. Mrs. Taft has chosen the all-over design in pale blue. There is a choice of six colors—two patterns. The all-over damask in light blue, lavender, and rose. The medallion in sea-foam green, tan and dark blue.

Beautiful Damask *now* covers *the new Beautyrests*

The Simmons Beautyrest Mattress is as unique in its luxurious comfort as in its new beauty. Hundreds of resilient inner coils are buried deep in layers of finest upholstering insuring a lasting buoyancy and strong uncrushable sides.

MATERIAL as beautiful and fine as the fabrics you would select for other furnishings! Truly a wonderful advance in beauty and luxury for the bedroom to have a completely comfortable mattress which harmonizes with and adds to the decorative scheme of the room.

Simmons has now wrought this amazing change in the famous Beautyrest Mattress. A change that makes as great a contribution to appearance as the inner construction of the mattress makes to comfort.

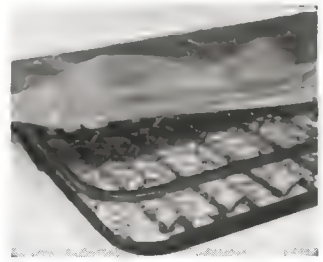
Now beautiful French damask covers all the new Beautyrest Mattresses. Staunch as the old-fashioned nondescript striped ticking, it is lustrous with the satin beauty traditional to damask.

Patterned in wreaths or medallions of delicate leaves the damask is made in six lovely colors to blend with the favored decorative color schemes.

Mrs. Henry W. Taft says of this new equipment for the Simmons Beds in the rose guest room in her Park Avenue apartment—"For the first time a handsome looking mattress. A great improvement over the usual style—both in appearance and comfort."

The best furniture and department stores already have the new Beautyrest in the lovely new damask. You may have this handsome and luxurious sleeping equipment at no advance in price over the old-fashioned coverings.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Ace Spring $19.75, (slip cover extra), Simmons Beautyrest Mattress $39.50. Simmons Beds $10 to $60; No. 1567, $53.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



Simmons Ace Spring—The perfected modern coil spring. Light weight, yet with the coils so close together, so skillfully reinforced that maximum comfort and wear are assured. Smartly tailored slip-cover at slight extra cost protects the spring and gives it a finished appearance.

BEDS SPRINGS MATTRESSES **SIMMONS** BUILT FOR SLEEP

FROM HERE TO HEAVEN

Continued from page 48

"And it's not true," she said, "that he doesn't want me to find him! He's *waiting* for me to find him. He's told me the way and he'll be counting the hours till I come!"

Between the folds of that newspaper he had left a letter that had not yet been opened—a stamped, registered letter appearing to be of the greatest importance, addressed to John Arthur Moore, 12 Redondo Walk, New York City.

IN THE late afternoon in the little car which she drove herself, Margo Lind took the letter.

Twelve Redondo Walk.

She found a little white house with tub trees and scarlet numbers across the door. A toy house very unlike New York. Little toy trees. Little scarlet numbers!

Who could live *here*, she wondered. How was it *John* could be here?

There was a fat brass monk for a door knocker. A brown-eyed girl in green organdy answered. Auburn hair and slim hands—a girl like a delicate pastel painting.

"How do you do?" she said—a question asking politely, "What do you want?"

A baby, two or three years old, looked out solemnly from behind the organdy dress, peeked around the wide pockets.

"I have a letter that belongs to Mr. John Arthur Moore," Margo said.

"Oh, yes," the girl smiled. "Won't you come in? It's so warm today!"

Margo went in. The living-room was simple and quiet and full of a fragrance of flowers—hyacinths! On the table a bowl of white hyacinths!

From under the window stared a row of dolls, a rag doll with shoe button eyes, a china doll with eyes painted bright china blue, a doll with round pink eyes embroidered on calico.

The girl put the letter in her pocket.

"John will be home early today," she said "because it's been so warm. It's been the warmest day this summer, hasn't it?"

Where was this! Who were these staring dolls and a baby and a girl putting John's letter in her pocket, saying, "He'll be home early!"

("Answer her! Answer her!" Margo said to herself impatiently.)

"Yes, but it's cooler now."

Why would John be coming *here* early, because it was a warm day! What girl was this, putting his letter in her pocket!

"Let me get you something cool," she was saying. "Ginger ale and a bite of cake."

The leather chair was full of a smell of pipe smoke, just as John's chair had always been full of pipe smoke in that little house, rocking, rocking in his arms in the dusk, watching the street lights come on.

("I've been waiting all day to come home to you, sweetheart. Johnny's girl! Johnny's sweet little beautiful girl!")

What a terrible dream! What a stifling dream! One of those dreams that tangle and choke you! Stifle you with tears you can not cry! Confuse you with words you can not say! Make you go on—and on—and on——

"Of course I suppose every one tells you," the dark-eyed girl was saying, "how much you look like that little star down-town—you know who I mean, the one everybody's talking about—at Jerry Denver's."

"Margo Lind," Margo told her.

"Yes," the girl said. "I suppose every one tells you the same thing—how much you look like her."

"Yes," Margo said. "Yes, they do. That's who I am. Margo Lind."

SMELL of hyacinths like a drug. Pipe smoke clinging to the chair, that baby looking, looking with solemn unblinking eyes. An odor from the kitchen—faint warm baking—a kitchen out there thru the swinging door. One cup flour, half a cup of butter, yellow cans of spices, round red baking powder——

"Margo *Lind!*" the dark-eyed girl was saying, astonished. "Why, I can't believe it! Here in our house! Margo Lind!"

Embarrassed, she moved the glass of ginger ale away.

"Of course *you* don't want ginger ale," she said. "I only thought it had been so warm today——"

She folded and unfolded a pink handkerchief.

"Yes. Ginger ale is what I want," Margo said, and drank it—choked it, her hands colder than the ice in the glass, streaks of black and white stretching up and down the room. John's awkward hands! That shaggy lock of hair! If only he would come!

No, don't come, John! Don't come! I love you too much to have you come and have to find me here! It's my fault! I left you alone! You had to have a little house and a garden and a little jug in the cupboard saving money for the movies, and this girl in this house has got you! You married her! You had to have a little house. It's my fault. She doesn't know you couldn't marry her. I went away and left you. Now I'll have to free you, and give you to her forever and never tell—never tell—never want you any more—never wait for you any more——

"I often wondered how it must seem to have everybody crazy about you," the girl was saying—"everybody talking about you, looking at you, following you, and to have everything you want—jewels and money and travel——"

("You make me laugh," Margo wanted to scream.)

"Every one copying your clothes, trying to look like you, and be like you——"

Margo Lind! Every one trying to be like Margo Lind! Store windows full of Margo Lind silk blouses. Margo Lind shoes. Every one buying jewels to match their eyes. Every jeweler's window with a picture of Margo Lind. Every radio playing "From Here to Heaven"—the music of it everywhere. Jerry Denver's telephone ringing, reserving tables—"Yes, we're going tonight to see Margo *Lind!*"

WELL, you wanted Broadway and you got it. You thought Broadway wanted you and you were right! Now a doll with shoe button eyes is staring you out of all of it! Laughing at you! Screaming at you!

"But how did you *get* this letter?" the girl was saying. She had it out of her pocket looking at it—both sides of it. "How would *you* have a letter for my husband?"

Margo tried to answer—couldn't hear her voice—couldn't make up any words. The walls folded together, she caught at the black and white streaks, and then her eyes were full of the color of green. The girl was holding her and rubbing her cheeks with ice, the baby standing half crying and frightened with a glass of water held in tiny stretched-out fingers.

"I'm ill. I didn't sleep today," Margo heard herself say.

"Yes, you poor little thing. It's so warm!" the girl said. "I'll take you home. Don't try to talk. It's the heat!"

She called some one named Molly on the telephone to come and stay in the house with the baby. She asked Margo's address and wrote it on a piece of paper.

"So John will know where I am," she said.

And then she drove Margo's car and took Margo home.

IN MARGO'S long gold and gray living-room, the dark-eyed girl stood as tho she were lost.

"I—never saw anything so lovely!" she said.

She touched the chiffon curtains.

"I never knew a place *could* be so beautiful," she said. "The walls—are they silk? How wonderful to live here! How happy you must be!"

("Take it," Margo wanted to scream. "Take it! Take it!")

The girl saw the flowers.

"Why, you have white hyacinths too!" she said.

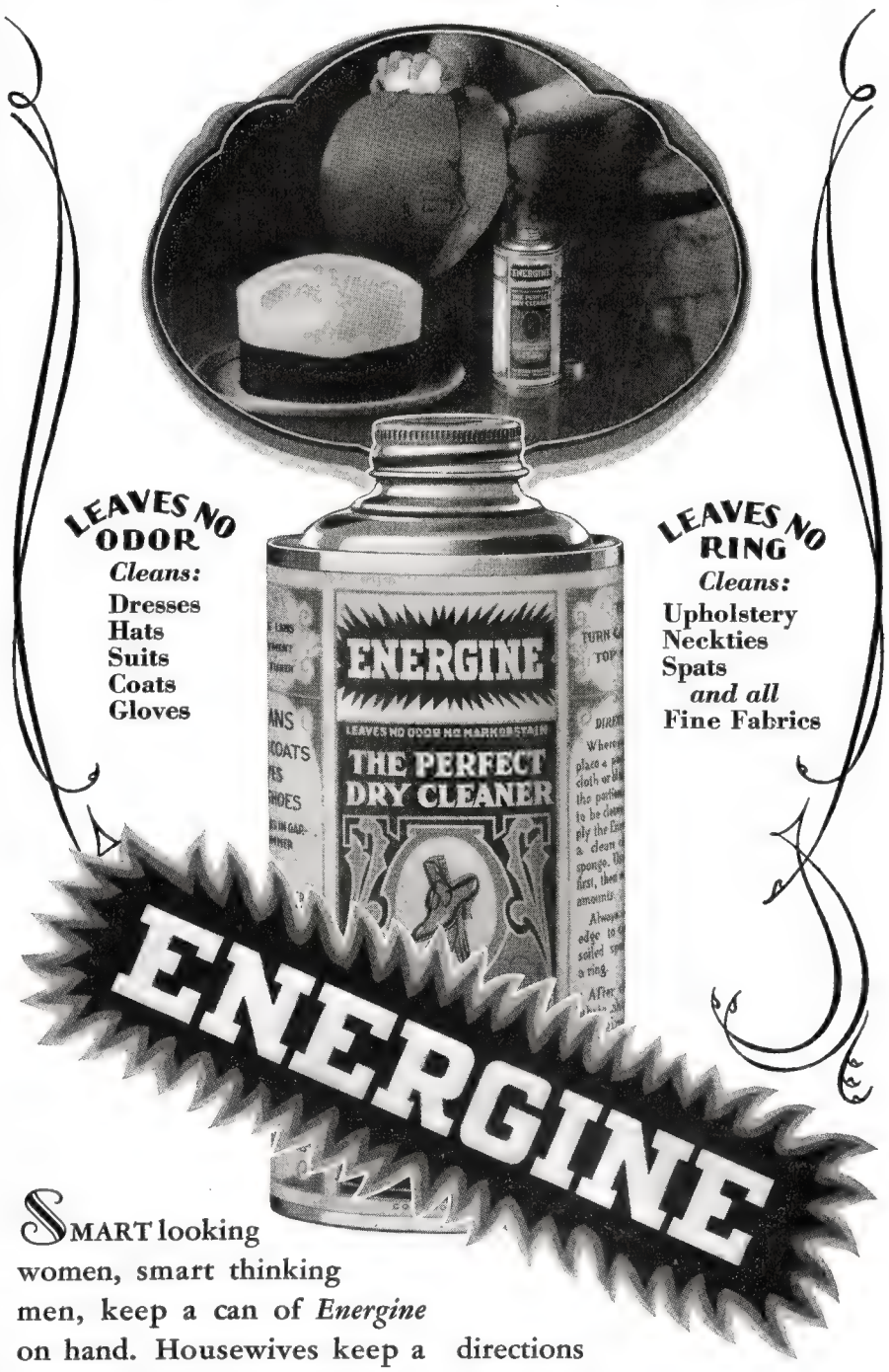
Margo went to the piano and pushed John's gloves under the velvet scarf.

"I must say something," she said to herself. "I must give her tea!"

But John seemed to be everywhere! Standing by the window! Putting down his gloves on the piano! Fixing the flowers! It seemed the girl in that organdy dress must see him too! Must feel the presence of him left everywhere in the room! Why didn't she go away! Stop looking at everything! What was she waiting for!

"How can I give you tea?" Margo said suddenly, accusingly, as tho the girl had demanded it. "The cook is gone. The maid is gone. Do you want me to go in the kitchen *myself* and make tea?" (*Turn to page 53*)

Suits, Dresses, Hats Kept Clean By Frequent Use of Energine



SMART looking women, smart thinking men, keep a can of *Energine* on hand. Housewives keep a can in the kitchen. Another in the bathroom. Business men keep *Energine* in their office. Travellers carry a can in their bag. Motorists one in the car.

Energine costs so little and does so much toward keeping one's appearance above criticism.

Energine removes spots quickly, easily. Leaves no clinging odor—no ring. Simple directions on every can.

For Nearly 25 Years the World's Outstanding Cleaning Fluid

For nearly a quarter-century *Energine* has been the preferred cleaning fluid of millions. In the United States! In South America! In Europe! In the Orient! Even in far-off Australia!

Sold by all Druggists

35c for the 10 ounce can (slightly higher in foreign countries.) The large 20 ounce can for 60c is more economical.

There's only one *Energine*. Ask for it by name. And be sure you get the genuine—in the can with the red and green label. Then you won't be disappointed.

A Message to the Women of America

HELENA RUBINSTEIN
Renowned Beauty Scientist

New beauty preparations are springing up overnight like the proverbial mushrooms . . . multi-colored bottles and jars are beckoning from shop shelves . . . theories of beauty culture are contradicting one another at every turn. . . . No wonder thousands of busy modern women everywhere are asking themselves, "How am I to decide? Of all this vast bewildering array of products, products that promise so much, which shall I choose?"

In the field of beauty culture, it is notable that the Sophisticate who can afford everything . . . and the wise prudent Housewife who can afford only the best . . . alike recognize the unquestioned supremacy of HELENA RUBINSTEIN. . . . Such is the significance of *background*, the force of *authority, the reward of results!*

HELENA RUBINSTEIN is the pioneer and originator of Modern Beauty Science. Today, after years and years of exhaustive study and research in every climate under the sun, her name is recognized as the living symbol of scientific beauty culture the world over. Her word is the voice of authority.

For a generation the creations of this great Artist-Scientist have brought new beauty, greater happiness to women in every walk of life—Society leaders, famous actresses, widely-known professional women, scions of royalty. Her youth-renewing beauty-giving creations contain exotic herbs gathered from the four corners of Earth. These rare unguents, balms and lotions have awakened the beauty consciousness of millions of women, and have withstood the greatest test of all—the merciless test of Time.

Throughout America and Europe and even far-off Asia, you will find these preparations discussed, praised, imitated—but never will you find them equalled! *Your beauty deserves the best!*

Three Steps to Beauty . . .

As a home treatment "Three Steps to Beauty" offers the most remarkable value in the world, a two months' supply at 3.25. The regular use of these preparations will bring about an amazing improvement in any skin, within two weeks.

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM

Helena Rubinstein's Crowning Achievement

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream is much more than a cream. It is an unguent, a beautifying balm of rarest quality—the crystallization of long years of exhaustive research. Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream not only cleanses the skin immaculately, but it revitalizes and revivifies. It lifts away the drawn look from the eyes, the forehead. It moulds weary, sagging contours back to sculptured lines of youth. This "wonder cream" soothes, cools, protects, spares delicate skins the drying effects of harsh soaps. It restores to scaly skins their pristine smoothness and suppleness.

Nor is it a blessing to face alone. The hands, arms and elbows are beautified by this priceless unguent, which because of the infinite variety and excellence of its ingredients is a necessity to the skin from babyhood to old age. Not the least of the wonders of Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream is its amazing effect upon oily, disturbed skins—it is the only cream cleanser in existence which really benefits this difficult type of skin. And yet with all its rareness of quality, its swift unfailing powers to beautify, Helena Rubinstein has so priced her creation, that it is accessible to every woman, man and child in the world!
Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream 1.00

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD

an awakener of beauty!

If your skin is sallow, muddy or blotchy, if a too carefree summer has left it tanned and freckled, you need this "skin-clearing masterpiece." Gently, with a delicious tingling sensation, it works its way deep, deep into your skin, purifying, refining, bleaching, animating. Has neglect or the use of unsuitable cosmetics, clogging powders and rouges, left your skin pasty and dull? Valaze Beautifying Skinfood will give it an exquisite, shell-like transparency. This remarkable creation which induces beauty with an ease almost magical, should be part of your daily treatment the year round! Valaze Beautifying Skinfood. . 1.00

VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION

Fatigued tissues respond instantly to the bracing, revivifying powers of this elixir of beauty, which is unsurpassed for ironing out lines, firming the contours and imparting to the skin an almost mask-like smoothness and beauty. Valaze Skin-toning Lotion 1.25

A REMARKABLE WASHING PREPARATION

Valaze Beauty Grains

It reaches down beneath the skin's surface, dissolving dirt and impurities, blackheads, whiteheads and other pore-clogging matter. It leaves the skin fine-grained and velvety 1.00, 2.00

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Helena Rubinstein Creations are obtainable at the better shops, or order direct.

Heighten Personality with

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S incomparable cosmetic creations . . . the most flattering make-up in the world and the most hygienic!

Only a beauty scientist and only a connoisseur of beauty can create cosmetics as protective as they are becoming. The same great dermatological skill that has established the fame of Helena Rubinstein's Scientific Beauty Preparations, is evident in her exquisite powders, ravishing rouges and lipsticks.

If you use a foundation cream you will find Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream wonderfully effective—it makes powder and rouge doubly adherent. Next, blend into the skin, Valaze Powder (1.00, 1.50); textures to suit every type of skin and tints for every type of beauty.

Complete the facial ensemble with Valaze Rouge (Compact or en-Creme)—Red Raspberry for daytime, or Crushed Rose Leaves, the ultra-conservative tone; Red Geranium for evening (1.00).

Then bring out the lovely curves of the lips with Cubist Lipstick, that enchanting bit of modernism, in tones to harmonize with the rouge (1.00). Finally, add depth and allure to your eyes with Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener (1.00).

Fill Out—Mail to Helena Rubinstein, 8 E. 57th St., New York.
Please send, without charge, full instructions for daily care of my skin, which is:

Wrinkled ☐ Flabby ☐
Dry ☐ Oily ☐
Blackheads ☐ Average Skin ☐

Name.....
Address.....
State..... [D 11]

FROM HERE TO HEAVEN

Continued from page 51

"Of course not," the girl said. "I'll put you to bed and get some ice for you."

The room was suddenly cracking, splintering with noise.

"Shall I answer it?" the girl asked.

Oh—it was the bell at the door.

Margo went down the hall. Crazy useless dream, going down halls, bells ringing. When she opened the door, John Arthur Moore was there. John!

"I didn't think you'd be awake, dear," he said. "I left an important letter this morning. I thought the maid could give it to me."

"Hush," Margo whispered, and tried to stand in the door so he couldn't get in—so his voice couldn't get in to that girl who was inside there. Margo could feel how white her lips were—crazy stifling hallway! She held on to the wall.

"Go away," she whispered. "Somebody's here! She's here!"

But suddenly John had her in his arms, holding her, trying to talk to her.

"Sweetheart, I haven't any right to you," he said. "You have everything! I have nothing! I tried to tell you I loved some one else. I tried to go away and say I wouldn't come back. I tried to say I hadn't missed you, but it isn't true. Nothing is true but that I've longed for you—adored you every minute since you went away. There's no one but you, Margo—nothing but you——"

"But John," she said, whispering, trying to keep him away from that girl who mustn't see, mustn't hear, mustn't know—"John, the girl you told me about——"

"It wasn't true," he said. "I only made that up to tell you!"

"But John, I took the letter," Margo said.

He turned her face to him until he could see her eyes.

"Took the letter—where?" he asked her.

"To the address, John," she told him. "I thought you left it to see if I would come to you——"

"But it wasn't *mine*, dear," he said. "It was in my mail and it belonged to some one else, so I came to get it."

The door was half open behind them. They heard some one coming across the tiled hall—the door pushed open, and a man looked in—a short man, dark and a trifle fat.

"Oh," he said, confused and embarrassed, "Excuse me!"

The girl in the other room heard his voice.

"Here I am, dear," she said, and hurried out to him. "How soon you came, John! Miss Lind—this is my husband!"

Across the hall somebody's radio was syncopating, teasing, a tangle of fiddle and cello and saxophone—"*And let me travel the road from here to heaven with you—you—you*——"

And Margo Lind's face was against John's blue serge shoulder, her tears dropping down on his fingers.

FOOTPRINTS

Continued from page 27

has been more subdued. There seemed to be not much to write about him. So, after I had read your letter, I decided to have a talk with him in order to gather material for my next letter to you.

Olympe—this is not changing the subject—has developed deafness. As you know, she has been very slightly deaf for some time; but, of late, she pretends to be totally deaf. I say pretends, because she is deaf only when she is with Irene. My problem was: Is that wise of Olympe, or is it wrong?

For several months I have felt that it would be beneficial for me to discuss that question of right and wrong again with Grandfather. Last year, when I wished to discuss it, he gave me a rule of conduct, you know—"Search for beauty—" and said we had better postpone the other for a while.

Yesterday, then, after a quick ride with Neal over the south range (Neal was so adorable—he let me ride Tuesday's Child for the first time, and took Thursday's Child for himself) to pink my cheeks as Grandfather likes to see them, I went and rapped on his door.

I suppose a man would have to be as great as Grandfather to be able to make other, quite unimportant people feel almost great themselves when they enter his presence.

I gave my problem to him. He laughed very heartily and then said that, according to Hume, whom he had been reading when I came in, Olympe was justified. Hume, he told me, was an Eighteenth Century historian and philosopher, who held that utility was the chief element of all virtue.

"You see," he explained, "according to this gentleman, Olympe's act, since it is so useful, could not be wrong."

That was all he would say. I picked up my note-book and started to go away. Grandfather asked me what I had there. I told him I had brought my note-book to write in it what he would tell me about right and wrong. He asked me what I had written. I had not written anything. He was troubled, and said perhaps I would allow him to write a few simple rules of conduct in my note-book for me to use until I was older. He took my book and wrote:

"*Darling little Lucy Quilter. Be proud. Be loyal. Be gay. Be generous rather than just.*"

After I left Grandfather's room I met Uncle Phineas and Irene in the hall. She had been talking to him. She went away. I said to Uncle Phineas, because Irene had looked so pink and blue and gold, "How lovely she is." He pulled my top curl and made up a face at me.

"I mean," I explained, feeling that "lovely" had been a little extravagant, "how pretty, how delicate."

"Yes," Uncle Phineas said, "pretty and delicate as a somersault." Uncle Phineas does not like Irene at all.

It is difficult to explain; but, here, of late, hatefulness seems to have got hold of all of us. I should say, all of us except Grandfather, who is too perfect, and Father, who is too busy. Darling Father, not busy, wouldn't be hateful, either, I am sure.

As I finished writing that last paragraph, Neal came in. I told him that I had come to the end of my letter, but that I was trying to think of some extra special way to express my love for you and Greg. I asked him how he liked, "I love you so much that, just from what spills over, I love the whole world." He evaded, and teased, and said he did not want to be loved from leakage, and so on. But, finally, tho he was very sweet, he reminded me of Grandfather's rule about simplicity, and he said that it seemed to him that love, more than anything else, should be simply expressed.

I suppose he is right. So, I love you. I love Greg.

LUCY.

April 12, 1900

DEAREST, *dearest Judy-pudy:* "Begin at the beginning," like many other rules, seems very simple. It is not. How is one to know where the beginning is?

I have decided that probably the beginning of this very long letter, which I am planning to write to you this afternoon and evening, should be that Irene does not like Q.2 Ranch. She does not wish to live here, nor to have Christopher live here.

When they came last month, they came only for a visit. But when Chris found that we had been sending him all the ready money we could get, and had been forced to practise rigid economy, he refused to take Irene back to New York. Father agrees with Chris that he and Irene should stay here for the present.

Chris says certainly, that nothing else is to be considered. He says if he had had the least notion of how things were with us here at home, he would have come home two years ago when he returned from the continent. He said that, of course, by staying in New York, and attempting to get his play produced, he felt that he was doing his share. Because, if "Gold" had been successful, we never would have had (*Turn to page 54*)

Foot Saver Shoes

Distinguished Style plus Luxurious Ease

LUXURIOUS EASE without sacrifice of style—that is the gift of Foot Saver Shoes to women. They are Style Shoes, fashioned to the incomparable smartness of cosmopolitan modes—each model an individual creation. Yet each design conceals a famous patented in-built construction, that offers every advantage of freedom and comfort which the style-less "comfort shoe" can give. Choose the Foot Saver Model that most effectively completes your Costume Ensemble—and you will get with it a free, natural forgetfulness of the feet—a balance of muscular movement that *makes fatigue only the remotest possibility,* and that *eliminates all pressure and strain.* And finally, a new accent of beauty for the in-curving contours of the ankle.

"FOOT INSURANCE FOR THE FUTURE"

The Ogden

Only when you have actually seen the new Foot Saver Creations can you appreciate their superiority and distinctive smartness. The easiest way to do this is to send the coupon below for the Foot Saver Style Portfolio.

The Rolls

The Foot Saver Shoe — Controls the Arch

THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 426 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.
Please send me, without charge, your Portfolio of Footwear Fashions.

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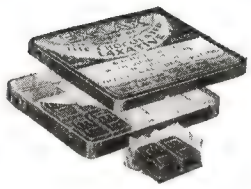

Don't make your children dislike you

—give them this safe laxative they eat like candy

INSTEAD of hateful doses and bitter cathartics that so often cause tears and tantrums and hours of pain, give your children safe, delicious Ex-lax. They'll love it . . . and will love you for giving it to them. It tastes like fine chocolate candy. It *is* chocolate . . . treated with tasteless phenolphthalein which doctors recommend for relieving constipation. It is gentle. It is pleasant, safe and non-habit-forming. Good for children and grown-ups. Get Ex-Lax "Chocolated" from your druggist, three sizes, 10c, 25c, and 50c. For more obstinate cases of constipation he sells Ex-Lax "Fig Flavor", made from fresh Smyrna figs. Two sizes, 15c and 35c.

Forcing children to take castor oil or bitter pills may upset their nervous systems or derange their stomachs. Most physicians agree that it is preferable to give children a palatable laxative. Phenolphthalein, the active ingredient in Ex-Lax, is frequently prescribed by doctors.

For Constipation

EX-LAX

Tastes like candy

NOW MAIL COUPON FOR FREE EX-LAX

Ex-Lax Mfg. Co., P. O. Box 170 Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y., Dept. D-1128

I want my children to try this safe, delicious laxative. I want to try it myself. Please send me, without obligation on my part, a trial size of Ex-Lax.

Name_____

Street_____

City and State_____

FOOTPRINTS

Continued from page 53

another money worry again. He says effort must weigh, as well as accomplishment.

Irene said that "Booful" had worked very hard and lived most frugally in New York. Chris said that he had not lived half as frugally as he would have, had he known that his living was literally coming out of our pantry and off our backs.

Irene and Father both said "Nonsense" to that, but they said it differently. Just the same, Judy, in spite of Father's "Nonsense," can you ever remember a time when about all the ready money we had did not have to be sent off to Cousin Christopher?

Chris said that he had had his chance, and that you had not had yours (he meant about your not going to a university), but that now we must all pull together to see that Neal and I had ours.

Father agreed with him. He rather overagreed with him. He said that Chris had had a bit more than his chance, he thought. That he had two degrees, and two years of European travel. He said that Chris was a sophomore at Princeton when he was Neal's age.

Neal began to say, as he always says, that he did not care for a classical education; that all he needed was a few years at a good agricultural college. Father spoke almost abruptly to him. Neal walked right away out of the room.

WHEN Neal was gone, that left Grandfather, Father, Chris and Irene and me in the sitting-room. I was reading in the window nook. I think that the others did not know I was there. I was not eavesdropping because, if any of them had turned around and looked at me, I was plainly there to be seen.

Irene said that if an agricultural college was all Neal cared about, why couldn't he be sent to the Oregon one, which she had heard was fairly possible.

Darling Father has been having that stomach trouble again. You know how quiet and patient it makes him. He just sat there, white, and did not answer Irene at all.

Grandfather told her that, just now, even the state agricultural college was a bit more than we could manage.

Irene said, "Couldn't you mortage some more of Chris's land?"

Grandfather explained to her that the ranch was overmortgaged now. I don't know why that should have made Irene angry. It did. It made her so angry that her voice trembled as she asked Grandfather whether he actually meant that the place was so deeply in debt that no more money could be raised on it.

Grandfather told her that he doubted whether another hundred dollars could be borrowed on the place. He said that now it need not be borrowed. He said she had spoken of raising money. We were now, he told her, engaged in raising money—cattle and horses.

She has a queer way of seeming to hear only a part, the first part of whatever one says to her. She has another odd mannerism. She interrupts. She interrupted Grandfather, then, and said that in other words, the place was worthless.

Grandfather said to Christopher, "Sir, can you explain to me how your wife happens to be laboring under such a misconception?"

Usually, when anybody asks Christopher a question, Irene answers it. "I know," she said, "that when a farm of this size is mortgaged up to the hilt, so that not even a hundred dollars can be raised on it, that it is a failure. I don't believe in throwing good money after bad. It seems to me that the only thing to do is to sell the place and invest the money more wisely."

For quite a long time no one said anything. I felt my heart drop into my stomach.

"Uncle Thaddeus — Dick," Christopher managed to say, "Irene doesn't understand."

Grandfather stood up. He looked majestic. "That, Christopher," he said, "is, I think, your fault and not your wife's. You should have explained to her that men do not sell their inheritance. That it is not theirs to sell."

Grandfather and Father went out of the room together.

Christopher said to Irene, "Uncle Thaddeus is right, sweetheart. It is my fault. I should have explained——"

"Explain!" she burst out. "If there is anything in the world that you haven't explained to me concerning Quilter precedents and traditions, I hope I may never have to hear it. You go about, every one of you, buttered with precedent, greased with traditions. Like the pig at the circus. One tries to get hold of you, and traditions slip you thru one's hands. What I need to have explained now is why a farm, admittedly worthless, should be kept as a home for the aged and infirm. We could better afford to put them all into institutions for indigent old age. As for the younger generation: your cousins are strong and capable—let them earn their livings elsewhere. Why should we keep them with our lives? Them, and their children, and——"

I made a dreadful sound. It was like the first part of an enormous hiccup. It was drawing my breath in after smothering for so long.

Christopher turned and saw me. He was glad, I think, to have me there to vent his wrath upon. He lowered his voice and became aggressively polite—you know the way Quilter men do when they are angry. He begged my pardon for intruding on my privacy, and so on; and, at last, he said that he was bound to ask for my promise that I would not repeat a syllable of what I had, surely inadvertently, overheard.

Irene said bother promising anything. She said I might run and tell every word she'd said, for all she cared. She said she wished I would, and save her the trouble—because, if I didn't, she meant to.

Christopher, looking exactly like the man in the Gibson pictures, said, "No, I think not, Irene."

"I have already," she declared, like a dare. "Long ago, I spoke to your Uncle Phineas about the possibility of selling the farm. I've mentioned it, since, to your Aunt Olympe and your Cousin Gracia."

Perhaps if Irene knew it was like cracking us on our crazy bones every time she said "farm," she might stop it. Perhaps she might not.

"I am sorry to hear that, Irene," Christopher said, very much in Grandfather's manner. Because such talk succeeds only in making my family dislike and distrust you, and accomplishes no other end whatever. The possibility of my selling Q.2 Ranch ranks, in the range of possibilities, exactly on a par with my selling Neal or Lucy, or committing a murder or a robbery—something of the sort."

"You *are* robbing," Irene declared. "You are robbing us of our chance for happiness. Not murder—perhaps. But you are condemning yourself, and your wife, to a sort of everlasting suicide. You prefer that, I suppose, to——"

"Infinitely," Christopher interrupted (he got the habit from Irene, I think). "But what you say must be said for you alone, Irene. I love Q.2. I haven't been as loyal to it as the others have been—but I love it, and them. If you would give me a chance, I could be very happy here."

"Pleasant," Irene said, "and interesting to hear you, after we have been married seven weeks, talking about me alone. Dividing us. Leaving me alone, while you step to the other side with your precious family."

"If there is a division," Christopher said (I am sure that they had both forgotten all about me), "you are making it."

"No," she said. "Not yet. But understand this, Christopher, I will not plan a life here—not even with you."

AT THAT moment Olympe came into the room. She has been wearing all her silk petticoats for every day, since Irene came, so she rustles almost as crisply as Irene does. She was well into the room—she had come down the back stairway—before she noticed us near the fireplace. I was crying. Irene looked as if she were burning, and Christopher looked like her ashes—gray white.

Irene flamed out at Olympe, "I was telling Christopher that I will not stay here in this hole. That, if he plans to live the remainder of his life here, he will plan to live it without me."

Think, Judy, what a wonderful opportunity it would have been for Olympe's "Quilter men" speech, or even her "God help the Quilter wives" speech. (*Turn to page 57*)

Wonder working plans that lift a load from mothers' shoulders

Margaret Gray Blanton, widely known psychologist and lecturer on all phases of child training

"Instead of the old 'discipline' many mothers are finding ways to use the child's own interests to guide him to the thing he should do," say Margaret Gray Blanton and Dr. Smiley Blanton

BUBBLING over with mischief—always up to something new! How children chafe against restraint!

Perplexed mothers, mindful of their own childhood, are getting wonderful help from the new, sane ways of handling these little human dynamos.

"The new knowledge of child behavior is smoothing the path for many parents in meeting their practical, daily problems. Instead of the old 'discipline' they are finding ways to use the child's own interests to guide him to the thing he should do." So says Margaret Gray Blanton, who with Dr. Smiley Blanton, Professor of Child Study at Vassar College, has written "Child Guidance"—one of the most inspiring books for parents.

There's the question of the right sort of breakfast, for instance. Mothers pretty generally know how important it is for youngsters to form sound breakfast habits. They've read about the nation-wide school tests that prove how the best records are made by children who start out with a *hot, cooked* cereal for breakfast. They know that in 70,000 school rooms this sign hangs on the wall:

"Every boy and girl needs
a hot *cereal breakfast"*

So, because they're utterly convinced, themselves, about the value of a *hot, cooked* cereal, mothers sometimes urge it too hard! "Now, eat your cereal. It's so *good* for you"—the morning plea in many homes.

And red-blooded, normal boys very often reply, "Aw, I don't *like* Cream of Wheat!"—or oatmeal—or whatever cereal it is. These same boys would scorn a football, given them for health!

But when the *hot, cooked* cereal habit becomes a fascinating game—that's another story! That's why this splendid plan—a children's club—has been approved by psychologists. No more coaxing at the breakfast table. Given a reason they can *see*, children fairly hustle to do the thing you want.

This jolly plan is called the H. C. B. Club. Everything for it is free—sent direct to your children. Gold stars, colored wall charts, badges, and the secret meaning just for them to know.

Children love the whole idea. First they eat their Cream of Wheat because it's part of the game. But soon they're scraping their bowls because they've got the habit. Mail your child's coupon now.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

For 32 years the choice of child specialists

Specialists in child health have for years recommended Cream of Wheat as an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal.

1. It is abundantly rich in the physical and mental energy growing children need. It is all real food.
2. With every harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and simple to digest.
3. Its creamy goodness is easily varied by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.

Safeguard your boys and girls by giving them, regularly, Cream of Wheat for breakfast.

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FREE —this plan that gets results at breakfast

LETTERS from some of the 90,000 mothers using this plan tell us how marvelously it works.

"My boy can hardly wait to paste his gold star on. The Club has solved my breakfast table problem." Mrs. P.C.H., Evanston, Illinois.

"Anthony-Philip is delighted with his poster and stars," Mrs. A. M. K., Hyattsville, Md.

"My little girl has organized an H. C. B. Club in the neighborhood." Mrs. C. M. W., Everett, Wash.

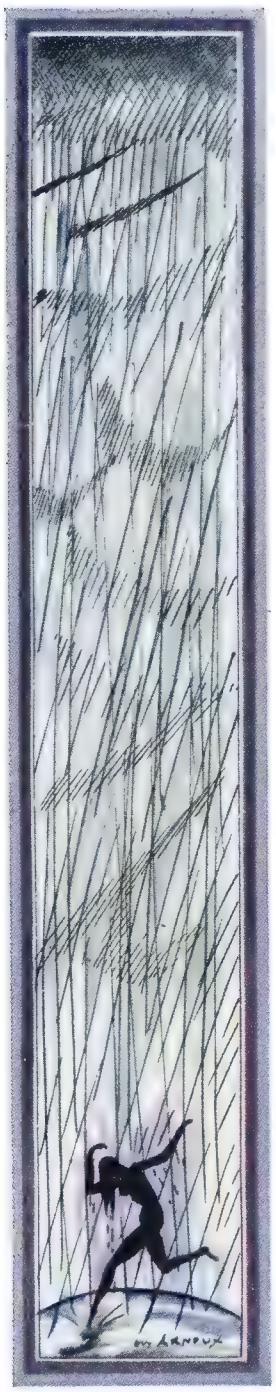
A PLAN that arouses your children's interest in a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. A youngster's club with badges and a secret for members, with gold stars and colored wall charts. A plan that children work out for themselves. All material free—sent direct to your children, together with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon at the right to Dept. V-12, Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

Children are enthusiastic the moment they open this fascinating H.C.B. Club material.

H.C.B.
CREAM
WHEAT
This boy is the star runner on his team One reason is, every morning he eats a hot cereal breakfast—Cream of Wheat.

Name of child..... *First name* *Last name*

Street..... *City*..... *State*.....



RAIN
weathers the skin

It isn't the years that make a skin grow old

. . . . *it's weathering*

SOME young faces look old—because the skin is weatherbeaten. Some older faces look young—because the skin is delightfully fresh. For the years have little to do with the freshness of the skin. It's weathering that makes the difference.

See it for yourself

Take a mirror to a bright window. Look carefully at your face. Now look at the skin on your shoulders. Younger, isn't it? Yet in point of years your face and your shoulders are the same age. But your face has been exposed. Your shoulders have not. Protect the face and it stays young, too.

You can—easily—with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. It protects the skin from weathering.

In this season of the year, with its drear rains and whistling sleet, the skin chaps—a violent form of weathering.

When that happens, pat on Hinds Cream. It works magic with chapped skins. Heals the rawness. Gently smooths. Coaxes back the freshness.

But even better than that—use Hinds Cream to *prevent* chapping. *Before* going out, pat it on as a powder base. Then your skin will never chap.

Pat it on your face at night, too—and in the morning. Let your neck, your arms and shoulders, your hands, share in it. Rub it vigorously all over you after your bath (takes out the tiredness). It'll keep your skin blessedly white—silky—young.

You'll find Hinds Cream in its blossom pink bottle on every toilet goods counter. Start using it today. Or if you like, we'll gladly send you a generous sample bottle in return for the coupon below. Just fill it in and mail.

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Send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, the protecting cream for the skin.

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FOOTPRINTS

Continued from page 54

But she remained stone deaf. She came to me, and put her arm around my shoulders, and said, "Come with Olympe, sweetheart," and gave me one of her exquisite handkerchiefs and led me out of the room.

We met Uncle Phineas and Aunt Gracia. Uncle Phineas, of course, began to hug and kiss me and quote the Queen, "Consider what o'clock it is! Consider anything, only don't cry!" Aunt Gracia tried to get me away from Uncle Phineas to find out whether I'd been bumped or burned, and every one was all excited and concerned as they always are when I cry. I wish they wouldn't do that way. I wish I might indulge more often in the luxury of tears. It should be, I think, one of the recompenses for the length of time one has to be a child. Neal says they fuss so, because I open my mouth so wide and make such a noise. I can't help it. I believe no one can be heart-broken and fastidious at the same time.

Olympe was very angry. She said a great deal. Among other things she said that Q.2 was no longer a fit place for a child, and that I had been forced to witness a disgusting scene, and that Irene was threatening to leave Christopher.

Uncle Phineas said, "Hoop-la! That's the best news I've heard since McKinley beat Bryan."

After supper Irene apologized to Grandfather before all of us. She said that she had not understood about Q.2, but that now Christopher had made things plain to her. Of course she went on to say she had never intended that the entire "farm" be sold. Her idea had been to sell small sections of it, here and there—just enough to supply us with what money we needed for the present.

Uncle Phineas told the story about the man who loved his dog so much that, when he had to cut his tail off, he chopped it in small chunks, so as not to hurt the poor creature so much. Aunt Gracia suggested that we go into the back parlor and have some music.

Uncle Phineas played and Irene sang some of the new coon songs she brought from the East. Then Irene and Christopher did a queer new dance that is called a "cake-walk." They say it is much more effective when there are several couples. Aunt Gracia sang for the rest of us. While she was singing, Irene sat by me and talked.

I love you, dear, and I love Greg. LUCY.

May 1, 1900

DEAREST *Judy dear:* Neal says that when you say for me not to write anything about people unless I can write good things about them you are displaying the worst sort of Quilter sentimentality. Uncle Phineas says that your dictum would deplete the libraries. But Grandfather says that the whole secret of the art of letter writing lies in writing not what one wishes to chronicle, but what the recipient can find delight in reading. So, I shall try to write only good things about every one in your letters. Just now that may be difficult.

You ask what has happened to my lessons. It was necessary to discontinue them after Chris and Irene came home. But now I am having them every day with Chris. And Latin twice a week with Grandfather, and music and French with Olympe.

Chris has stopped helping Father and Neal with the ranch work and has begun his writing again. He was no real help, anyway, to Father and Neal. And when he writes, there is always a possibility that he may make a great deal of money and also achieve fame. He has begun a new play and has the cast of characters all made out. The leading man's rôle is to be for Nat Goodwin.

Irene is happier now that Christopher stays in the house all the time with her. We have tried to get her to ride with us, but she is afraid even of Wednesday's Child. She says she would not be afraid to ride in a ladies' phaeton, if we had one. She has sent to New York for some of her household things that she left there. When they come she is going to fix up her room and Chris's so that it can be called a studio.

Yesterday was Olympe's sixty-first birthday. We had dinner in the evening and a celebration. Olympe sat in Grandfather's chair at the head of the table, and remembered her chin, and was superb. Especially superb when every one stood and drank her toast with the table claret we had left over from your wedding. I wish we might celebrate for Olympe several times each year. She is so transcendent when she is happy. Even Irene said, last night, that Olympe was not unlike Sarah Bernhardt.

We missed you and Greg so much that nobody mentioned either of you all evening.

Dear sister, I send very much love to you and Greg. LUCY.

May 30, 1900

DEAREST *Judy dear:* I am glad you have given me some leeway about writing. Until your letter came, it seemed impossible for me to write at all.

It is Uncle Phineas's fault. He wishes to join the new gold rush to Nome, Alaska, and he is trying to get Chris to go with him. Uncle Phineas, while he doesn't seem old, is edging close to seventy. Chris has had no training for hardships, and would not know a gold mine from a gopher hole. We could not raise money for them to go properly equipped. But in spite of everything, Uncle Phineas and Chris forge right ahead with their plans.

Olympe is wearing her dreariest gowns and is more tragic than I have ever seen her. But Irene has reformed. She offers quite often to dust the rooms. Still, Neal regards her and Chris, and says marriage is wormy. (That is an unpleasant new word of his.) He says marriage does to men what barnacles do to ships. He says to look at what a fine, free-sailing craft Chris was, before Irene barnacled him all over with her messy love. Neal is growing cynical and pessimistic. Grandfather says it doesn't matter—it is an unavoidable phase of male adolescence.

Some of Irene's household things have come. She has unpacked her linen, to put it in the blue closet so it won't turn yellow. It is not as handsome as our best linen, but better than our third best and much more fancy. She has big initials embroidered on it. The initials are "B." I asked her why, since I had thought her name had been Irene Guildersen.

She was much astonished to discover that the others had not told me Christopher was her second husband. She seemed proud of it. She told me very admirable things about her first husband, who is still living. She divorced him. His name is Archie Biggil.

Later, when discussing the matter with members of the family, I found that all of them, except Aunt Gracia, approve of divorce and think there is nothing even odd about it if, they said, it was procured because of genuine provocation. These opinions of theirs make it hard for me to understand why none of them had told me about Irene's divorce. Sometimes, tho rarely, I agree with Neal, who is declaring of late that there is no accounting for Quilters.

I love you dearly. I love Greg dearly, too. LUCY.

June 9, 1900

DEAREST *Judy-pudy:* Dr. Joe came out last Thursday to see Father.

I love Dr. Joe. When he steps in, and smiles, everything always seems to improve. He told Uncle Phineas there was no possibility that, with his blood pressure, he could survive the hardships of Nome. So that worry is off our minds.

But Saturday, Uncle Phineas started off on a prospecting trip by himself. It was a blow to us, because we had hoped that Uncle Phineas had given over prospecting with that last unfortunate trip of his in 1897. But he was so offended about his blood pressure that he drew thirty dollars from the bank and went down into Malheur County. (Irene thinks it odd that the checking account at the bank is a joint one for all the elders. She said so.)

She has been telling me all about her first husband—and it seems that he is still madly, devotedly, ardently, tenderly in love with her. He is an importer, and had been in Brazil when she married. He has found out about Irene's second marriage, and where she is living. He is writing her passionate letters. There is much more to it than that—but nothing, I think, that you would care to hear. Irene is worried for fear Chris will find out about her receiving the passionate letters. I feel certain they would annoy him. He acts, lately, as if he were as much annoyed as a man could be and remain in health. I think he is disappointed about Nome and the gold mine. (*Turn to page 58*)

"It Flatters the most Beautiful Hands"

says NEYSA McMEIN · ·

illustrator of beautiful women

Neysa McMein's slender, able fingers are kept in perfect trim with the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

THE distractingly pretty girls Neysa McMein draws are so tremendously popular that she is ranked as an ably experienced judge of feminine loveliness.

"Beautiful women usually have beautiful hands," said Miss McMein. "In fact, anyone who takes pride in her appearance takes particular pride in her hands.

"Now I paint all day and by night my hands look like a coal heaver's. "First a thorough washing and then I turn to the Cutex box. The Cuticle Remover and Cream come first—and then a little white under the nail really works miracles. Finally, the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish about which I am most enthusiastic, as well as about all the other Cutex preparations."

Sportswomen, artists, society women, all fastidious women—strive to keep their hands becomingly manicured. They do it with the new Cutex Liquid Polish. Applied once a week, this exquisite Polish *lasts* for days and days. The nails glow with a clear, dewy brilliance.

Give your hands that smart, well-groomed look—that flattering finish—with the new Cutex Liquid Polish. With Polish Remover, it is 50c. Separately, 35c.

The fascinating new Cutex Gift Sets are in six sizes—25c, 60c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.50, $3.00—in metal cases or gay Christmas wraps. Say your "Merry Xmas" with Cutex! Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

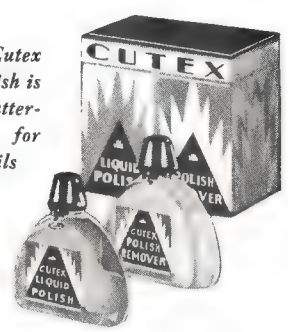
"Dogs and hunting never spoil my manicure"

says Anne Atkinson

"Hunting and Field Trials are occasions for great hospitality and great excitement preceded and followed by many parties," says Miss Atkinson, society girl and breeder of famous dogs. "You shed your tweeds, and don your chiffons. Barely time for a brisk wash with soap and water.

"But your nail tips come out glowing—crisp and clear as ever! Thanks to that perfectly grand new Cutex Liquid Polish, neither dogs nor hunting can spoil my lovely manicure!"

The New Cutex Liquid Polish is the most flattering finish for your nails



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I enclose 6c for samples of New Cutex Polish and Polish Remover. (Canada address Dept. D-11, Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

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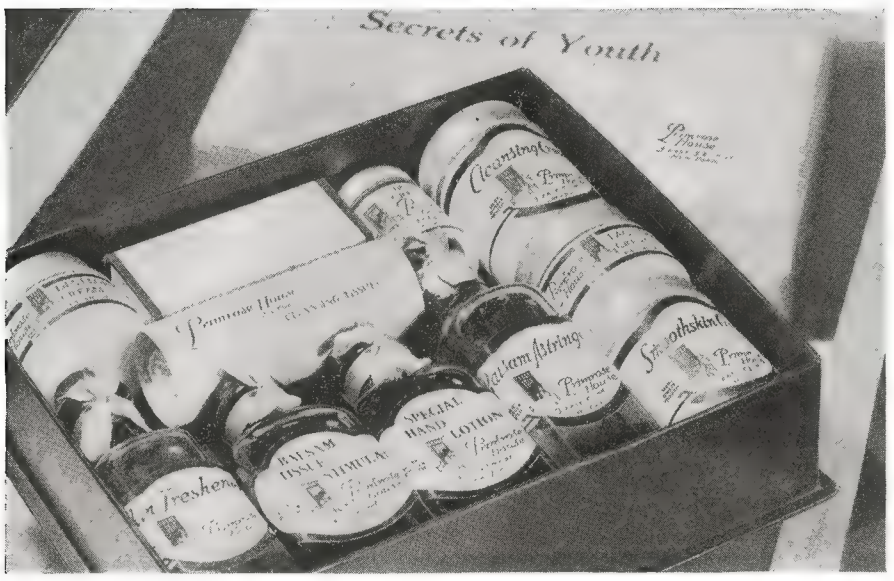

THE news of this new beauty-giving assortment is good news, thrilling news to women who know of Primrose House, New York's smartest beauty salon.

For the sophisticated little jars and bottles, in this new "Secrets of Youth" box, are small editions of the very same luxury-products that are used in our salon in New York... where prominent society women come to be made lovelier by the deft hands of graduate nurses and the magic touch of Primrose House preparations.

In the smart orange and yellow box you find a triumphant array of our most important and famous preparations.

1—ROSE LEAF CLEANSING CREAM, so light it liquefies at contact and does marvelous, rose-petal things to a tired, dusty skin...

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All of these aristocratic eleven—plus a complete forty-eight page book of directions of proper individual treatments for every type of skin — all for $2.00! You can get the new "Secrets of Youth" box by Primrose House at leading department, drug or specialty stores — or direct from us by mail. The coupon below will be helpful.

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"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

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New York City

Enclosed is $2.00 in stamps, money order or bills, for which please send the "Secrets of Youth" box containing eleven preparations.

Name_____

Address_____

FOOTPRINTS

Continued from page 57

I love you and Greg very dearly. LUCY.

July 6, 1900

DEAREST, *dear Judy:* Christopher has had an offer from one of the big land companies for the Q.2 Ranch. They buy the big ranches and divide them and sell them as small farms to the settlers who are coming in from Nebraska and Missouri and Utah. At first Christopher was indignant about the offer. It was an insultingly small sum, he declared. But, in a day or two, he was saying that suppose he did sell a part of Q.2, leaving the direct home place and forty or fifty acres surrounding it. Darling Father said that if Christopher would show him how to make a living for eleven people from forty acres of land, particularly the forty surrounding the house, he would not have another word to say.

So last night I had a terrible nightmare. I screamed and woke. I found unhappiness sitting like a giant on my chest. I began to cry. Neal came in, wrapped in his dressing-gown. You know how Neal seems to lose command of himself when I cry, so almost at once I had to stop. I hoped he might go back to bed again. He would not. He insisted on sitting on the foot of my bed until we could, as he said, discover together what troubled me until I woke crying in the night. Finally, after quite a talk, we found that it was probably fear. Fear, you know, of our losing Q.2.

We talked a long time. What we must do, Neal said, was what Uncle Phineas had tried to do with the Nome scheme: separate Irene and Christopher. He thinks Christopher would stop thinking about selling Q.2 if he were removed from what Neal calls the venom of Irene's proximity.

I thought separating them would be wrong, since they loved each other. Neal said it was not love. It was infatuation.

Father has just come into the room where I am writing. Aunt Gracia needs me, so I must end this letter. Father looks very tired most of the time lately. He told Neal the other day that he could not work and fight both, and that he had to work. He sends you and Greg his dearest love, and a check, and says there is plenty more of both where these came from.

I hope what I have written about money won't worry you, dear. Aunt Gracia said the other day that what we sent to you and Greg to live on would not be pin money for Chris, let alone Chris and Irene.

I love you, Judy. I love dear Greg. I love you both together. LUCY.

July 31, 1900

DEAREST, *dear Judy-pudy:* Olympe says that she wrote to you several days ago and told you about darling Father's narrow escape from death. All of me goes empty, even yet, when I think of it. Fancy the wagon's tongue breaking when Father was driving Bell and Zebub over Quilter Mountain! Grandfather had advised against the team, but Father was in a hurry and Bread and Butter are so slow.

If Indian Charles, from 3 O.X., had not happened to be right there, Father would certainly have been killed. Aunt Gracia thinks that God put Indian Charles at that particular curve to stop the horses. Tho, as Grandfather says, that bears thinking thru. It does seem that the simpler way would have been to have had Neal notice the tongue when he was overhauling the wagon. Darling Father would be angry if he knew I had written that. He says overhauling the wagon was his job and not Neal's, and that Neal is in no way responsible for the accident. Poor Neal keeps declaring that the tongue was in good shape a week ago, and every one is being so exaggeratedly nice to him that I scarcely see how he can endure it.

Father makes light of the whole affair, tho he strained the ligaments in his wrist and has to wear his arm in a sling. Until Uncle Phineas came home, the accident had a most sobering, almost religious effect on all of us.

This is odd. When you and Greg went away, it seemed as if the happiness we had had because of having you with us never had equaled, nor made up for, the unhappiness we had to endure because you were gone. But, when Uncle Phineas came home on Wednesday, it seemed as if the unhappiness of having him away had been nothing compared to the fun of having him home again. Uncle Phineas, I believe, is one of those people whom his family appreciate more after they have been without him for rather a long time.

He is in splendid high spirits. Perhaps he has found another gold mine. No one, I think, has remembered to ask him. While he was away, Olympe kept longing for his return, in order that he and she might make their plans together for the poorhouse. But she has been so happy since he came that she has forgotten all about the poorhouse. She is wearing her gayer frocks, and giving only her lighter, more whimsical speeches.

Since the accident, I haven't heard either Irene or Chris mention selling the place. Chris is working hard on his new play. Mr. Joseph Jefferson is to have the leading rôle.

It is past bedtime. I love you both very dearly, and I send my love to you both in this letter. LUCY.

August 1, 1900

DEAREST *Judy dear:* Father and Uncle Phineas and Chris have all gone to Portland for a few days. They left here last Thursday. I think that they will return tomorrow. Father had to see Dr. Joe. I don't know why the others went, unless it was perhaps for the trip.

Christopher was no sooner out of sight than Irene began to move Father's belongings out of his room, preparing to unpack her boxes and to install herself and Christopher in Father's room. She said she positively had not asked Father to exchange rooms with her. She said he had offered to do so, because he had heard that she wanted a cupola room in order to fix the cupola up as an Oriental cozy corner.

Olympe asked her why she had not made the exchange while Christopher had been at home. Irene said because she wished to surprise him. (It is only by remembering Grandfather's sixth rule, that I am restraining myself from underlining almost every word in this letter, and clubbing it all up with ! ! !)

Aunt Gracia and Olympe tried to reason with Irene. She kept right along dumping things out of Father's room and tugging her things in. I ran and told Grandfather. He would not budge. Grandfather, of late, budges less and less. The only thing he has said about the entire affair he said this morning, when Irene took him into the room to show it to him. He said, "My word! My wordless word!"

Poor, lovely Aunt Gracia has grown bitter toward Irene of late.

For one thing, I think that her blackmailing, as she called it, has turned into a boomerang. Irene said that if Chris knew she didn't have to stay here, that Archie was pleading with her to return to him, she thought that Chris would act very differently. I asked Irene why she did not tell him about Archie. She said that she was tempted to, but that Gracia was afraid such a disclosure might result in tragedy.

I asked Irene what sort of tragedy. Irene did not know. So I went and asked Aunt Gracia. I could not get any satisfaction from her because she was indignant with Irene for having told me about Archie Biggil and his passionate letters, and the rest. Aunt Gracia is sweet but odd.

She does not understand that I know all there is to know about at least the theories of love and passion from having read widely about them in books.

She said that unless I would promise her never again to listen to Irene when she talked on subjects of the sort, she would take the matter up with Grandfather. I told her I would not promise, because it was unreasonable for her to ask me to.

She put her arm around me and said, "Let us go and talk to Grandfather." We did so. Aunt Gracia and I were both astonished to find that he knew all about Archie Biggil. Irene had told him, he said, because she was troubled and needed to confide in some one.

Now, Aunt Gracia, it seems, is fearing some sort of impending tragedy. Grandfather said that he did not comprehend her. He could not, he said, visualize Christopher running about menacing fatuous ex-husbands.

And Gracia explained (*Turn to page 60*)

"A Delicate Subject —but these girls must be told"

—a dean of women says

Unfortunately this delicate subject is seldom discussed. *Now,* a new patented* process deodorizes this scientific sanitary pad completely

EVEN among girls who are very frank with each other, there is a question of daintiness, of fastidious personal care that is unfortunately seldom mentioned. Yet many women are unconsciously guilty. At certain times they are seriously offensive to others. With realization comes miserable self-consciousness, constant fear and worry.

Today these fears are ended. Science has discovered a way to counteract this offense.

*Kotex now completely deodorizes**

Kotex has brought a new idea of feminine hygiene to women all over the world. In the past ten years they have learned new comfort, new ease of mind through this sanitary protection. Now, after years of work, a process has been perfected that completely, instantly ends all odors. In Kotex laboratories the one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved. All mental discomfort is ended.

Shaped to fit, too

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered, it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods. And you can adjust the filler, make it thinner, thicker, narrower—to suit your special needs. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than before.

Buy a box today . . . 45c for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores; also, through vending cabinets in rest-rooms.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

Deodorizes . . . *and 4 other important features:*

1—***Softer gauze*** ends chafing; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;

2—***Corners are rounded*** and tapered; no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;

3—***Deodorizes***—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;

4—***Adjust it to your needs;*** filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower as required;

and

5—***It is easily disposed of;*** no unpleasant laundry.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

"I was just too late—

pitiful his pain!"

"A pan of soup was boiling on the stove. My four-year-old son, always curious, climbed upon a chair to peep into the pan. The chair slipped and the baby and the scalding liquid went down together! The soup drenched the tender little face . . . I remembered my Unguentine—applied it freely. It was astonishing how quickly the agony stopped. When I located the doctor, he said: 'You couldn't have done a better thing.' No scars were left at all!"

"THE day Sonny scalded himself" . . . "The time my dress caught" . . . "The year our house burned" . . .

Fire has hurt all of us. To some it has already brought disaster. For others tragedy still waits . . . And minor burns—painful little scalds—these come almost as a matter of course to every family.

Physicians say: "Be ready. Even the slightest burn may become infected." Terrible suffering, lifelong scars may be the penalty! You can be prepared. Keep Unguentine always at hand.

Unguentine is the dressing used for burns in hospitals from coast to coast. Spread it liberally on all burns. Almost at once pain is banished. Germs are excluded—normal healing starts at once. The tissues are repaired with marvelous speed. And almost invariably, *no scar is left.*

Use Unguentine on cuts, scratches and bruises, too. In severe cases, apply on gauze and bandage lightly. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N.Y. Canada—193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

LEFT

"We had just bought a tube of Unguentine on a friend's recommendation. That same day, as I carelessly lifted the lid from the washboiler, a cloud of steam shot out and caught me. My arm was terribly scalded. But I applied the Unguentine at once. Relief was almost instantaneous. The burn healed quickly—*without the least scar.*"

The surgical dressing physicians use

FREE!

The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. B-47, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

FOOTPRINTS

Continued from page 58

that it seemed to her the tragedy impending was for Christopher to discover Irene.

Grandfather smiled that heavenly smile of his that usually means a pearl. "He won't, dearest. Set your mind at rest. He won't. That, in itself, constitutes the tragedy—or the triumph—of marriage."

I think that I do not fully understand this. But, since I am sure it is a pearl, I am quoting it for you. You are married. You may understand it. At any rate, no matter what it means, exactly, it must mean that no tragedy, like Hamlet with every one lying about dead, is apt to happen.

Judy dear, I love you. Will you tell Greg that I love him, too? LUCY.

August 28, 1900

DEAR, *dear Judy-pudy:* It was good of you to take so long to explain to me what Grandfather meant about the tragedy, or the triumph, of marriage. But it does not matter. I am no longer interested in marriage. I have decided, with Neal, never to marry.

Tho, of late, I dislike to be on Neal's side about anything. Some great change, terrible, gruesome, seems to have occurred within him. If Neal had been a dog, for the past few months we should have been afraid he would bite us. Now he acts as if he had bitten us and were glad of it.

I do not know *what* has caused this change in Neal, but I know *who* has. The person is Uncle Phineas. When Uncle Phineas came home from his prospecting trip last month, he came home with a secret. I am sure of this. They went off alone together and whispered about the secret.

When I said this to Neal, he got angry. He said it was crumby for me to think that Uncle Phineas would share a secret with him and with no other member of the family. It isn't (crumby, I mean) because, if it were rather a naughty or mischievous secret, as it probably would be since Uncle Phineas had it for his, Neal would be more in sympathy with it than would any other member of the family.

Not, of course, that either Neal or Uncle Phineas would do any wrong thing, but—well, you understand what I mean. For instance, Uncle Phineas, I believe, is the only member of the family who would join Neal in his plan to separate Irene and Christopher.

Father has changed a bit since he returned from Portland, but, if possible, for the better. Chris has stopped worrying him.

Uncle Phineas has remained in Portland. Even tho he is not running up hotel bills, but is visiting Dr. Joe, it does seem strange for him to remain in the city for so long.

Judy, dear, Chris was stunned when he discovered that Irene had exchanged rooms with Father. He came down-stairs alone, looking faded and like a poor photograph of himself.

"Dick," he said to Father, "I'm tremendously sorry about this fracas up-stairs. It isn't that Irene is selfish. She's the most generous little thing in the world, really. She doesn't understand——"

Father said of course she didn't, and neither did he. He said there was no tradition that he was aware of, which would keep the members of the family from making an exchange of rooms, when it was advantageous.

It may be advantageous for Irene. For all the rest of us it is an irritation. A dozen times a day, beginning with the morning towels and ending with the evening lamps, some one of us makes a mistake about the rooms. We stand and knock at the door of the room that is now Father's, thinking that Irene or Christopher may be in it. And, since we know that Father is never in his room in the daytime, we open that door and walk right in, intruding on Irene and Christopher in a most humiliating fashion.

Father himself forgets. He came from his bath, the other evening—he was very tired—and opened the door to his old room and walked right in. He came so quietly, in his slippers, that Irene was badly frightened. She screamed and had what she calls a heart attack. Chris was frantic, and darling Father was stunned from the shock of having caused a lady such distress.

During the heart attack, Irene said that any decent house would have keys to the doors. Wednesday, Aunt Gracia went to the attic and found the keys for the doors, and shined them up and put them in the keyholes. None of us ever use them, except Irene.

I send my love to you, dear, and to Greg.

LUCY.

September 10, 1900

JUDITH, *dearest sister:* Christopher, I think, is going to sell the Q.2 Ranch. It seems odd and perhaps not right that a private disaster like this should completely overshadow, for us, the terrible disaster in Galveston day before yesterday. But it has. I think that Christopher gave us credit for more altruism, and so told us yesterday when we were all so troubled over the Galveston sufferers. I think that he thought our own trouble would diminish by comparison. It has not.

When all the mortgages are paid, Christopher will have about $9,000 left over. If he and Irene take half, that will leave $4,500 for Grandfather, Father, Olympe, Uncle Phineas, Aunt Gracia, you, Greg, Neal and me.

Christopher says that we can buy a pleasant Willamette Valley farm for less than half of that, and start free and clear. That will be much better, he says, since this place is too large for Father and Neal to handle, especially since Father's health is so uncertain.

Indeed, Christopher declares, Father's health is one of his chief reasons for selling. He thinks it is not fair to expect Father to carry on this struggle under a load of debt. Aside from the sentiment attached to the place, Christopher says, a smaller place, clear of debt, would be better for every one. However, he says, he will not act hastily, nor counter to our wishes in the matter. The offer is open for sixty days.

No one says anything. No one will say anything. I mean, not anything at all. I mean, not one single word. Not, "Yes, Christopher," or, "No, Christopher." I believe that Uncle Phineas might talk, if he were here. Uncle Phineas is lost.

Neal and I are the only ones who know this. After Christopher broke the news to us yesterday morning, Neal and I rode to Quilterville. We sent a telegram to Uncle Phineas, in care of Dr. Joe. Neal had to tell me what he was going to do, because he had to borrow my pocket money, to put with his money, to send the telegram. We stayed in Quilterville several hours waiting for the reply. When it came it was from Dr. Joe. It said: "*Phineas not here. Mums the word. No occasion for worry. He is O.K.* JOE."

We had no money to answer that telegram. Neal says it is odd, because Olympe got a letter from him this morning, written in Portland and mailed from there. I picked up the envelop and looked to see the postmark.

Neal thinks that Uncle Phineas wrote several letters, and left them for Dr. Joe to mail in regular order. It would not be unlike Uncle Phineas. The fact that Olympe had sent him her garnet set to be cleaned and that he did not mention it in this letter, might seem to prove that Neal was right. Olympe has written, now, to have him sell the set instead.

Aunt Gracia is going to sell great great Grandmother's silver tea set. It is here, you know. Olympe says the Turkey carpets belong to Uncle Phineas and have, ever since he settled the estate in Virginia. She is going to have him sell them. The amount should keep you and Greg in comparative comfort for a long time, she thinks. Aunt Gracia is hoping for a teacher's position. She is hunting out old books to study up for the examinations. Neal plans to stay right here on Q.2 and work for his board, if necessary. Grandfather will apply for his pension after all these years. It will be about seventeen dollars a month.

Aunt Gracia has asked me to come and help her now, so I must go. Dear, I love you and Greg very, very much. LUCY.

September 21, 1900

DEAREST, *dearest Judy-pudy:* If you have worked out, in your philosophy for living, any special thing to say or to do to prepare you for a shock, it would be wise to say or do it right now. I have very bad news to tell you.

The stress and worry of the last several months, combined with darling Father's ill health and the final news that Q.2 is to be sold, has unhinged his mind. Just a little bit, Judy dear. Not enough so that any of us had noticed it. If you were to walk right into the room this minute, you would not see a bit of difference in Father's (*Turn to page 65*)

Among those present

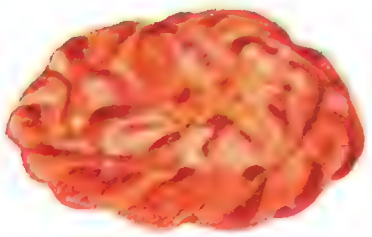
Up in the boxes, down in the ring—wherever you go, you will find these popular but unobtrusive little aids to pleasure. . . . For people who know their thoroughbreds seem to have an instinct for the better things of life.

. . . A good judge of horseflesh is almost always a good judge of cigarettes.

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

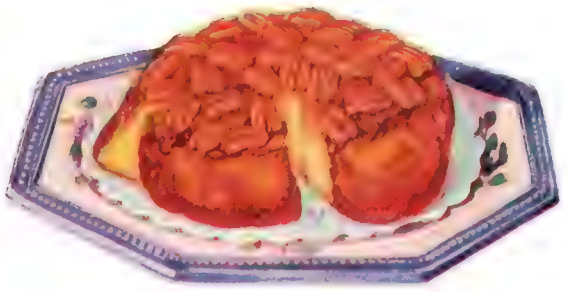
Here are Delightful Varieties

Tea can be made the most enjoyable meal of the day, with its clever conversation and its good things to eat. In both, the secret of unfailing interest is variety



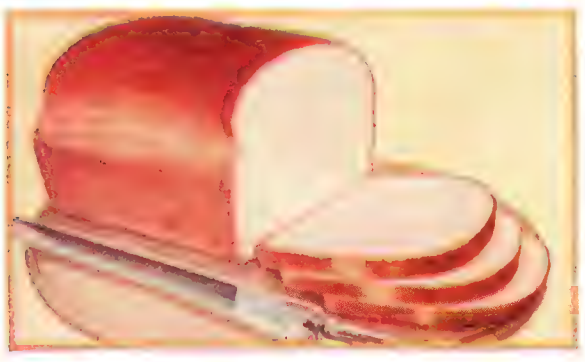
Daintily frosted! Buttery brown! The Butter Horn *is one of the most delicious of all the buns your baker makes*

Sugar and spice and plump raisins—no wonder the Raisin Bun *tastes so good! The* Butterfly Bun, *dainty and tender and delicately iced has a special appeal for children because of its fanciful shape*



How nice for dessert! Pecan Rolls *are covered with caramel icing thickly sprinkled with plump nut meats*

The Filled Bun *has a center of delicious jam or jelly. Spicy and delicately frosted, the* Cinnamon Bun *is in high favor for Sunday morning's breakfast*



Even-grained and tender with a nutty flavored crust, your baker's White Bread *slices smoothly*

Plump, juicy raisins are selected for Raisin Bread. *Try toasting it! Your family will applaud*

YOUR OWN BAKER MAKES EVERY

# of Bread for every occasion

TODAY when you want to add a little surprise to any meal (elaborate or simple, it makes no difference) you can always count on bread. Your own baker is making dozens of delicious varieties.

And what a pleasure it is to shop at your baker's. The entrancing odor of new-baked bread makes you feel just like a hungry child.

Such an array of good things—your eye strays delightedly from one to another. Glistening brown rolls by the trayful. Rich, nutty-flavored, crusty loaves! The daintiest of buns with icing and nuts or fruit or jelly! And what a wealth of coffee cakes gleaming richly brown through their delicate frosting!

You will enjoy shopping at your baker's or at the bakery counter of your grocer's shop

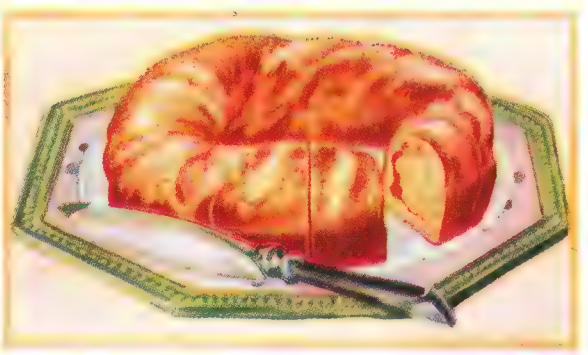
It's hard to make a choice among these many, many delicious varieties of breads, all baked to a turn and tasting even better than they look. Perhaps this very difficulty of choosing accounts for the rapidly spreading custom of serving several different kinds of bread at nearly every meal.

Ask for Their "Specials"

Either your baker or your grocer can now supply delicious breads for every occasion. Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast. The Fleischmann Company. *Offices in all principal cities.*

STOLLEN, *rich in candied orange and lemon peel, citron, cherries and raisins, is an enticing dessert*

FORM CAKE, *flavored with ground almonds, citron, and mace is another excellent dessert*



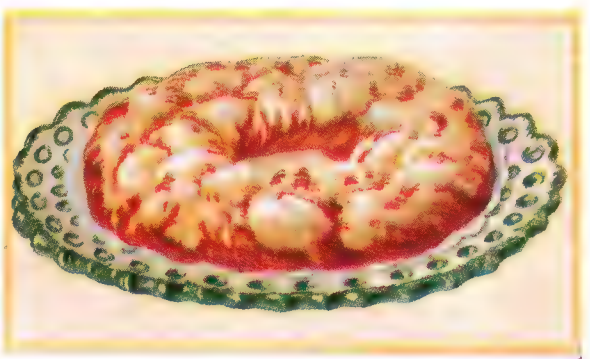
A delicious mixture of pineapple, citron, raisins, lemon and orange peel is used in FILLED COFFEE RING

APPLE CAKE, *covered with dainty slices of fruit and luscious raisins, is always a pleasant change*

Ready to serve with coffee, as desserts complete in themselves! Your baker's delicious coffee cakes offer you a convenient way to vary your luncheon and dinner menus. They are unfailingly popular for breakfast, too!

Plain Rolls, too, offer delightful variety!

1. *The* PARKER HOUSE ROLL *has a tender butter-crust*
2. *For all formal occasions the crispy-crusted* DINNER ROLL *is served*
3. *For picnics and late suppers,* SANDWICH ROLLS *are perfect.*



BRAIDED COFFEE RING—*most popular of coffee cakes, is equally delightful with coffee, milk or tea*

STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE *is sprinkled with luscious crumbly lumps of butter mixed with sugar and spices*

HONEY COFFEE CAKE, *spread with honey, butter and ground almonds is a great favorite with children*

ONE OF THESE DELICIOUS BREADS

Write into those recipes: *Sun-Maid Puffed*

RECIPES for special holiday treats— you are turning to them more and more frequently now. In nearly every one, an essential part—"seeded raisins." Do you read it with a bit of a sigh? Then listen.

This year you don't have to separate seeded raisins one by one from a sticky mass. Sun-Maid Puffed come to you ready to use from the carton. Not sticky. They pour!

And because we found a way to remove the seeds without wasting the juice, these raisins bring to your dishes more of that fine old muscat flavor than you've ever had before.

You might expect these finer seeded raisins to be expensive. They aren't. All their advantages are yours to enjoy—when you write into recipes "Sun-Maid Puffed" and tell your grocer that's the kind you must have.

SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA. . . . Producers also of seedless Sun-Maid Nectars, actually grape-like.

FOOTPRINTS

Continued from page 60

mentality. Truly, truly you wouldn't, Judy. But, dear, the truth is that Father is now a baptized Siloamite. He has joined the strange church that Aunt Gracia belongs to. But remember quickly, Judy, before this makes you ill or anything: *Father is just the same wonderful man.*

Wednesday those two pleasant young missionaries, Mr. Cordinger and Mr. Withmore, came to the house. Since they knew nothing about our troubles and were jolly and interesting, it was almost a blessing to have them. If they had not unhinged dear, darling Father's mind, it would still be better than not to have them here. They are staying on, in the attic room, for a week or so. You know they never force their religious views on any one, nor even ask any one to join their churches—so how it could have happened that they unhinged Father's mind, I can not understand.

Today, when they and Aunt Gracia and darling Father started to drive to Quilter River, we had no idea that Father was not in a normal state. Judith, when they got to Quilter River, Father allowed himself to be baptized in it. They all came home and deliberately told us. I have not found courage yet to discuss the matter with any one except Neal, not even Grandfather.

Neal says that he thinks there is some dark, sinister meaning behind it, like blackmail. Neal says that Christopher thinks so too. If Christopher does think this, it seems odd that he has now ridden to Quilterville to mail a letter asking Dr. Joe to come to Father.

I do not believe that it was blackmail. Those two young missionaries are the sort that Grandfather calls clean, wholesome chaps. And, if they were wicked, how could they blackmail a man like darling Father, who has led a perfect life?

Judith dear, I think I am not able to write more now. If I had found any consolation for myself, I would give it to you. But I have found none. I have nothing to give to you but my love. LUCY.

September 22, 1900

DEAREST *Judy dear:* If only I had not sent that letter to you yesterday! Or if only I had not spent all my money with Neal's telegraphing to Uncle Phineas, and could telegraph to you now to disregard the letter!

Neal and I have discovered that Father is not, and never was for one moment, insane. I can write that word now. I could not write it yesterday.

Last night Neal decided to go straight to Father and ask him why he had been baptized. I advised against it, fearing that it might make Father worse again. Neal, fortunately this time, paid no more attention to my advice than he usually does.

Neal was excited and frightened, tho he denied it. He went rushing up-stairs and followed his own quick knock straight into Irene's and Christopher's room. Christopher had forgotten, again, to lock their door. Irene had her hair done up in kid curlers. Neal apologized and pretended not to see. Irene had a slight heart attack. I think, because she has assumed, without actually saying it, that her hair waved naturally. It was unlike Neal to tell about the kid curlers. He would not have told a month ago. Sometimes it seems as if Christopher were selling more of the Quilters than just their family estate. Yesterday, I thought, he had sold darling Father's sanity. That is not true, because this is what Father told Neal.

He said that he liked to pay his debts. He said that his accident with the wagon had frightened Aunt Gracia and had started her to worrying again about his immortal soul. She thought that if he had died not in a state of grace, as she calls it, he would have been doomed to whatever Avernus the Siloamites had manufactured. He did not have their conception of it clearly in his mind, but he was sure that it was shockingly unpleasant. He said that Aunt Gracia had been a mother to us children, and had stood with him, shoulder to shoulder, all his life. He said she had enough to trouble her, just now, without being troubled about him. And for him to allow himself to be dipped, once, into Quilter River seemed to him a very small payment to make her.

Neal told Father that he could not go with him in that argument. Neal said that he thought hypocrisy was never justified. Father said he had tried to foil his conscience with the same casuistry, but that he could not. Father said kindness was its own justification. He said that the sacrifice he had made to please Gracia and to set her mind at ease, was so genuine that it canceled hypocrisy. Neal said that he did not believe in sacrifice. Father said, "Neither does Christopher."

Neal had to admit, of course, that it always depended upon the sacrifice and who made it. Neal could not understand why Aunt Gracia should have worried about Father in particular. Neal said he had never heard of her worrying about any other Quilter's immortal soul.

Father told him why. Father said that we children were old enough to know, and that he had meant, for some time, to tell us.

Judy, dear, a few months before Neal was born, a man who lived in these parts then was courting Aunt Gracia. Aunt Gracia was infatuated with him. Mother never did like him, and she had once complained to Father that the man stared at her. But Father said Mother was so very beautiful that he could not blame any one for looking at her. Still, Father kept an eye on the man—but he soon succeeded in convincing Father that he was interested only in Aunt Gracia.

One evening when Father knew that the man was on our place, Father stopped work a bit early. He did not distrust the man in the least, or he would not have allowed him to be courting Aunt Gracia. So he doesn't know why he stopped work early that evening—he just did so. And, as he was coming thru the oak grove, he heard Mother scream. Father spurred his horse, and got there just in time to shoot and kill the man before he had harmed Mother.

Father went straight to the sheriff. In a few days they had a trial. The jury acquitted Father without leaving the court room. And the judge apologized to Father for having bothered him with the affair.

None of this has ever troubled Father's conscience at all. He said there was but one thing to do, and he did it. But he says that since Aunt Gracia, deep in her own heart, has never truly forgiven him, she thinks the Lord had not forgiven him either. She even thinks that the Lord would not forgive Father, unless Father made some special kow-tow in His direction. So Father made the kow-tow to gratify Aunt Gracia.

Not long after the trouble, Father said, the missionaries of the Siloamites came to the house, and Aunt Gracia became a convert to their faith. The religion turned Aunt Gracia from a hard, bitter, broken person, into a useful, serene, lovable woman again. Because of this, Father said, he felt that he also owed a certain debt to the Siloamites—a debt that he was glad to pay.

Father said he told Aunt Gracia that he could not say her religious beliefs were true, because he did not know. He could not say that they were false, because he did not know. He knew nothing. But, since her religion was a beautiful, kind, and just religion, he hoped that it might be true. And that, if with nothing stronger for a foundation than hope, his baptism would mean anything to her, he was willing to go thru with the ceremony. She told him that it would mean everything to her. He was baptized.

Neal asked Father why Aunt Gracia's happiness meant more to him than the humiliation of the rest of the family, particularly yours, Judy, and Neal's and mine.

Father answered that if an act which was both kind and useful could humiliate his children, then he was sorry.

A KNOCK (demand nicely moderated by deference) tapped on the glass of Lynn MacDonald's office door.

Her secretary said, "Shall I have your car brought around, Miss MacDonald, or shall I order your dinner sent up to you?"

Lynn MacDonald added the last page of Lucy's final letter to the pile of pages in front of her and smoothed it flat with her palms. Near the telephone were Neal Quilter's letters, a package of neatly taped temptation.

"Neither, just now, Miss Kingsbury. I think I shall stay here for half an hour or so longer. But you must go straight home. I thought you had gone some time ago."

"I can't help you?" (*Turn to page 66*)

To Clarice *in quest of her youth*

LIKE every other woman with a spark of imagination or a speck of pride, you cleanse your skin and nourish its tissues with various creams and lotions.

And they *do* help to keep your skin soft and fine and invigorated—as your mirror well can testify to you.

But there is one splendid beauty secret which doubles their potency as bringers of health and charm—the simple secret is this—keep internally clean by the saline method, with Sal Hepatica.

It takes away the blemishes that come from within. It is a helper, not a rival to your creams.

To drink salines for the complexion's sake has long been the practice of fashionable Europeans. The springs and spas are thronged with lovely Viennese women, the cool, lithe-limbed English and the slim dark women of French aristocracy—freshening their complexions and improving their health by drinking the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can make you feel better and look your best!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30c, 60c, and $1.20*

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D-118
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup! What gives it that cheery red color? Juicy tomatoes. That tempting savor? Spices. And that smooth richness? Can it be cream? Yes, cream, rich cream. Tomatoes and spices and cream. What a wonderful combination for flavor! What a wonderful soup for dinner!

A friend of ours was once visiting in the country. Happening into the kitchen she found the cook busily making tomato soup for dinner.

The tomatoes had been picked half an hour before in the garden. But what interested our friend most was the big cupful of rich, heavy cream the cook poured in,

"It's the cream that really *makes the soup*," she explained . . .

Of course it's the cream. That's why Heinz is not just Tomato Soup but *Cream* of Tomato Soup—with the cream already in it. *Rich cream*, plenty of it.

The tomatoes are ripened on the vines—plump, red and juicy—and used fresh. Our spices—we send our own buyers round the world to select the best.

But flavor comes chiefly from knowing how. Experience is the final ingredient. And it is our 59 years of experience in making good things to eat that has made the Heinz name mean Flavor · *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

HEINZ
Cream of Tomato
SOUP
contains rich cream

FOOTPRINTS

Continued from page 65

"Not now, thank you," said Lynn MacDonald.

The tape untied easily. From the envelop with the blue figure "1" on it, she took Neal Quilter's first letter, and shook the thick folded pages free from their creases.

October 10, 1900. Wednesday night.

DEAR JUDY: I am home from Quilterville where I got your telegram asking me to tell you the truth about what has happened here. I told Grandfather and the others that they had no right to lie to you, and that they couldn't fool you if they tried. I know you could tell from the crazy telegram we sent to you that we were hiding something from you.

Judy, I'm going to do for you what I'd want you to do for me. I'm going to tell you the truth. This business of sparing you, and all that, is sentimental twaddle. It isn't only your right to know, it is your duty to know that Father did not die mercifully and peacefully and all that rot Monday night.

Father was murdered in his room. He was shot and killed. That would seem horror enough, wouldn't it? That isn't the horror. That isn't why we have been lying to you. That isn't what has beaten us. I'll tell you what the real horror is. And yet—it can't be true. If it can't be true, it must be false. I'll tell you why. I've thought it all out. I've thought it all out carefully. It can't be true. I mean, it can't be true that some one of us right here in the house, some member of our family, murdered Father.

That is the first thing we have to do, Judy, you and I. We have to prove that no member of the Quilter family murdered Father. When that is out of the way, we can think straight again. We can go ahead and find out who did it—damn him— And we'll attend to the hanging.

That's why, before I tell you anything else, I'll have to tell you what I have thought out about the family. You know I'm not as crumby about the family as the rest of you are. You know I can think more clearly about them than you could. I know that we are a doggone faulty bunch. I have accepted that. It is wise to accept that, first.

Beginning with Grandfather, who is the best of the lot, now that Father is dead. Grandfather is a sentimentalist, and something of a poseur, and— Let it go at that. What's the use? Next to Father, Grandfather is the decentest person, man or woman, that I have ever known or ever shall know. He's not perfect, I suppose. But he comes too darn near being perfect for me to point his imperfections. Any denial of wrong-doing for Grandfather would be desecration. Grandfather's world revolved around Father —and Aunt Gracia and Lucy.

Now for the handsome Christopher. Chris is wormy with selfishness, and lazy as a dog, and weak as water, and conceited. All right. But when it comes to murder—he's as clean out of it as Grandfather, or Lucy, and there's no sense in dodging it. Chris would half kill Father with worry—he's been at that, hard, for six months now. But, in his way, we are bound to grant that Chris loved Father. He wouldn't shoot him, if he had the best reason in the world for doing it. We know that. And we know, too, that right now Chris needed to have Father alive, as an excuse for selling Q.2, and to manage the smaller ranch Chris was going to get. Father's death puts a decided crimp in Chris's plans.

Olympe. She's vain and affected, and has her share of common ordinary faults. But could any living being, in his senses, suggest that Olympe would shoot a dying kitten to put it out of its misery? If Chris had sold us out, as he was threatening to do, Father's ability to establish us on another place was Olympe's best chance for keeping out of the poorhouse she's been talking about all the time lately. Olympe loved Father.

Aunt Gracia. She has had her mind all mussed up for years with that fool religion of hers. She has gone a bit sour, of late, as the rest of us have, from over-work and over-worry. But any one who whispered murder in the same breath with Aunt Gracia's name would be a liar and a criminal fool, and I know it, and you know it, and every one who has ever seen her knows it. Just writing it makes me hot. Aunt Gracia loved Father.

Irene. She is one of the crumbiest specimens I ever saw. She's at the bottom of Chris's threatening to sell the place—she has nagged him into it. She has caused all sorts of trouble here from the first night she came. I've hated her like a burr under the saddle. I hate her yet. Partly because of that I know that she would not commit a murder—could not have committed this murder. It took a smart person, and a plucky person, and a darn tricky person to get away with this business on Monday night. Irene is a first-rate idiot. She is a chatterbox and a coward. Tell me that a woman who is afraid of a cow will walk into a room and shoot a man dead? Not on your life she wouldn't. If she had wanted Father out of the way, she might have tried slow poison. She had no reason for wanting Father out of the way. She didn't love him—nor any one. But she liked Father; she couldn't help it. Three months ago Father gave up trying to influence Chris in any way about selling Q.2. Irene needed Father alive for the same reason Chris needed him—his ill health as an excuse for selling us out; his ability to manage the new place for us.

Lucy and I were the only other people in the house on Monday night. The missionaries who had been visiting her left Q.2 early Monday morning, and old Dong Lee went in with them to Portland to see a dentist.

I'll be damned if I'll defend Lucy. And Neal Quilter didn't do it. I know that. The others here may not know it. If I were any one of them, I'd suspect Neal Quilter.

Read this, Jude. I've had plenty of reason to think, here lately, that Father was losing his mind. His giving up, and allowing Chris to plan to sell us out. And then that baptism junk. Lucy wrote it to you. Father's explanation satisfied her. It didn't satisfy me —not by a long shot; not from Father. Father was no sap. Well, then, suppose I knew that he'd rather be cleanly dead than living with his mind worse than dead—and he would. Suppose I knew that Father would rather die than to have the Quilter name tainted with insanity? He would have. You know Father, and Grandfather, and their "ten generations of sound minded, clean bodied men and women." All right. I am smart enough, and I have pluck enough, to have planned this thing, and done it.

Read this. Having Father dead doesn't do any of us any good. Having Chris dead would have saved the Q.2 Ranch. Since Chris had no sons, the ranch would have gone to Grandfather. Well, Father and Chris have changed rooms lately. All of us were always butting into the wrong rooms. I starred at it. Irene was down-stairs in the sitting room when Father was shot. Suppose I had meant to sneak in and kill Chris, and had been so excited—I would have been excited, I suppose—that I got into the wrong room. Suppose I had seen a man in bed, and suppose I'd shot on the instant, thinking that he was Chris. That is, suppose I had meant to kill Chris and had killed Father, by mistake.

I am the only member of the family who is unsentimental enough to do it. Or mean enough. Or, funny how we'll stand up for our precious selves, loyal enough to the Q.2 Ranch. Not long ago I told Lucy that I'd stop at nothing, including bloodshed, to save the place. I said it. I meant it. I must have had murder in my mind—or the potentialities for murder—to have said a thing like that.

You see, assuming that I did it, it works out smoothly enough. I didn't do it. I swear to God that I know I did not. If I had done it, I'd know it. I didn't do it. Lucy knows that I didn't. Lucy knows that within two minutes after we'd heard the shot, she came running into my room, thru our inside door, and found him, me I mean, hammering at the door into the hall, trying to break the damn thing down. But then you know, Jude, that Lucy would lie herself into Hades to save me from being suspected.

This, tho, isn't a question of her needing to lie. I mean, she did find me locked in my room. I know that. It is a fact. I've got to keep hold of it, and of one or two other facts that I have. You see, you and I have to prove, first, that I didn't murder Father. I mean, that no Quilter did it. I mean——

Do you think Neal Quilter is guilty of the murder? The December instalment of "Footprints" teems with unexpected developments

(Above) These active Kansas City children are the picture of robust health. Their mothers wisely serve them hot Quaker Oats all the year around.

A 20-SECOND STORY IN PICTURES

of the amazing activity a correct supply of food's great GROWTH ELEMENT promotes in children

What that element is—How to supply it

70% of the Day's School Work Crowded into 4 Morning Hours!

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents—but strikingly well known among educators. Investigations in schools throughout all America prove this to be a condition that must be met.

That is why the world's dietetic urge is to WATCH YOUR CHILD'S BREAKFAST—to start days with food that "stands by" through the vitally important morning hours.

WHAT children need for breakfast, according to the most recent findings of foremost authorities on child development, is food that "stands by" them.

That means food properly balanced in the essential food elements PLUS an adequate supply of food's great growth element, protein.

When it is properly supplied, greater mental activity is indisputably fostered; greater physical strength and endurance promoted. When it is lacking, children are listless, "dull." Few class leaders, say educators, are found among children inadequately supplied with this element.

For that reason, Quaker Oats, with its remarkable protein content, is urged as the ideal children's breakfast.

16% is protein—plus—an almost perfect food "balance" and unique deliciousness

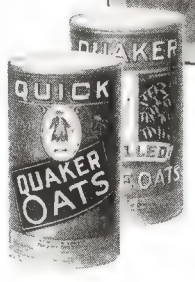
Quaker Oats contains 16% protein—the food element that builds muscles. It re-supplies the body with energy tissue lost in exercise and play. It, according to all authorities, largely influences the mental activity of both children and adults. The oat contains more of this important growth element than any other cereal grown. It contains half again as much protein as wheat; 60% more than wheat flour, over twice as much as cornmeal. Think what this means!

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals, and abundant in Vitamin B. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, too, the roughage to lessen the need for laxatives. The oat is the best balanced cereal that grows.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies, too, the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness, according to thousands, that no other cereal known can boast.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

(Below) Larry Cox, of Brookline, Mass., a sturdy young Quaker Oats golfer of high aspirations.



Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats. That is, Quaker Oats as you have always known them and *Quick Quaker*, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than plain toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.

Extension Telephones save Miles of wearying Steps

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

Just when you are upstairs or in another part of the house, the telephone may ring. It is necessary to answer at once, for someone may be calling you about a matter of social or business importance. Telephone extensions are the convenient means of bringing the telephone near you wherever you are. In the course of a year they save literally miles of wearying steps.

Not only that. Extensions properly located throughout your home avoid the embarrassment of making or answering telephone calls while others are present. An extension by the bedside is an instant aid and protection in all cases of emergency.

It is important to remember telephone service in your building plans. In renting or buying a home, adequate telephone facilities with needed extensions are an essential of modern convenience. Ask the nearest Bell business office to consult with you as to the ideal equipment for your home.

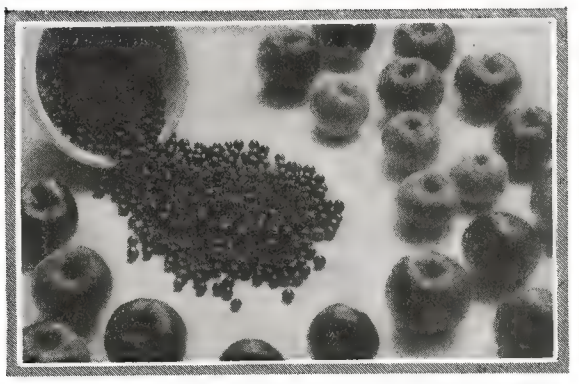
There's a world of telephone comfort to be had for very little extra cost. Extension telephones, with all their protection and convenience, cost only a few additional cents a week.

Entertainment

WHAT gay things parties are! From informal little games of bridge to large festive affairs for many people, they add so much to the joy of living. DELINEATOR has prepared several booklets which will help in planning entertainments.

Birthday Parties.....25c
Three Ways to Tell Fortunes.15c
Three Parties.....25c
Party Sandwiches.....10c
What's in Your Name?.....25c
Holiday Dinners.....10c
Cooking for Crowds.....20c
All these useful booklets...$1.30

Postpaid from ELIZABETH BENNETT
Delineator Service Department,
223 Spring Street, New York



FALL FRUIT RECIPES

For the Crop of 1928

FROM cranberry marshes and apple orchards, these two seasonal, holiday-suggestive fruits come rolling in, just in time to celebrate their respective "weeks" in November and to supply the Thanksgiving table.

Cranberries are more than sauce and jelly material. They are fruit to be used as other fruits—in desserts, puddings, pies, and so on, thru the winter months when they have no other berry as a rival. Their tartness gives a snappy turn to blander foods and makes the usual dishes more interesting. Either the small or large, red or mottled berries, are uniformly graded and all good.

Apples, tho they are credited with engaging an early place in the human dietary and have been popular all the centuries since, still harbor some unrevealed secrets of cooking and serving. The crisp tart varieties will cook fluffy but whole, without falling to pieces unless stirred for that purpose. Like other good things, they should not be overcooked, altho they may have a long, slow cooking in the oven to blend and enrich flavors. Use them unsweetened to supplement meats with their crispness and tartness.

Each season the Institute finds new uses for these useful and healthful fruits. Here is the 1928 crop:

Butterscotch Cranberry Pudding

1 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups hot milk
6 tablespoons whole wheat cereal
3 eggs
¾ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lemon juice
3 cups unsweetened cranberry sauce

Melt butter and sugar and cook until dark brown. Add milk and simmer ten minutes. Pour over the cereal and beat in the egg yolks, salt, lemon juice and cranberry sauce. Pour into buttered dish and bake in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven, 350° F., for an hour. Make a meringue of egg whites and two tablespoons sugar and brown. Serve with cream or custard.

Cranberry Sherbet

1 quart cranberries
2 tablespoons orange juice
5 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon pineapple juice
3 cups sugar
4 egg whites

Boil cranberries in one cup water until tender and mash thru a sieve. Add more water if necessary to make two cups of the liquid and boil with sugar five minutes. Add fruit juices, cool; then add stiffly beaten egg whites and freeze in one part salt to four parts ice until stiff.

Repack for two to three hours.

Creamed Shrimp

20 shrimp
2 cups medium white sauce
Paprika
¼ cup cranberry sauce, unsweetened and strained

Make a white sauce of one cup meat stock, one cup milk, four tablespoons butter, three or four tablespoons flour. Add shrimp browned in butter and cranberry sauce. Season with salt and paprika.

Cranberry Roll

4 tablespoons sugar
3½ cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon baking powder
⅔ cup butter
⅔ cup milk
1½ cups cranberries
1 cup brown sugar

Mix and sift granulated sugar, flour, salt and baking powder. Rub in butter, add milk to make a dough. Roll out one-half inch thick and cover with the chopped berries and brown sugar; roll as for jelly roll, tucking in the ends securely. Place in a well greased pan and bake forty minutes in a moderate oven, 375° F., basting every ten minutes with strained unsweetened juice.

Apple and Cranberry Gelatine

1 pint cranberries
6 medium sized apples
1 tablespoon gelatine
Whipped cream
1 cup sugar
½ cup raisins
½ cup nut meats, chopped

Simmer the cranberries in one and one-half cups water about fifteen minutes, or until the juice flows freely; then strain as for jelly. Boil the juice and the sugar in a saucepan; cook quartered tart apples in the syrup until tender. Remove the apples carefully into a wet mold; add the raisins to the syrup and boil a few minutes to make them plump. Stir in the nuts and the gelatine which has been softened in a little cold water. Pour over the apples; cool and chill. To serve, turn out of mold and garnish with whipped cream and halved nut meats or candied cranberries.

Baked Apples with Almond Praline

1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup water
6 apples
1 cup cream
¼ cup almonds
¾ cup sugar
6 teaspoons currant jelly

Boil one cup sugar, salt and water while washing and coring apples. Place apples in a casserole that can be tightly covered, pour boiling syrup around them—one tablespoon in each center. Cook in the covered casserole in a moderate oven, 400° F., until apples are soft.

Meanwhile blanch and sliver the almonds, then chop them. Caramelize the three-fourths cup sugar until light brown, add the nuts and stir constantly until the sugar is really caramelized. Put a spoonful of this hot praline in the hot apples; when cooled, chill in the refrigerator. Serve with plain or whipped cream, topping each serving with a teaspoon of currant jelly.

Apple Sauce Omelet

Make a foamy omelet with six eggs, six tablespoons water, one-quarter teaspoon salt and two tablespoons sugar, added before cooking. When ready to fold, cover one-half with one cup hot, sweetened apple sauce. Cover the top with slightly sweetened whipped cream flavored with vanilla; sprinkle chopped almonds over the top of the cream before serving.

Mince Meat Apples

Core apples and fill cavities with already prepared mince meat. Bake as usual with enough water to prevent burning.

Apple Tomato Rings

2 cups water
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon salt
8 apples
2 sticks cinnamon
A bit of red color paste

Make a syrup of water, sugar, salt and cinnamon, cooking about ten minutes. Pare and slice apples three-quarters inch thick while the syrup is coming to a boil. Then add color and apple slices to the syrup and cook slowly until the apple is soft and the color of tomatoes.

Lift the apple out and place on a greased platter to cool. Cut an additional whole apple into syrup, boil. When it reaches the jellying point, strain into a glass. Serve the apple slices as a garnish around hot boiled ham, pouring the jelly over the meat.

Enchanting smiles may reveal pearls of lustrous loveliness STILL

WHITE teeth flashing behind smiling lips are so attractive; but lurking in the background is danger. Unaware of this fact, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger surrender to that insidious disease of neglect, Pyorrhea. (*Figures of many dental clinics are even higher.*)

If neglected, this grim foe which ignores the teeth and attacks the gums, stealthily steals from health and youth and beauty. Its poisons sweep through the body, often causing a host of serious diseases.

For Health's Sake

Take care of your teeth. Keep them glistening white and sound. But also take care of the gums. See that the dentifrice you use helps to firm gums and keep them healthy. As you know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

And millions of men and women will tell you that Forhan's for the Gums is such a dentifrice.

More than a Tooth Paste

Without the use of harsh abrasives it cleans teeth, restores their natural whiteness and removes acids which cause decay. In addition, if used regularly, every morning and every night, Forhan's helps gums to resist infection.

It is the time-tested formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., and it is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent used by dentists in treating the gums.

You'll like the taste of Forhan's. It is refreshing, mild and clean. So don't wait until the *signal flashes red on your toothbrush,* until gums recede from teeth and teeth loosen in their sockets. Have your dentist examine teeth and gums at least twice each year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums today. Teach your children this good habit. It protects their precious health in the years to come. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist, 35c and 60c.

Forhan Company, New York

Make This 10 Day Test

Lazy, lethargic gums invite disease. And the only way to keep them firm, sound and healthy is to massage them daily just as a woman massages her face to keep it glowing with youth and free from the signs of age. Forhan's for the Gums is designed for gum massaging. Make this 10 day test. Morning and night, before brushing your teeth with Forhan's, exercise your gums, closely following the directions in the booklet that comes with each tube . . . See how much better they look and feel!

This Mouthwash Works!

The tremendous success of Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant proves that more and more people are realizing the importance of the correct practice of oral hygiene. Every morning and every night they use this Antiseptic Refreshant as a mouthwash. It is powerful, refreshing and safe. It protects mouth, nose and throat from infection and keeps breath sweet. Try it. 35c and 60c in bottles.

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

KING SPEAR'S PROCLAMATION

Thanksgiving season is at hand—
Proclaim a feast throughout the land—
And so that all will better feel
Serve Double Mint with every meal!

—WRIGLEY RHYMES

Let the delicious Peppermint flavor of **WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT** purify your mouth and breath and aid digestion.

Taste the new and better Peppermint flavor in **DOUBLE MINT:** it will be a pleasant surprise to you.

"After every meal" is a beneficial practice. Try it with **DOUBLE MINT.**

The flavor lasts

I-70

Room enough in this capacious wardrobe, made by Delineator Interiors, for household blankets, sheets, pillow-cases, and towels. Pequot sheets at right. Cannon sheets and towels at left. Esmond blankets.

COLORED SHEETS and TOWELS

Now claim attention

HELEN UFFORD

SHEETS, pillow-cases, and towels have at last come forth from their conservative realms of "whiteness," and have taken unto themselves the charm of color and the interest of design. And by this entrance into the important modern world of "style" and "color" and "ensemble consciousness," they have become an interesting feature in the *décor* of our homes.

"As white as a sheet" in these days certainly would not whole-heartedly convey its former significance! For the color that is everywhere in the home—from the hued tiles of the entrance-hall to the colorful pots and pans in the kitchen—has widened its possibilities to include sheets and pillow-cases and towels.

And what a lyric opportunity the woman-in-the-home (as well as the decorator) finds here! An opportunity to indulge in the use of her favorite color in more items of her home. A chance to change the connotation from "gleaming white" to "colorful." A chance to break thru the bonds of conservatism—as she did when she changed the bathroom tiles from the conventional white to exquisite tints or glowing colors. A chance to array her beds with sheets and pillow-cases of yellow as exquisite and glowing as the tossing heads of daffodils; or of green as lush as spring leaves; of pink as delicate as flesh-tints; of orchid as sophisticated as the flower that bears that name; of blue, sky-dyed.

In her adventures with the rainbow, the housewife-decorator will probably first consider colors in her bed-linen that will complete a lovely ensemble with the blankets and puffs and bedspread and general color tone of the room; and then, if she is of a more adventurous spirit, she will have a try at effectively contrasting the colors. In her green room, for instance, she may use the green sheets, or combine, as nature so often and happily does, yellow with the green, or orchid or flesh-tints.

If the tradition of all-white still holds her—as it did before she hesitatingly alternated her white damask luncheon and informal dinner-cloths with gaily-colored table-cloths—she may "sing a little song of color" by equipping only her guest-rooms in color.

Or she may take an interesting nibble at color by using the new sheets of white ground and colored borders, borders of lovely, pastel shades and most attractive designs.

The use of color in sheets and towels has limitless possibilities to the woman of imagination. Each member of the family, for instance, may be assigned his or her favorite color or a special design, as a personal cipher, in lieu of or in addition to a monogram. And, for the guest-room, the color in the bed-linens may be carried out in the color of the breakfast tray-cloth and napkin.

Hems too, besides often becoming four or five inches of pastel loveliness, have assumed more individuality than being just hems, and now are oftener hemstitched, or embroidered, sometimes with the design of the embroidery continued in the general design of the monogram beneath. And, in order to equalize the wear, often both hems are of the same width.

That magic number—three—is showing its influence, artistically and practically, in the making of our beds. A "pair of sheets" has become a "trio," the pair of sheets and a top-sheet: all of white; two of white and one of color; one of white and two of color; all of one color; or two of one color and the top-sheet of a harmonizing or contrasting color. Most sensible and useful and comfortable is this top-sheet plan, and appropriate for all seasons. In the warm months, the third sheet provides a comfortable covering and is more easily laundered than a bedspread. When blankets are used, the top-sheet provides extra warmth, and also provides the "blanket cover" that is a required part of every well appointed home.

In our bathroom linens, color finds a most friendly field. Here the opportunities for manifesting color consciousness are many, and all are comparatively inexpensive and simple. Given the color scheme of the tiling, walls, and floor covering, and of the curtaining of the window and shower, we can make the color of our bath rugs, towels and face-cloths supplement or contrast with it in a carnival of brightness.

In bath-towels, face-towels, hand-towels, bath-rugs, and face-cloths we are now offered, besides the fine old traditional white, all-over colors or colors in the conservative border stripes or colored hems, or designs using as symbols appropriate ducks and sea gulls and waves and mermaids, classic Greek borders, or legendary forms associated with famous linen centers, like Salem and Perugia. "Modern" designs too, by well-known artists, now decorate towels as they are beginning to decorate so many other items of our homes.

clean... clean... clean...

. . . that is what your dentifrice should do
. . . what Colgate's does

If a dentifrice really *cleans*, it need not do anything else . . . medicines, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives are all unnecessary. Dental and medical authorities advise that a dentifrice should be non-medicated and made to *clean*. The bubbling, sparkling foam of Colgate's is a dental cleanser unsurpassed. It leaves your teeth white . . . your mouth refreshed. It does its work thoroughly. And *safely*—safely for a lifetime of use.

Colgate's cleans this dependable way

Colgate's contains the most effective of all cleansing agents—in a special, mild, pure form . . . combined with calcium carbonate and aromatic oils.

As you brush Colgate's upon your teeth, the cleansing agent forms a bubbling, sparkling foam. This cleansing foam penetrates between the teeth, reaches inaccessible surfaces, purifies and stimulates the gums . . . the entire mouth.

And carried by this searching, foaming wave, the fine calcium carbonate powder helps to clean away mucin and food deposits . . . polishes tooth enamel to shining smoothness . . . destroys acids in the crevices at the gum margins, sweetens all the mouth surfaces. The mildly antiseptic aromatic oils add refreshing action to the thorough cleansing.

Constant research and continuous testing of all new theories have failed to show a way to make a more effective dental cleanser than Colgate's!

The coupon brings trial tube, free

The brightening effect of Colgate's upon your teeth will delight you. Even a short test proves that cleaning is the main thing . . . that when a dentifrice really cleans, medicines, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives are all unnecessary.

We have a trial tube of Colgate's for you. Fill out and return the coupon and it will be mailed promptly. We will send also a copy of an interesting new booklet on care of the mouth.

COLGATE & COMPANY,
Dept. 211-K, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

Gentlemen: Please send me the booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy," and a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

MORE DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE
MORE AMERICANS USE COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE

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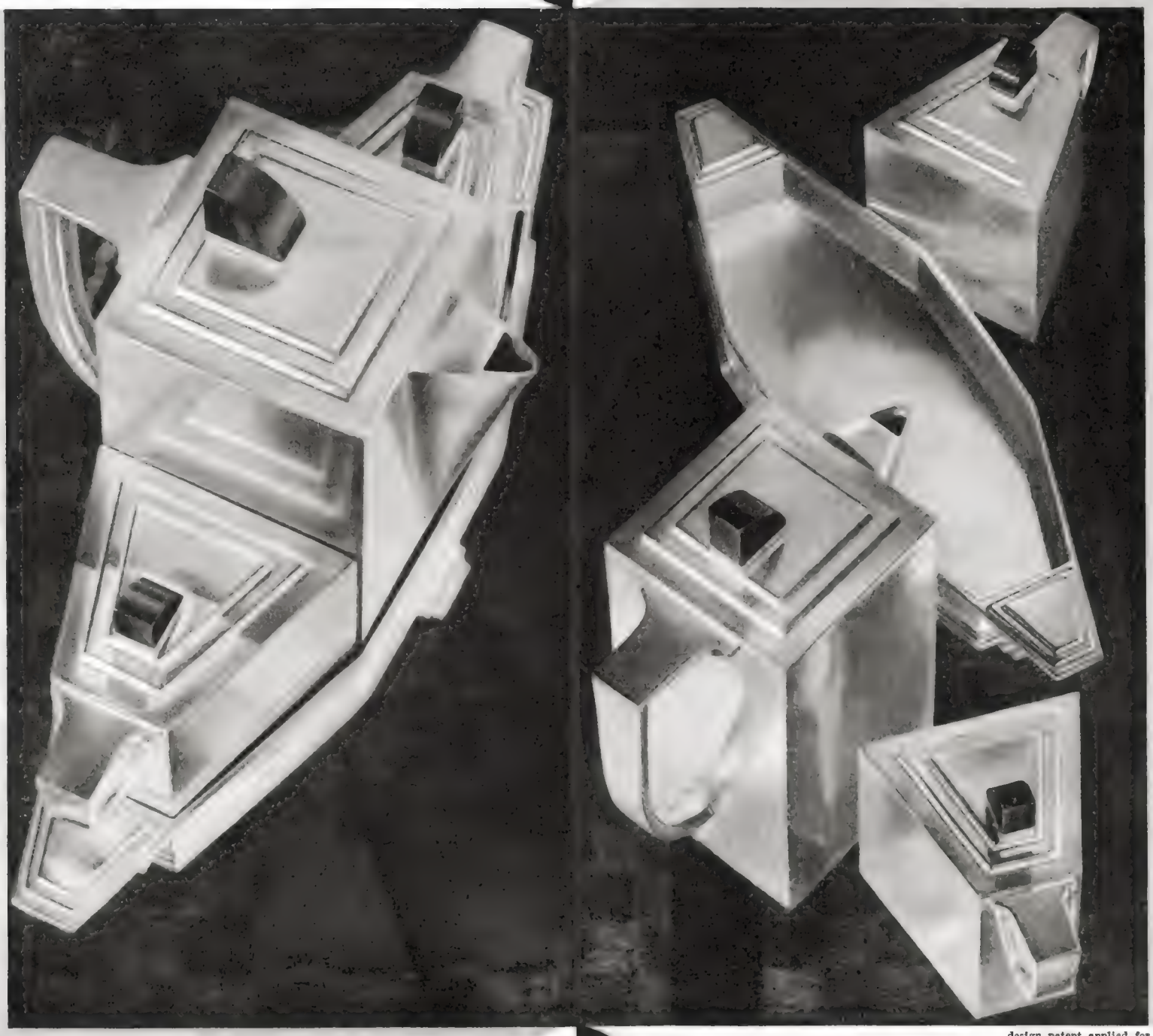


introduced·in·

international silverplate

design patent applied for
diament design by wilcox silverplate division of the international silver company

SIMPLE and sincere is silver. Spirited, rhythmic, sparkling, is our Modern civilization. And this Modern production in International Silverplate combines the subdued mysterious beauty of silver with the strange new beauty we call Modern. . . . Note the sculpturesque quality of the teapot; the exciting gradations of light, as the cream and sugar holders are grouped with it.

These sets are perfect for modern apartments. They fit the smaller rooms we have today. They look charming on the little narrow tables. This International Silverplate dinette set occupies surprisingly little space, yet is truly adequate. It is pleasant to use, and as compact and practical as it is decorative. Furthermore, it is easy to take care of, an advantage the modern-minded woman appreciates. . . . The centerpiece and candlesticks made in this design are especially interesting and when combined with the other pieces in this Modern series, the effect is excellent.

Like all International Silverplate, these fine pieces will wear for a lifetime; will not chip, or crack or break; are a continued asset to the hostess. Sold in the better shops at moderate prices, guaranteed by a maker noted for high quality and honest craftsmanship. . . . A free booklet, "The Rediscovery of Silverplate," has many suggestions for home-makers. Ask for booklet HW-129; address Dept. E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

INTERNATIONAL SILVERPLATE

TRADE INTERNATIONAL S.CO. MARK

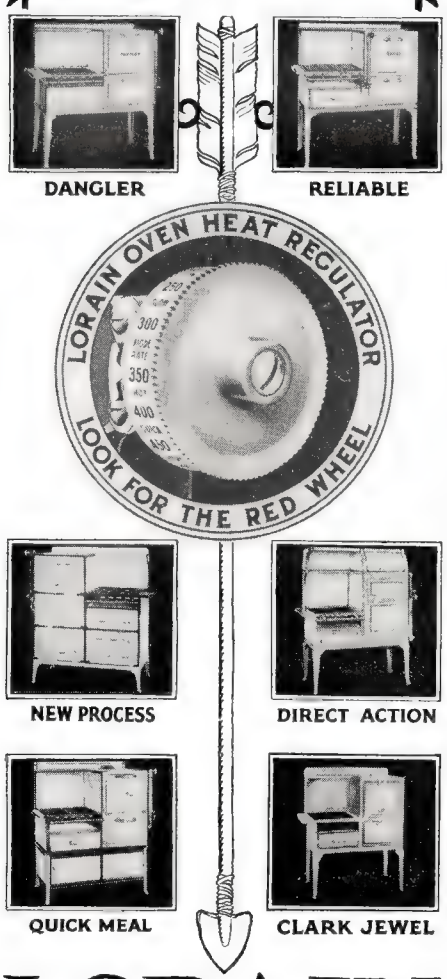
Red Wheel Gas Ranges
Make Homes Happier

IN the great factories, foundries, laboratory and research kitchen of American Stove Company thousands of men, men who have spent most of their working-lives building stoves, are striving to give greater and greater value to buyers.

So, when you buy a new gas range make sure that it has a Red Wheel. For then you will *know* that it is one of the six famous makes manufactured by American Stove Company. (See illustrations.) You will *know* that your range is equipped with the famous Lorain Regulator—the supremely accurate, always faithful, never-erring device that will provide you with many, many hours of relief from the drudgery and worry of cooking.

Red Wheel Gas Ranges are sold by gas companies, department stores, furniture stores, hardware stores and stove dealers throughout the United States. Go now and see the many handsome new models that are offered at most attractive prices.

AMERICAN STOVE CO.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World
829 Chouteau Ave. • St. Louis, Mo.



LORAIN

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Please send me free copy of your Lorain Christmas Basket Recipes—(*Print* name and address plainly)
Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Del.--11-28

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Continued from page 11

nose a larger bunch of papers than I was in the habit of receiving with a single individual.

Still without looking up, I fell to digesting their contents. Jake Cohen, it appeared, was by occupation a tailor and had been recruited from the lower East Side of New York. Recruited is scarcely the word; he had been drafted out of his turn in lieu of being sent to jail for making seditious utterances. Then came the specific charge against him: during the lunch hour, when sweat-shops emptied, he had formed the practise of preaching pacifism to his fellow workers at street corners.

AT FIRST the police, not understanding his language, had dispersed his meetings and moved him on. Then some one had laid information against him; he had been caught red-handed, and arrested. The magistrate, before whom he had been brought, had taken a more lenient view of his offense than might have been expected. Discovering that the prisoner was of military age and requirements, he had ordered that he be drafted forthwith into the Army—the result being that he had been conducted to my orderly room in the charge of an armed escort.

I wanted to be just. Above all, I was anxious to display no prejudice. I tried to view his predicament as he himself probably regarded it. As a foreigner he was out of touch with the wave of patriotism which had swept the country. The issues involved in the War were remotely apprehended by him. In preaching pacifism, which recent legislation had decreed to be as outrageous as burglary, he had had no idea that he was committing a crime. He'd understood that America was a free country and had considered himself well within his rights in expressing an opinion. Possibly he was tinged with socialism, as had been most of our prominent divines up to the day of our declaration of hostility. He'd only been repeating at an inexpedient moment what statesmen had been saying for the best part of three years—namely, that the United States rose superior to petty hatreds of European politics. His sole folly had been the vanity of the half-baked idealist. Swaying audiences had lent the illusion of spaciousness to his otherwise cramped existence.

As I studied his brief history, I became imperceptibly affected by the personality of the man who stood before me. As yet I had not glanced at him. I seemed to hear the pompous magistrate who had condemned him, getting off his windy periods concerning the nobility of patriotism. But why should patriotism be obligatory for a man of the prisoner's traditions? Patriotism entailed love of country. His race had no country to love; for centuries it had been a wanderer, attaching itself to other races for just as long as served its purpose. In the exactest sense he was a man without a country, and therefore could claim exemption from taking sides nationally. Either he or his parents had crossed the Atlantic, fleeing from persecution in the shape of organized massacres. America's gift to him had been the lingering death of a sweat-shop, for which meager hospitality he was being compelled to make restitution by presenting his body as a target. The bargain was unjust. Something of this sort, proclaimed carelessly at a street corner, had caused his arrest. My duty as his military superior necessitated that I adopt a severe demeanor.

Turning abruptly to my sergeant, I ordered the room to be cleared. I was reluctant to shame the man before regularly drafted recruits who were to be his companions. While my instructions were being carried out, I pretended to continue examining his papers. When the shuffling feet had exited and all had grown quiet, I began gravely.

"Well, my man, so you're Jake Cohen?"

"It's the name they have given me."

A peculiarly gentle voice. Scarcely cultured. Different. A winning voice—slightly Russian in its intonation. For the first time my eyes crept up his body, progressing slowly. At his hands they paused. His hands warned me that his face would come as a surprise. His hands were delicate and pointed. I don't know anything about art; but I imagine they may have resembled a sculptor's. And yet I could see the needle pricks on his fingers and the skin calloused with drawing the thread.

"By occupation you're a tailor?"

"They say that, too."

"But look here," I protested with unpremeditated geniality, "I'm not questioning inquisitively. I have to ask, to make certain that your papers are correct."

I raised my eyes and found that his were smiling. His smile is impossible to describe; it was one of sheer friendship, as tho he had known and been fond of me always. He was as un-Americanized as if he had just landed at Ellis Island, wearing the silky beard and ringleted hair of a young rabbi.

"You're in this Army now," I said by way of pleasantry. "The first thing you'll have to do is to get a shave and a hair cut."

"I shall have to do many things to which I've been unaccustomed," he responded.

"You're in an awkward fix. I'm sorry for you," I went on conversationally. "The Army's the last place for which you're fitted. Not that it'll do you any harm if you survive. Wholesome food and setting-up exercises will improve you. I should judge you've often been hungry."

"You judge rightly."

"What I'm trying to say," I explained, "is that worse things could have befallen you. Of course the method of your drafting is disgraceful. If your fellow soldiers knew, they might make things awkward. That was why I cleared the room while we had this talk."

"I guessed as much, and thank you."

"I'm not keen on being thanked." I resumed my brusqueness. "My object was to give you a fair start. As far as I'm concerned I shall do my best to repress your previous bad record. As long as you play the game, it'll be as tho it hadn't happened. If you let me down——"

"I shan't."

"Then, since I can trust you, let's hope you'll redeem your honor on the field of battle."

"Let's hope so." He spoke as an equal, still smiling curiously.

Feeling that I wasn't holding my end up, I cut short the interview by summoning the next man on the list of recruited.

FOR some weeks, in the rush of mobilizing a raw battalion, the memory of Jake Cohen faded from my mind. Then one day, in crossing the parade ground, I was saluted by a slim young soldier, graceful in his trimly fitting khaki. Having passed him, I halted a non-commissioned officer.

"What's that man's name?"

"Jake Cohen, sir. The men call him 'Lily.'"

"Why?"

"Because of his hands. It was his hands that started it. They aren't shaped for killing. The nickname's stuck on account of—well, I might say his purity."

"How d'you mean?"

"He don't swear, sir, and he don't tell certain stories."

"That's to his credit. I hope it doesn't affect his popularity."

"I wouldn't call him popular, sir. He hasn't got our sense of humor. The men play jokes on him."

"How's he shaping as a soldier?"

"Awkward, sir. Sort of left-handed. Not but what he does his best."

"He looks different since he's visited the barber." I made light of my curiosity. Then, on the point of parting, "See here, Sergeant, there's to be no persecution. There's nothing breaks a man's heart sooner than nagging."

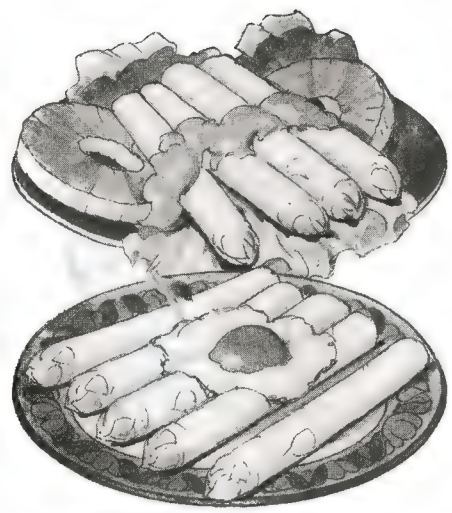
IT MAY have been three weeks later that the same sergeant tapped at the door of my orderly room, inquiring if he might have a word with me. It was after nightfall and I was alone, stooped above the table beneath a lamp, getting off a long delayed batch of private correspondence. There was the breath of frost on the man's tunic, I remember, as he entered. He saluted promptly, standing stiffly to attention.

"We're off parade, Sergeant." I looked up. "You must be tired with so much standing. Choose a chair and tell me what's brought you."

"About this man, Jake Cohen, sir. You asked me to keep an eye on him."

"What have you learned?"

"I don't feel the fellow's getting a square deal, sir. Somehow, I don't know how, the news has got abroad of (*Turn to page 74*)



Always a new way to serve asparagus

Appetizers, soups, salads, vegetable dishes—an omelet for breakfast, an entree for dinner—no end to the possibilities of California Canned Asparagus.

With its delightful flavor and freshness, it always provides the suggestion of luxury that makes any meal a real appetite treat.

Surprisingly economical — no waste at all! And so convenient—ready-to-serve just as it comes out of the can.

You can take advantage of all this convenience and variety if you'll just remember asparagus whenever you plan your meals.

For instance—Asparagus Calawaiian
Drain California Canned Asparagus, tips or long spears, arrange on lettuce with two slices Hawaiian Pineapple. Garnish with cheese balls. Serve with your favorite dressing.

CALIFORNIA CANNED Asparagus

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Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 645, 800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, California.
Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book "Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety."

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To outfit the Barbizon

[CLUB RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN]

they chose these sheets, which TESTS PROVED THE STRONGEST

AT the Barbizon in New York, recently built as a club residence for women, the linen rooms have been stocked exclusively with Dwight Anchor sheets and pillow cases.

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Dwight Anchor sheets, together with seven other leading brands, were sent to a laundry and washed until they had the equivalent of years of wear at home. Dwight Anchors remained strong and firm, whereas all others were badly worn.

And now you can get still better wear, even from your Dwight Anchors, by ordering sheets with equal hems, top and bottom, so that you can reverse them and equalize the strain.

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Many Smart Women Are Using the Colored Sheets

Dwight Anchors are also made in the exquisite pastel shades that so many smart women are now using—pink, blue, nile, maize and orchid—and in white with colored top hems. Each bed set packed in a beautiful gift box. And the colors are *fast.*

If you can't get Dwight Anchors where you shop, write us. Dwight Manufacturing Company, Minot, Hooper and Co., Selling Agents, 11 Thomas St., New York.

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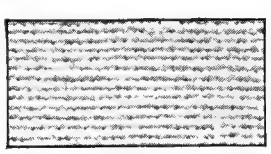

Dwight Anchor

SHEETS : PILLOW CASES
SHEETING : TUBING
Manufactured since 1840

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Continued from page 73

how he was drafted. That and his oddness don't make things easy for him. As regards his superiors—there's nothing gained by mincing words—they pick on him."

"How do they pick on him?"

"He gets more fatigues and guard duties than are his share. Why I've come to you, sir, is that I've remembered what you said about breaking a man's heart with nagging. In the Army you either break his heart or you change a willing man into a barrack room lawyer."

"Then what you're really telling me is that Jake Cohen's becoming a ringleader of malcontents?"

"Not exactly, sir—but he's in danger of becoming. He has a sense of justice. Then he's intelligent beyond the average. And lastly, he has the reputation for having been a pacifist. He doesn't seek out the troublemakers—not that I've noticed. But fellows who've landed themselves in trouble go to him."

"Humph!" I pondered the situation.

"To tell the truth," the sergeant added, "it's his air of knowing more than you do that does the damage. That's what gets the goat of the N. C. O.s placed over him."

"And you have a suggestion?"

"I have, sir. That he be given a chance. Why not make him a regimental tailor? Tailoring used to be his occupation. He might be happier at that."

I took the sergeant's advice, wondering why I hadn't thought of so practical a solution. From time to time I made inquiries as to Jake Cohen's progress—I had to be careful lest I be accused of playing favorites. From all I could gather he was giving satisfaction, tho there was little doubt that with the men he was no more popular. Perhaps less so, because he worked in comparative comfort while they were roughing it on route marches and digging imitation trenches. Anyhow, I'd done my best. A camp wasn't a nursery.

At Christmas something happened to raise his prestige. Entertainments were being arranged and talent hunted. It was discovered that Jake Cohen played the violin marvelously—it was said better than any professional in New York. The picture lives in my memory of his strange, poetic countenance alight with ecstasy as he swayed above his instrument, making men dream like children. Playing a violin, however, wouldn't get him far when it came to fighting.

WITH the New Year, rumors began to circulate that we were to be sent overseas within a week, within two weeks, within a month. Sometimes the false alarms were official, their purpose being either to test the efficiency of our preparedness or else to deceive enemy spies whom we had been warned were among us. At last in April, to our immense excitement, the alarm was not false. We embarked under cover of darkness, landed at Liverpool, entrained for Dover and were shipped to Calais, whence we were hurried to a reserve position, in rear of the British lines, which the enemy was then pounding with the Channel ports as his objective.

Here we gained our first glimpse of warfare, not as a means of wasting time, but as a tragic reality: German prisoners, toiling like slaves, attended by armed guards; Red Cross hospitals packed with wounded; nightly raids by bombing planes. It was the German prisoners who brought Jake Cohen again to my attention. The Military Police reported that he had been heard speaking to them in their own language. More suspicious still, he had been caught making them presents and even sharing with them his rations. While as yet there was nothing that could be pinned on him, we were advised that he would bear watching. Because of my earlier sympathy for the man and because he had pledged me his honor to play the game, I sent for him.

The moment he was in my presence I fell under his spell. All the annoyance with which I had been boiling, oozed from me. I suppose my actual sensation was that it would be prejudging him to display anger. With a trustfulness which was reprehensible, I handed to him the adverse report, marked *confidential.*

He glanced up. "I'm sorry, sir. Is it an offense to be kind?"

"I'm afraid it is." I attempted sarcasm, but in effect disparaged the authority of which I was the vehicle. "You see, Cohen, the world's changed. It's no longer a virtue to love your enemies. You and I, as soldiers, are expected to hate our enemies—to mistreat them whenever circumstances forbid us to slaughter them."

"I see," he nodded. "Makes things difficult, doesn't it, sir, when it's one's nature to be pitiful?"

"It does that," I affirmed. "But when every one's drunk with blood and there's a war raging, not to disguise one's finer feelings leads to complications."

"I've caused complications for you, sir," he divined acutely. "Please believe me when I say it was the last thing I intended."

"I don't doubt it," I assured him earnestly. "But here's how matters stand: I've rather shielded you, Cohen. With all this spy fever abroad, if any one stacked the cards against you— But I don't need to continue. It would be serious for me as adjutant after the leniency I've shown you."

"Of course it would, sir."

"But why is it, Cohen, when you and I can understand each other so perfectly, that you've cultivated this knack of getting up the shirts of the majority?"

He smiled luminously, the way I'd seen him smile when he'd stooped above his violin.

"The majority are affronted by my purity."

"Couldn't you modify your purity?"

He shook his head slowly.

"You know, sir, that's not possible. Here's what I can do, if it'll help you. I can cease to be a tailor and become a combatant."

I stared at him.

"But you wouldn't like—?"

"We're not here to do what we like," he reproached me gently. "I'm willing, if it'll spare your honor."

When he had gone and I realized the nature of our conversation, I grew indignant. What had persuaded me to act so preposterously? I was the adjutant of the battalion, a man under discipline and dispensing discipline. In pampering a delinquent, whom it had been my duty to reprimand, I had been guilty of the grossest laxity. There could be only one explanation: the moment the man came near me, he hypnotized me. To repair my error, I lost no time in restoring him to the ranks of active fighters where every hour his conduct would be under close surveillance.

After that, in the hurry of events, I lost sight of him. Any day we were expecting to man the trenches and receive our baptism of fire. Orders came thru that our regiment was to lose its identity by being brigaded with the British. We were, in fact, on the point of being broken up and employed for the replacement of British casualties, when the orders were countermanded. In their stead we were entrained in our entirety and transported southward to a secret destination. It proved to be a sector in Lorraine, which till now had been regarded as quiet.

Only once on the journey did I come across my embarrassing acquaintance. During our fraternizing with the British, our men had adopted certain of their expressions. We had reached our railroad terminus and were route marching. I was trotting to the head of the column with my major, when I heard an N. C. O., named Corporal Triumph, exclaim brutally, "None of your bloody pacifism." Turning in my saddle, I saw that the rebuked private was Jake Cohen. So he was still at his old game, doing his utmost to be unpopular, provoking persecution! He tossed back my glance, smiling his recognition. But I was thru with protecting him. If he refused to learn sense, he must take his medicine.

WHILE we officers were familiarizing ourselves with the trench system we were immediately to take over, our regiment was billeted in and about a ruined village; not so ruined, however, as to be entirely depopulated. Those of the original inhabitants who remained were, as in most battle areas, the least reputable. During the early stages of the War, the village had been occupied by the enemy, then victorious. The memory of it, and the cruel years of hope deferred, had bludgeoned the villagers into a dull acceptance of degradation.

The motive that urged them to stay on, facing gas attacks and shell fire, was avarice. They catered to their (*Turn to page 77*)

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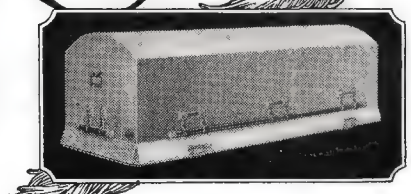

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KARPEN *Furniture*

KARPEN FURNITURE

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Continued from page 74

defenders' vices. Every peasant peddled intoxicants; there was no way of stopping the traffic. Feminine chastity, except among the undesired, seemed a forgotten virtue. For us to have posted orders for the restoration of morality would have branded us as invaders and tyrants. Had we tried to suppress the *estaminets*, the community would have protested that they were kept open for civilians, tho why girls of amorous dispositions should be employed as servitors might have proved a difficult question to answer. The most we could do, as a regiment billeted on the neighborhood, was to restrict the hours during which liquor could be publicly served to men whom we commanded.

The night previous to the one on which we took over the line, these hours were relaxed, with the consequence that the village became the scene of bacchanalia. It was natural enough that men, imperiled by extinction and most of them young, should grow frenzied to slake their thirst for life, while life was still available. One *estaminet*, called poetically the "Silver Moon," had gained a deserved notoriety. It had a dancing floor of sorts, a slot-machine which made mechanical music and, to crown its attraction, whoever purchased champagne could claim Marie as a partner.

MARIE was a genuine beauty, sweet and sly, possessed of laughing eyes which caressed or mocked in proportion to the customer's lavishness. She had lips ripe for kisses and a mass of palest hair,which seemed always on the point of tumbling. Somehow she had retained such a disarming air of innocence that it was impossible to credit the tales that were narrated of her. Perhaps her secret was that she had grown to girlhood among conditions so abnormal that her conscience had never had the chance to trouble her. It was to the "Silver Moon" that those who could afford its charges thronged on that final night. Others, whose funds were meager, peered thru its steaming windows or contented themselves with humbler places of entertainment.

It was a great occasion for Marie and no less for Marie's proprietors. Till our coming, their village had experienced nothing but poilus, to whom a few francs represented a month's savings—whereas a dough-boy flung away more money than a French officer. Short as our stay had been, she had acquired innumerable admirers, the most ardent of whom was Corporal Triumph, the N. C. O. whom on the line of march I had heard upbraiding Jake Cohen.

According to the story as I gleaned its details later, he grew increasingly possessive of her as the evening advanced. Other slatterns of the village were present—but not enough to supply a tithe of the soldiers with partners. The slot-machine, which ground out music, was kept continuously going. Men were compelled to dance together. Corporal Triumph's anxiety to annex the only beauty was entirely understandable. Moreover, he had reached that pitch of jealousy at which he was persuaded he had an exclusive right to her.

For some inscrutable reason Jake Cohen, who was in Triumph's platoon, had squeezed his way into the *estaminet*. It was the last place one might have expected to find him. Having paid his entrance by purchasing food, he neither danced, nor drank; he merely stood crushed against the wall, watching but not participating. Wherever Marie strayed, his dark eyes followed her. The evidence is unanimous that at no time did he attempt to speak or interfere with her.

As the spectacle increased in riot, she grew restive under his scrutiny. There were times when, with evident defiance, she surrendered herself more whole-heartedly to the abandon; there were others when she paused, disturbed and puzzled, glancing back at him. How long this continued I have no way of guessing, but there can be no doubt that gradually his gaze tormented her.

Corporal Triumph had won her again and was pressing her close as he danced; suddenly she stopped dead, thrusting him from her. Before she could be recaptured, she had darted across the floor and had flung herself at the feet of Jake Cohen. There she clung to his knees, her hair streaming loose, crushed and shaken with sobbing.

Sheer amazement at her grief was sobering; it produced an instant silence. The slot-machine piano droned to the end of its tune; no one volunteered to renew its music. As it ceased to wheeze, Marie's broken voice could be heard pleading—pleading, of all things, for Jake Cohen's forgiveness. How she supposed she had offended was not stated. He alone seemed unsurprised by her contrition, and, bending over her, whispered. Those who were nearest insist his words were, "Neither do I condemn thee"—evidently a quotation from the Bible. As he was raising her, Corporal Triumph approached, hurling insulting epithets against Cohen's race and former pacifism. When he found himself ignored, as much as if he had not spoken, he endeavored to reach Cohen with his fists and would have succeeded if other N. C. O.s had not prevented him. Then the Military Police entered. Some one knocked out the lights and there was a scamper for the exits. When lamps were restored, the participants in the quarrel had vanished.

Of this happening we, in authority, knew nothing till after the court martial. But I run ahead of my story.

Next evening our relief of the French division, which had been holding, was set in progress. Naturally every precaution had been taken to prevent the enemy from getting wind of such a movement. With regard to our own location, we had every reason to suppose that the Germans believed our regiment to be still in the North, supporting the British. This illusion was rudely dispelled at the hour when night was darkest and trenches most thronged with American companies moving up and French companies withdrawing. A bombardment of such depth and intensity descended as to leave no doubt that it was the herald of worse to follow. Crossroads, regimental and battalion headquarters were targeted with paralyzing accuracy. Practically every important telephone wire was cut, making communication impossible. Toward dawn the enemy deluged us with gas. Then to witness our confusion he sent bombing planes, which dropped propaganda, together with leaflets warning us that all our movements were an open book, our strength, our strong points, even the names of our officers.

Rumors of spies, which had died down on our journey southward, were whipped into a frenzy. How could the enemy have learned so much if some of his agents, disguised in American uniforms, were not among us? My first thought was of Jake Cohen and the leniency I had shown him. I was so conscience stricken by my carelessness that, at the first opportunity, I set inquiries afoot to ascertain his whereabouts. I discovered that he was manning the front line with his company.

As communications were reestablished, news began to arrive. An enemy attack had been furiously launched. They had been beaten off; our men had pursued them into No Man's Land, coming to such close quarters that there had been bayonet fighting. Now that the situation had grown normal, German machine-gunners were preventing our stretcher-bearers from venturing out to the rescue of the wounded. It was planned to wait till nightfall—then to crawl thru the wire to their succor. Volunteers were being called for. I was so nervous that I requested further information about Jake Cohen's conduct. Word was sent back that he had been one of the first to volunteer to carry water, etc., to his wounded comrades.

THERE was a shuffling next morning on the stairs of the dugout in which battalion headquarters had been established. The C. O. of the battalion and his staff were at breakfast. I looked up to see Jake Cohen, stripped of his accouterments and escorted between guards with fixed bayonets. He was perfectly calm—as calm as on that first day of his drafting, when he had been led into my orderly room similarly escorted. He had the bearing of one fully in control of the situation—either that, or incapable of realizing the seriousness of his predicament.

The charge laid against him was that of communicating with the enemy. Creeping out thru the front line wire after dark, he had carried help in the shape of bandages, food and water not only to our own wounded, but to the enemy's. He had been seen and, when he returned for fresh (*Turn to page 78*)

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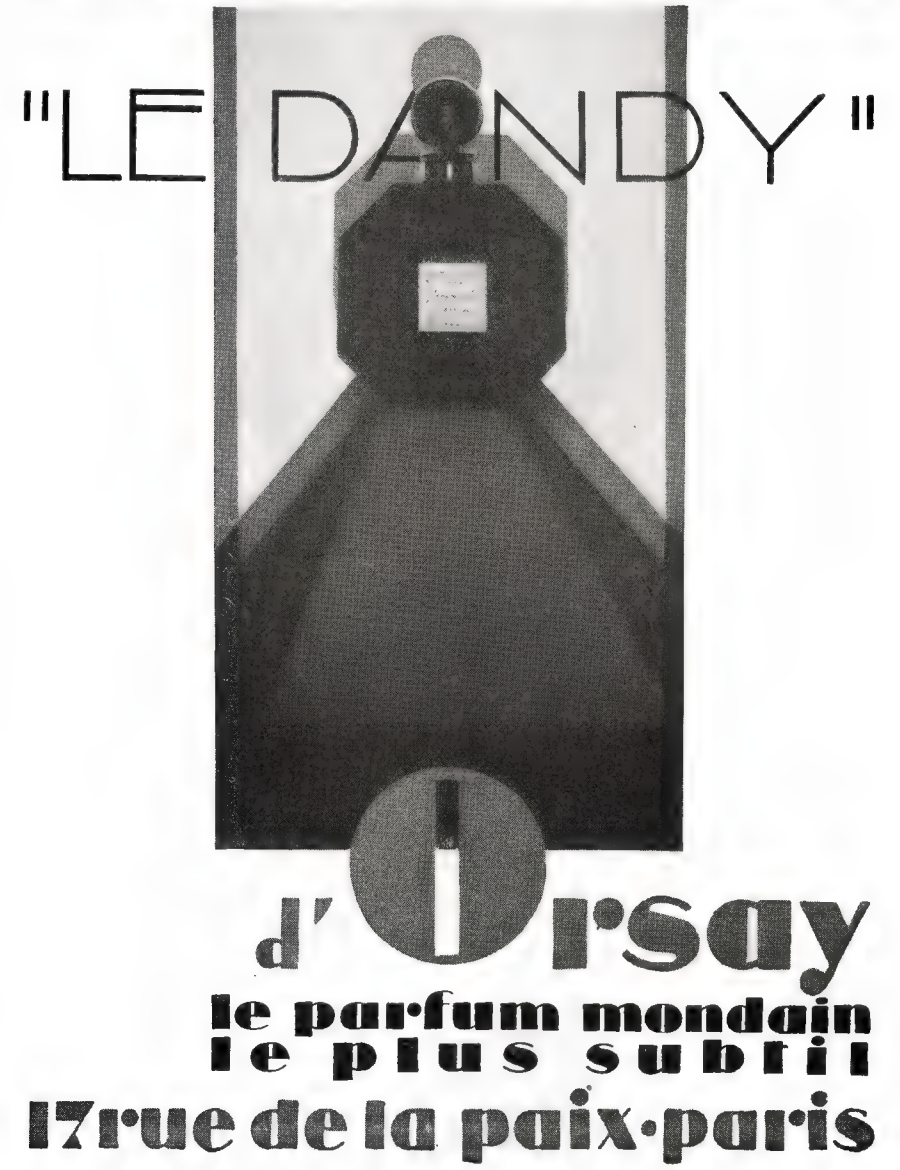

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THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Continued from page 77

supplies, had been cautioned against such unprofitable humanitarianism. On his second trip into No Man's Land, Corporal Triumph had undertaken to track him and had surprised him in a shell hole, handing papers to a German. Corporal Triumph had shot the German and conducted Private Cohen as a prisoner back to our front line. When Cohen had been searched, further incriminating documents had been found in his possession. These documents, on being examined, turned out to be rough maps of the dispositions of our troops and machine gun emplacements. When Cohen was invited to speak in his self-defense, he professed that he had nothing that he cared to add. This being the case, his guilt was as good as proved, and he was slated for court martial.

In order to make him an example for other spies who might be among us, his trial was hurried forward. Instead of sending him back of the lines, where the discipline of his punishment would lose in terror by distance, it was determined to try him summarily and on the spot, so that his own regiment might be the witness of his penalty.

The court was convened in the village where we had been billeted. The trial took place in the *estaminet* of the "Silver Moon," which must have been a source of satisfaction to Corporal Triumph. Among the character witnesses I was summoned. My evidence was very much as here stated: the manner of Cohen's enlistment; how his lack of aptitude for soldiering had caused me to appoint him as regimental tailor; how, when suspicion had fallen on him, I had restored him to the fighting ranks, where he would be under more close surveillance. While I was talking, his eyes never traveled from my face. I sought to avoid them—was actually compelled to struggle against their fascination. At last, when I had delivered myself and it was safe to regard him, I found that his expression was utterly unreproachful; that he was smiling at me in friendship, almost as tho I had done him a favor—certainly as tho he had always loved me and was still fond of me. Save for my uniform and duty, I could easily have copied Marie's example by flinging myself at his feet and imploring forgiveness.

But Marie—I have forgotten her. From the moment she learned of Cohen's plight, she was as one demented. She went from officer to officer, waylaying even the General, begging that mercy be shown. More than once she created a disturbance by forcing her way into the court which, as I have said, was held in the *estaminet* which had been the scene of her amorous exploits.

Shortly after the trial had commenced, a second attack was launched by the enemy, on a more ambitious scale than the first which had welcomed us when we had taken over the sector. News kept pouring in of trenches lost; of how the division on our right had left our flank exposed, so that there was danger of the enemy working round behind us. The village was under bombardment; the noise was deafening. Thru it all the crack of rifle fire was drawing nearer, telling more eloquently than words how our troops were falling back and the situation was becoming more menacing. The court martial was speeded up and the hearing completed by Corporal Triumph's testimony. It was his testimony that drove the final nail into Cohen's coffin. The verdict was rendered—that he was to be shot at dawn as a traitor.

As a matter of record he was not. When the court arose, the enemy had already gained the outskirts of the village. Soon there would be street fighting. To make certain of justice being carried out, a firing squad was hastily summoned; Jake Cohen was put against the *estaminet* wall and executed.

When that happened, I had rejoined my battalion. I have been told that where his body dropped, it was left; no one had the leisure to bury it. That day, having evacuated the civilian population, we were swept from the village. It took a week to recover it; after which, history wrote itself so fast that, till the Armistice, we had no time to remember.

WE WERE guarding the bridge-heads of the Rhine and wondering how many of us, if any, would be sent home for Christmas, when an incident occurred to revive Jake Cohen's memory. Having gone thru the war unscathed, Corporal Triumph had contracted pneumonia. He sent an urgent request for me. The moment I entered his presence, I could see that he was dying—a gasping skeleton propped up with pillows. He beckoned me to approach his bedside. In a hoarse whisper he intimated that he had something to confess. What he told me impressed me at first as the hallucination of delirium. That was what I wanted to believe it. If I believed otherwise, I became his partner in having sent an innocent man to execution.

According to Corporal Triumph, he had had a "down" on Private Cohen from the moment he had clapped eyes on him. His relations with him had never been less than hostile. The climax had been reached on that night at the "Silver Moon," when Cohen had parted him from Marie. He had decided then and there to get him. Cohen had played into his hands by his humanity to the German wounded. He had discovered him in a shell hole, binding up an enemy. He had shot the German and, as he was arresting Cohen, had smuggled evidence of treachery into his tunic.

When I inquired how it had happened that he was carrying such evidence, the vilest part of his infamy came to light: that he himself had been an enemy-agent, but had since gone straight, deterred by the prompt example of Cohen's court martial. In an attempt to whiten his own character, he assured me that he had turned religious. Scarcely a day had passed when he had not read his Bible. Probably owing to this belated piety, he had acquired glibness in handling scripture phrases, for when I asked him why Cohen had not accused him before his judges, he answered, " 'As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so opened he not his mouth.' "

Before I could get a sworn record of his retraction, he expired. For the easing of my own conscience in what seemed to me an obvious miscarriage of justice, I forwarded an account of the occurrence to Headquarters, hoping that it might clear Cohen's memory and produce a posthumous reversal of the verdict. Whether the account went astray in labyrinths of red tape or whether it was deemed wisest to regard the matter as closed, I do not know. Possibly the unattested ravings of a dying man were not considered sufficiently trustworthy. At any rate, till the time the regiment sailed back to America to be demobilized, no action had been taken.

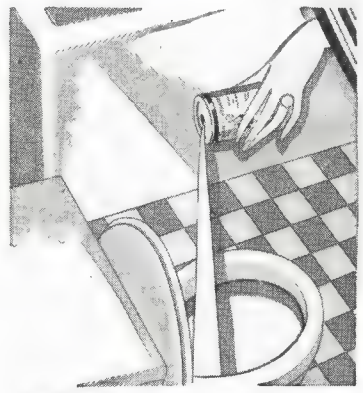
I WAS on temporary duty in Washington, detailed to serve on the guard of honor to the Unknown Soldier, and awaiting the arrival of the body, when I stumbled on the first clue to his identity. As the guest of a club, I fell into conversation with an officer. It developed that he had been one of the commission which had selected the anonymous hero whose sacrifice we were about to commemorate.

I was naturally curious to learn by what process of elimination the commission had made its choice. If I remember clearly, he told me that all the battle-fields where great engagements had been fought by our troops had been visited, and possible candidates for the distinction disinterred and conveyed back to a central depot. The final decision as to which was to become the symbol for the rest had been arrived at by lottery. It had been a tedious mission and a gruesome. He wouldn't undertake it again, even tho he were disciplined for his refusal. He narrated some of the incidents that he had experienced, among which was the following.

They were at the last stage of their tour; only one more unknown soldier remained to be reclaimed to make up their quota for the final selection. They had reached a village toward the hour of sunset—a village so battered that hardly one stone was left upon another. Their purpose had been to go further, when suddenly they had espied a white cross above a grave carefully tended with flowers. Its sacred peace, in a scene of such utter desolation, was what had drawn their attention. Alighting, they had found that the cross bore the legend, *Soldat Américain, Inconnu.*

Their travels were ended; they at once set about the body's disinterment. They had completed their task and were on the point of departure when, seemingly (*Turn to page 80*)

Sani-Flush is thorough



THE toilet bowl is sparkling. Glistening clean. White. Pure and gleaming. And Sani-Flush did it.

Sani-Flush removed all stains and marks and incrustations, and it did *more*. Sani-Flush reached down to the hidden, unhealthful trap and cleaned that too. It banished foul odors.

Sani-Flush is easy to use. Just sprinkle it in the bowl, following directions on the can, and flush. It is harmless to plumbing.

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Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. *In Canada*, 35c.

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Also makers of Melo—a real water softener

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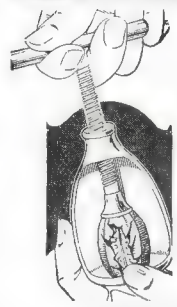

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2 How Evaporated Milk, used in place of cream, for salads, dressings, creamed fish, fowl, and meat, makes better, more wholesome food.

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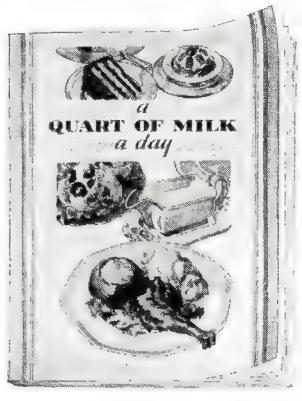
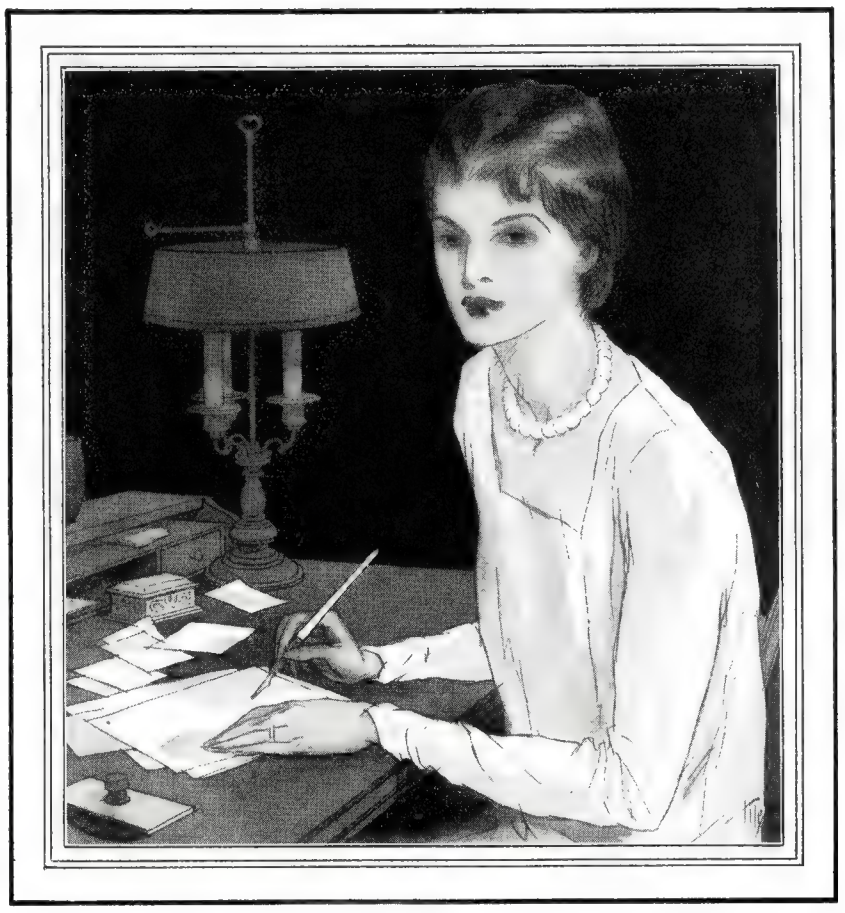
4 How vegetables creamed with Evaporated Milk have richness that nothing else will give.

5 How drinks made with Evaporated Milk are the best of milk drinks.





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FOR three daily menus prepared to put more milk in the diet, you may win a two thousand dollar prize. From those menus, used in your home, you *will* win the greater reward of giving your family better food and surer, safer health. Send coupon below with name and address. We will send you the rules of the contest and the free book.

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION, 955 Ill. Merchants Bank Bldg., Chicago
I would like to have your free booklet and the rules of the contest.

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About the Prizes

There are 168 prizes ranging from $10.00 to $2,000.00.

The first prize will be awarded for the best series of three daily menus designed to put as much milk as possible in the diet of every member of the family—a quart a day for each being the ideal amount—using Evaporated Milk for every cream and milk use. The other prizes will be awarded to entries in order of their merit.

One First Prize . .	$2,000.00
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One Hundred Prizes, each	10.00

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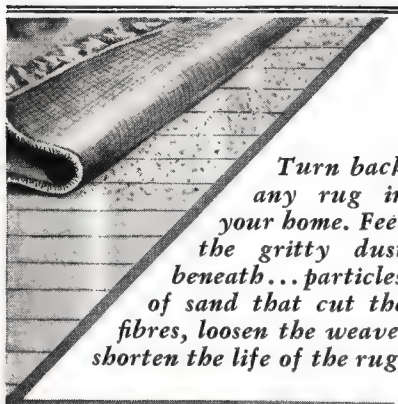
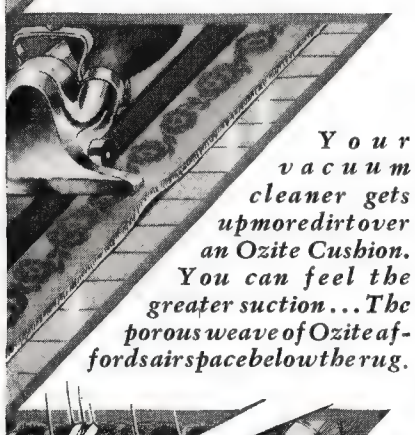
Evaporated Milk is pure, fresh milk, concentrated—made more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—and sterilized in sealed containers. It comes to your pantry as fresh and sweet as when it left the farm—as safe as if there were not a germ in the universe. Rich enough to use in place of cream, it costs less than half as much as cream. For every milk use, it costs no more—in many places less—than ordinary milk.

Every Rug Needs an Ozite Cushion

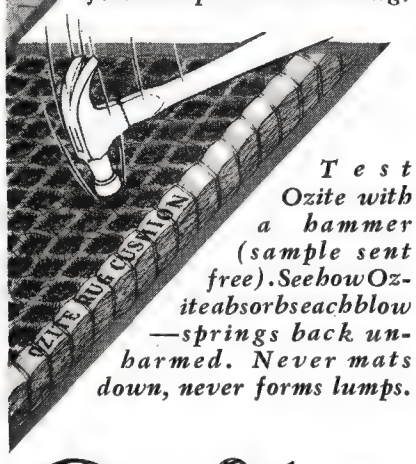


Turn back any rug in your home. Feel the gritty dust beneath... particles of sand that cut the fibres, loosen the weave, shorten the life of the rug.

Ozite Cushion eliminates this sandy grit . . . protects the rug from shattering heel blows . . . and makes the rug delightfully soft and luxurious underfoot!



Your vacuum cleaner gets upmoredirtover an Ozite Cushion. You can feel the greater suction... The porous weave of Ozite affords airspacebelowthe rug.

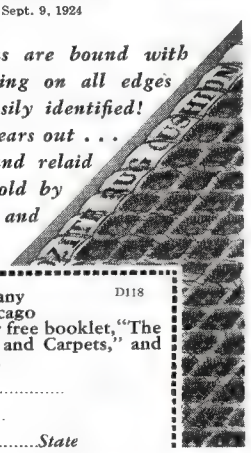


Test Ozite with a hammer (sample sent free). See how Ozite absorbs each blow —springs back unharmed. Never mats down, never forms lumps.

Ozite
Rug Cushion

Patented Sept. 9, 1924

Ozite Rug Cushions are bound with orange colored taping on all edges —the original is easily identified! Ozite itself never wears out . . . may be taken up and relaid just like a rug. Sold by all furniture, rug and department stores.



Clinton Carpet Company D118
130 N. Wells St., Chicago
Please send me your free booklet, "The Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets," and small sample of Ozite.

Name.....
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THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Continued from page 78

from nowhere, since they had supposed the village deserted, a girl had appeared. At sight of what they had done she had begun to weep broken-heartedly. For a reason best known to herself, she had regarded the grave as her personal property. She had been evil, she asserted; the man who had rested there had made her good. With her own hands she had buried him. Where were they taking him?

It had been too late to alter their plans. Everything save the transportation of the body had been accomplished. Hurriedly they had explained who they were and their rights in the matter: that they had not committed a senseless desecration; that very possibly her unknown soldier would be laid to rest in a grander tomb in America, which would become a shrine of pilgrimage, just as the stone slab beneath the Arc de Triomphe was a shrine of pilgrimage for the French nation. She had proved inconsolable and had followed them weeping, till, outdistanced by their faster going, she had faded to a speck and finally had been lost to view in the gathering shadows.

I inquired the name of the village.

"And which of the candidates for the honor did they select?"

"That's a secret—or it's supposed to be a secret." The officer bent toward me. "All the same, I can make a shrewd guess, for on the last body there were initials worked on the tunic. The tunic of the unknown soldier who was chosen bore the same initials. He must have been a brave man, for all his wounds were in his breast."

"And what were the initials?" He hesitated.

"That's information I ought to keep under my hat. The initials were J. C., however."

IT SEEMED scarcely possible, yet the suspicion grew that Jake Cohen, to whom the world had denied justice and had executed as a traitor, was the hero for whose home coming so much pomp was preparing. Suddenly, as tho he were not dead, he sprang to life in my imagination. Again he stood before me, regarding me with those friendly eyes which I had feared to gaze into too long, lest they should hypnotize me. He had been persecuted for pacifism and we were honoring him as an example of militarism. His purity had ostracized him. His kindness to prisoners had made him seem disloyal. The sarcastic speech I had made to him came back: "It's no longer a virtue to love your enemies. You and I, as soldiers, are expected to hate our enemies—to mistreat them whenever circumstances forbid us to slaughter them." In the truest sense he had died for showing pity to his wounded enemies, when pity had run contrary to his military duty. The cruel absurdity dawned on me of the way in which we had misused him. Putting a man with his eyes into a uniform hadn't changed his nature. Even pushing a rifle into his hands hadn't turned him aside from loving.

But I might be mistaken. I strove to believe I was. It was too much to attribute to the long arm of circumstance, that tomorrow I would be acting guard of honor to the pacifist tailor, whom my testimony had helped to send to his unmerited punishment.

All the details of his reception stand clear-cut in memory: statesmen to whom, while living, he had meant less than nothing, generals who had concurred in his condemnation, making speeches over him. Everybody attributing to him soldierly virtues which he had not coveted and actually had striven not to acquire. Bands playing martial music. Flags flying for him who had possessed no flag. The Allied Nations piling his coffin high with floral tributes. And when he had died, if he were Jake Cohen, no friend, save Marie, had spared time to bury him. If they only knew! And did I know? These were my thoughts as I heard his praises. If my guess were correct, one other person knew: Marie, the street girl, whom he had forgiven.

PERHAPS I was going mad. Perhaps I am mad. I admit it here by way of warning, for I am arriving at the strange termination of my story. Recalling Marie created the illusion that I saw her. I looked again, certain I had seen her; but now she had vanished in the swaying of the crowd.

At last, to the beat of muffled drums and boom of cannon, we bore the Unknown to his final rest. Having piled his tomb mountain-high with wreaths, and posted sentries, we left him.

Next day, in the mist of early morning, as I was approaching the cemetery on my tour of inspection, I saw a woman. This time I recognized her unmistakably as Marie. She was coming toward me, her face ecstatic. As in a trance, she would have passed me.

"Marie!"

She knew me. My features, as seen in the courtroom, swearing away the life of the man she loved, must have branded themselves into her memory.

"How did you come here?" I questioned.

When they had taken him from her, she had spent her all that she might follow him.

"But," I protested, "you couldn't be certain—there were so many unknown soldiers collected from all the battle-fields. How could you possibly guess that his body would be the one—?"

"He is risen." She clutched my hands. "That was what I asked myself—how could I possibly guess? All night I longed to approach him, but the guards kept me back. Toward dawn, when the crowds had melted, I drew nearer. This time nobody stopped me. The sentries stood on duty, like men of stone. I came to the mountain of flowers they had piled over him to weigh him down. There I knelt weeping, praying that I might have him back in the little grave, small as a cradle, which my own hands had dug for him. In the silence I heard a stirring. I was frightened, Monsieur, for it seemed to me that the sentries, staring with their unseeing eyes, were all dead. The thing that was happening was unbelievable. The mountain of flowers was heaving, as tho some one who was underneath was striving to thrust them back. I hid my face; then I heard his voice, 'Marie.' There he stood, Monsieur, in his old khaki uniform, his steel helmet on his head, the gaping wounds in his breast where the volley had struck him.

" 'Marie,' he said again, 'why weepest thou? I ascend unto my Father and your Father—to my God and your God.' "

I HAVE lost sight of Marie, I have no way of knowing whether what I have recorded is hallucination or fact. Day and night I rehearse the details. I can think of little else. I am troubled, which is the reason for my anonymous confession. Whom did we bury as our Unknown Soldier? Is he still there? Did they bury the same man in London at Westminster Abbey and again beneath the Arc de Triomphe in Paris?

To me it seems all so likely—so natural. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things? While the world was suffering, how could He have remained in His glory? And then that one clue to the Unknown's identity —J. C. were the initials sewn on his tunic.

SOUNDS

By Cristel Hastings

Old songs I've loved, old haunting melodies
That sing in trees on blue-gray April nights,
The sound of water racing in a stream
And echoes of a bird's call on the heights.

These sounds I've loved and treasured in my heart
Like winds that whisper in long fields of wheat,
But that was long before I knew and loved
The echo of your footsteps down my street.

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Naturally, it's important to buy the finest Walnuts—with plump, fine-flavored kernels inside. Remember, it's *kernels* you want, not shells! To be sure of the best quality, buy Walnuts like you buy other quality foods—*by brand.*

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Fortunately, you can always be *sure* of getting Diamond Walnuts. Just look on the shell! If at least 97 out of every 100 Walnuts carry the Diamond trade-mark, then you know they are genuine Diamond Walnuts. And that quality-symbol costs you nothing. We brand 20 pounds for a cent—thirty times as cheaply as we could pack them in cartons.

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California's Finest

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The tall can, diluted, makes an overflowing quart of pure, rich milk

Gay mugs brimming with cocoa, "snappers" mysterious with promise—and A CAKE. Seven pink candles on top. But more thrilling still, a wonderful thick layer of cocoanut inside.

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Carnation Cake with Cocoanut Filling—1½ cups pastry flour, 3 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. Carnation Milk diluted with 6 tbsp. water, ½ tsp. vanilla or almond, ⅜ cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 egg whites. Measure flour after sifting once. Resift with baking powder and salt. Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly. Add unbeaten egg whites and beat until mixture is very light. Add flour and diluted milk alternately, beginning and ending with flour. Add flavoring. Bake in moderate (375°F) oven.

Carnation Cocoanut Filling—⅓ cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup boiling water, 4 tbsp. cornstarch, 1 cup sugar, few grains salt, 1 cup shredded cocoanut, ¼ tsp. almond extract. Blend cornstarch, sugar and salt. Add boiling water; cook directly over flame until mixture boils vigorously; then cook over hot water 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Stir in Carnation Milk, add cocoanut and flavoring. Spread between layers. Cover cake with plain white icing.

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For mending and all light sewing. Beautifully finished. 5-inch size. Ask for Wiss No.815,$1.40.

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INSURE permanent beauty of your needlework. Use NUN'S BOILPROOF threads, whose 110 shades are *all* guaranteed boilproof.

Colors never run or fade.

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may be made to suit individual taste with Lea & Perrins' Sauce. The world over this fine seasoning is used to make foods more appetizing. To each can add one teaspoonful of

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(29)
Collingbourne Silk Mills, Dept.929A, Elgin, Illinois

A CHALLENGE TO WOMEN'S CLUBS

Continued from page 14

to her in the future steps of the campaign.

We now know where we stand. Our objectives have been defined and our ground for action has been surveyed. Allowing for human possibility of error, we know our friends and our foes.

Our next problem is to find a series of common denominators of interest between ourselves and these groups we are trying to align with us. In education, parental love is a common bond between us and the most diverse groups. In public health, the desire for our own self-preservation acts as a bond. In civic improvements, the self-interest of the individual citizen can be appealed to. Very often the chairman will have to weigh most carefully the appeals she is going to stress. What appeals to one group will not appeal to another. The real estate interests, for example, will resist a move that increases their taxation; the traction interests a move that cuts down their privileges. And so on, ad infinitum.

The Actual Battle

THE strategy of attack is decided upon. The basic motivations to be played upon are clarified and listed.

The battle is now ready to start. But just as in an actual battle there are different methods of attack, depending upon the condition of the enemy, so in these battles to arouse public opinion into action, we have to be guided by different conditions.

If our enemy is the local legislative body, one method is demanded. If a local official, another. If, on the other hand, the enemy is ignorance or apathy, another.

Let us take the first case. The woman's club has made an investigation of the public health situation in the community. It has found, among other things, that the hospitals are in bad condition because insufficient moneys are appropriated for them by the city's legislative body. A hospital consultant has been called in. He has laid out the program, which he believes would make the hospitals adequate for the community. His plan has been accepted by the club. The legislative chairman has surveyed her fields. The politicians are against it. It means money out of their pockets. Certain sectarian groups are officially against it. They have their own hospitals and do not want to be taxed again. On the other hand, many other groups, appealed to thru their desire to benefit from the hospital if they are ill, are in favor of the plan.

What to do? The campaign must resolve itself into a definite battle showing the legislators vividly that their constituencies are for the measure; proving to them that an awakened public opinion demands it.

The chairman must therefore rouse her community to action. She knows her groups. She knows the point of alignment. Add to it, strengthen it, by every appeal which reaches their intellect and their emotions.

Unfortunately human beings have only five senses—in that respect the chairman is limited! But within those reaches every approach is sound and legitimate. The eye and ear must be appealed to. The eye is reached thru various ways—the newspaper, the picture, the motion picture, the visual presentation of the cause in exhibit form or parade. The chairman can function at public meetings and at lecture convocations.

Just as the nations in war times created events to influence their constituents, so the clever chairman must create events to further her cause.

Graphic dramatization of the cause, by staging symbols in juxtaposition, is a sound measure—a dirty street and a clean street in contrast in a campaign for better streets; a child crippled thru neglect contrasted with a cured child, in a campaign for better hospitals; a parade of children demanding better schools.

Alignment of individuals, symbols for their group, uniting for a common cause at a mass meeting, is a sound expedient in marshaling public opinion. Group leaders of otherwise divergent groups—the more divergent the better—uniting and meeting in a common cause make a profound effect upon a public.

After the group leaders have put themselves publicly on record as in favor of the cause, the next step is group action. Resolutions might well be drawn up for passage by various groups, emphasizing those aspects of the question which lie nearest to them.

Such action will eventuate in comments in the daily newspapers as well as thruout the community, and will create accumulative and growing public opinion in favor of the measure.

Resolutions and such comment are brought to the attention of the legislators. Soon a wave of public opinion will be noted.

The movement will become a wave—sometimes a tidal wave—and sweep all before it. Sound ideas, started in this way, have swept the country before them. Examples come readily to mind in such fields as tuberculosis prevention, better milk, child welfare.

On the day of the vote, no legislative body—boss or no boss—would dare to deny an awakened public conscious of its rights.

In case a local officer is the subject of the attack, it is unnecessary to marshal the forces with the same intensity as when attacking the legislative body. An individual in appointive or elective office is much more subject to an articulate public opinion than a legislative body. He usually has his ear to the ground anyway and is listening for rumblings. In the case of such an individual it is very often unnecessary to do more than to indicate a program and the authoritative support it has from leaders in the given field. On the other hand, if a greater leverage is necessary, the same method is applied as in the case of legislative bodies, with equally effective results. Articulation of important groups in favor of the point of view has a powerful effect. Telegrams are an effective means of bringing out this.

Appeal to Emotions

IN THE third case, that of awakening a public opinion to a consciousness of its own needs, and making it the dynamic factor in a campaign—as for instance in a campaign to teach it to take better care of itself in regard to safety or tuberculosis—a different technique is indicated. Objectives are set, statistics of accidents and deaths assembled and clearly set forth. The campaign in this case has a broader battle front as well as a broader objective. It is usually a longer campaign, has no such climaxes as a campaign to achieve some legislative end nor has it such dramatic moments. It is of necessity a slow, cumulatively growing educational campaign. Facts and their significance, facts and their resultants, are given to the public in every possible way. They are put together for radio presentation. They are related and correlated for newspaper use; in graphic form, they are made the basis for traveling, school, and other exhibits. Lectures are planned and presented. The school and church support are enlisted in the move. Lantern slides are placed in motion picture houses. Every method of communication to the individual is utilized. His mind and emotions are continually stimulated by the cause. He yields in spite of himself and is saved for better health, better education, better children.

What is the place of the newspaper in these campaigns to marshal public opinion? The newspapers in America are, on the whole, a free press, an unsubsidized press. They sell a commodity—news—to the public, and another commodity, advertising, to those firms desiring to sell their wares to the public.

Advertising is, of course, one means of reaching the public, if the funds are available. It may be bought directly from the newspaper or thru an advertising agency, who will assist in the preparation of the advertising message, receiving a fifteen per cent. commission from the publication, in lieu of a fee from the client.

As to news, if we accept the definition that news consists of happenings in the community of sufficient relative importance to be reported to the constituency of the given newspaper, then it behooves us to create happenings which not only deserve to be reported, but which, at the time they are reported, will bring out the desired reaction from the public.

(*Turn to page 84*)

Add the Chef's Touch to YOUR *Cookery!*

Now you can easily transform your plainest dishes or left-overs into real "guest treats."

Welcome news for those who love good cooking! Guasti Cooking Sherry is now *legally* available at leading grocers. This news is doubly welcome to busy housewives often puzzled to know just what will tempt the hard-to-please appetites of critical men folks. Now you can impart that delicious flavor, so well known by world-famous chefs, to the plainest dishes and transform them into real cookery triumphs.

Guasti Cooking Sherry, as required by the Government, has enough salt added to remove it from the beverage class, yet just enough to season foods for the average taste.

Try this delicious aid to cookery. Your family, your guests and (very important) you, yourself, will enjoy the wonderful, indescribable flavor Guasti Cooking Sherry gives to roasts, fowl, soup, stews, gravies, and countless other dishes.

Guasti Cooking Sherry is only one of the famous Guasti Cooking Aids. There are the sweet flavorings, too—delicious for desserts, cakes, puddings and jellies.

If your grocer can not supply you, send his name with 50 cents to our nearest branch for a bottle of one of the Guasti Cooking Aids—enough to prepare several meals. Just check the kind you want on the list of Guasti Cooking Aids below.

"Treasured Flavors"

Whether you order any of the Guasti Cooking Aids or not, we will gladly send you FREE a copy of "Treasured Flavors." This is a new kind of recipe book. Contains many favorite recipes of famous chefs, simplified for home use. Tells how to make many delicious dishes with a new and better flavor. 32 pages, beautifully illustrated. Send to our nearest branch for your FREE copy. Address Dept. 2.

free

Italian Vineyard Co.

Operating the largest vineyard under one ownership in the world. Established 1883.

Los Angeles, Calif.: 1248 Palmetto St.
New York: 11-13 Hubert St.
Chicago: 400 W. McKinzie St.
New Orleans: 628 Godchaux Bldg.

Guasti

Pronounced Gwah-stee

COOKING SHERRY (SALTED)

The Guasti Cooking Aids

SALTED	SWEET
[ ] Guasti Cooking Sherry	[ ] Guasti Sweet Sherry Flavoring
[ ] Guasti Sauce a la Bordelaise	[ ] Guasti Sweet Port Flavoring
[ ] Guasti Sauce a la Bercy	[ ] Guasti Sweet Sauterne Flavoring
[ ] Guasti Sauce a la Newberg	

(Check the ones wanted. Send 50 cents for each bottle ordered. All postage prepaid.)

The charm of LOVELY ARMS AND HANDS this way

Begin now to give your arms and hands the care they deserve. Beautiful women —social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars—women who realize the value of lovely skin—write us that they have used only Ingram's Milkweed Cream for ten—twenty years or more. It gives your skin exactly what it needs.

You can begin now to do what these women do. At night before going to bed bathe your arms and hands with water and a good soap, using a wash cloth that is rough in texture. On your elbows and the ends of your fingers use a nail brush. Scrub these parts gently with the nail brush so as to get them thoroughly clean without irritating them. Now apply a thin coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream and leave it on all night. Your skin will absorb it while you sleep. Do this regularly and you should notice steady improvement.

Learn how to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream. With each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream come full instructions. Women write us daily telling how they improved their skins by following these instructions. So that you, too, may give your skin treatments basically right, go today to your druggist and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size $1.75. Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 616 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Let us send you FREE purse-size package of Ingram's new American Blush Rouge and interesting booklet on The Art of Rouging.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

A Book About Weddings

by MRS. JOHN ALEXANDER KING

Whether it is a formal church wedding or just a simple home wedding, it must be correct in all its appointments; in the observance of gracious time-honored customs, the decorations, the refreshments. A valuable book for solving the many puzzling details of any kind of wedding. *Postpaid* $1.00. Send stamps or money order to:

Elizabeth Bennett, *Service Editor*
DELINEATOR
223 Spring Street, New York

A CHALLENGE TO WOMEN'S CLUBS

Continued from page 83

If, in a hospital campaign, the mayor of the city is invited by the club president to attend a meeting for better hospitals, and he accepts, that is news and makes people understand that the move has his support. On the other hand, if he refuses, that is news, too, and equally significant.

If the key of a new hospital is officially handed to the Mayor, it is a symbol of the city's interest—and news. Similarly it is news when the city's symbols in some building are destroyed by a group of club-women, to show their lack of confidence in the city administration.

Since news, of necessity, has to stand out from the ordinary, bizarre and extraordinary happenings are often regarded by the newspapers as news. The largest, the smallest, the best—are news. For instance, the largest check contributed to a cause, and the smallest. So, too, is support from an unexpected quarter—such as an orphan's ten cent contribution for a hospital. It gains attention and plays upon the emotions of the public.

Facts can be presented as news if they are tied up with an event. Thus the report of the number of people cared for by a hospital may be news, if it is announced at a mass meeting the night before. And not news, if the numerical fact is allowed to remain as a statistical listing.

A word, too, on the use of symbols. Symbols are short cuts to emotional processes. The battle flag and the national flag are symbols of and for the people. So, too, slogans and mottos are symbols. "A bed for every sick child." "Will you let 100,000 babies starve?" "Free school books for every child." These are rallying points to action.

Can one lone woman without active support put thru such campaigns as have been outlined? Unequivocally, yes. And for this reason: all that any of these campaigns requires is leadership and technique. Given these two qualities and only an average body of individuals to deal with, the ends can be achieved. Any new idea in a community seldom starts with more than this. The great religions have started thru lone leaders, often in positions less secure than that occupied by the president of a woman's club in an American community.

Details of the Technique

SO MUCH for leadership. It is necessary now that the club-woman acquire the technique to carry the strategic plan thru to a successful conclusion. Her plans may be perfect, her theory of attack impregnable, but she must know, for instance, when the morning newspaper is "put to bed" at night and when its evening *confrère* gets up in the morning. A story sent to the city section of a newspaper which by its nature belongs on the woman's page will appear in neither. Failure to issue the name of a committee may render its work less effective.

Let us suppose that a particular club is working for the extension of hospital facilities in a given city.

The first step in the campaign is the formation of a committee of well known persons who will sponsor the movement. This is important, because people are influenced by individuals they know and respect. Such individuals are symbols to the groups of which they are leaders. The fact that a social worker of proved prestige and ability believes that more hospitals are needed in the city will go far toward convincing all social workers of the necessity of such a reform. The approval by a distinguished physician of the hospital program for which the woman's club is working is in itself the best argument for the entire medical profession of that community. For your committee, select such men and women as will appeal broadly to all classes of the public, and not offend any class.

The next step in the campaign is to give your committee a name which will be dignified and descriptive of its purpose, and to prepare a committee letter-head so that the mechanics of the campaign may function from a specified address. The importance of having the letter-head give as much information as possible can easily be proved by a glance at the morning mail of any representative business man.

The actual forming of the committee is news and can be released to the press. This release to city editors and news associations should be delivered the day prior to the day on which it is to be released. In the very large cities, sending this release by messenger or mail is sufficient. In smaller cities or towns, it may be advisable for the chairman or one of her committee to take the release to the editor, who may be glad to be personally informed of the details of the campaign. Discuss with the editor at just what time he would prefer to have any news material sent to him, and in what manner.

The Letter Campaign

IN ORDER to reinforce the strength of the campaign, the opinions of leaders in various groups should be secured for the cause which you are sponsoring. The various groups which have a direct or indirect interest in the cause, and which, thru their prestige, will stand as the symbol for the larger groups which they influence, should be addressed. In the case of the hospital campaign, it will be helpful to secure approval of the project from leading individuals in the medical profession and health field, social welfare groups, the ministry, the educational field, various community organizations, the business field, and men and women prominent in the community.

The letter to be sent to these groups will go into detail on the objects of the campaign, and it should be worded clearly and simply.

The letter campaign will secure comments which may be utilized in influencing public opinion. Therefore, make it clear in your letter that these comments will be used, if the recipient does not object.

The use of accurate and up-to-date lists of individuals for such a letter campaign is of prime importance. In securing and making up these lists, ascertain by reference to the library if directories are available. If the campaign is a local one, the classified telephone directory will also prove helpful. If the lists you need are not available in printed form, the central headquarters of each group will usually have the lists, and the officers will be glad to place them at your disposal. For instance, in the health group, the commissioner of health or health officer of your city would be helpful in suggesting names of physicians, etc. A leading charity organization society could supply lists of social welfare organizations, etc.

Let us assume that your letters have gone out and that the answers have begun to come in from various individuals, approving of the campaign. Take the comments received and prepare releases, with one or several, which will emphasize the fact that such and such a group, and prominent persons in it, are convinced of the necessity of better hospital facilities. Send these releases to newspapers. Send them to magazines interested in the particular group. The comments can also be utilized in various other ways later in the campaign in leaflets, posters, banners, etc.

The persons who have answered your letter have also become friends of the movement and it may be possible to call upon them later on for other types of participation.

Use of a petition is an effective way to bring the desire of the community forcibly to the attention of the authorities, either legislative or unofficial. When a large number of signatures has been secured, make the presentation of this petition a dramatic event. Let us suppose that the petition is to be presented to the state legislature. The delegation from the club which is presenting it can bear it thru the streets to the station. The newspapers should be informed. Presuming that the petition is to be presented in another city, the public relations chairman should see that the newspapers in the capital city are also informed that this event will take place at such and such a time. Local newspapers should be notified of the details of the presentation to the governor and photographs sent them. In this way, the fact that a large body of the population is convinced of the necessity of better hospitals will be reflected back to the public in a dramatic way and will result in enlisting hitherto inactive interest.

We have talked of dramatizing an event and building up a dramatic (*Turn to page 86*)

Smiles That Sparkle Socially

reveal teeth kept free of dingy film

Special film-removing dentifrice advised for twice-a-day use in clearing teeth and combating the commoner tooth and gum troubles

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM DISPLAY in a recent Philadelphia flower exhibit charmed thousands by its beauty. No less charming are the smiles of Misses Laurna Wilkins and Dorothy Margrave, kept bright and gleaming through daily use of Pepsodent.

McCLELLAND BARCLAY, famous illustrator, and his model, Miss Helen Goebels, pause for a moment to show the part Pepsodent plays in making smiles so charming.

THE 5:15 BY AIR replaces its namesake of former days. Here Miss Mae Bryant bids friends goodbye with her charming smile Pepsodent guards so zealously.

(*At Right*) DENTISTS KNOW THE SECRET of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.

MODERN dental research has thrown a new light on dull, "off-color" teeth and on many of the commoner tooth and gum disturbances. Both conditions now are largely charged to a stubborn film that forms on teeth. To a film ordinary brushing has failed to remove *successfully*.

For that reason, a new and essentially different way in tooth and gum care — the Special Film-Removing Dentifrice called Pepsodent—is being widely advised by dental authorities. *A tooth paste different* in formula and action from any other dentifrice. Dentists everywhere are widely urging its use at least twice each day—*every day*.

By running your tongue across your teeth, you can feel that film —a slippery, viscous coating. Film clings to teeth and stays. It absorbs food and nicotine stains, and makes teeth look dull and clouded. It supplies a breeding place for the germs of decay. Film, also, is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the cause of pyorrhea.

How It Acts

Pepsodent removes that film in gentle protection of the enamel, giving teeth thorough cleanliness and high lustre. It aids in firming tender gums in accordance with the latest scientific findings. It increases the alkalinity of saliva and thus combats acids of decay.

Teeth lighten as dull film coats go. Gums harden and take on healthy coral color. You note a marked difference in both teeth and gums. Get a large tube today from your druggist or write to address below for free 10-day tube to start you on your way to modern-day tooth and gum care.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; 191 George St., *Toronto 2*, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., *London*, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., *Sydney*, N. S. W.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

FROM FASHION'S PLAYGROUNDS COME THESE NEW FALL SHADES IN HOSIERY

Selected by Lucile–Paris

SOCIETY'S prophecy of the popular trends for Fall, captured by Lucile at Deauville, Longchamps and Biarritz, and interpreted by her for Holeproof in three striking new hosiery shades that will best complement these modes.

ON the sands at Deauville, where modes are created by Parisian style dictators, Lucile found a soft rose-tan nude tint in hosiery worthy of the Holeproof label—which she calls Mignon.

LONGCHAMPS—the races—mannequins from the great Paris Houses—chic Parisiennes, transplanted Americans. In this atmosphere, Lucile created a sophisticated tint—Chantilly, a neutral yellow beige. From Biarritz, Lucile sends a warm beige-gray, called Chateau, which, she says, will be quite chic this fall.

These three new Lucile-Paris colors are obtainable in the better stores throughout America, in Holeproof Hosiery exclusively...in exquisite silk stockings priced —as you prefer —from $1.00 to $3.75.

© H. H. Co.

Holeproof Hosiery

A CHALLENGE TO WOMEN'S CLUBS

Continued from page 84

interest in an idea. The problem of the public relations chairman is, in some respects, like that of the dramatist. A well constructed play lays down its exposition of facts in the first act. It then proceeds to build up interest thru the development of the character of the persons of the play and thru their actions. This active interest culminates in a dramatic climax.

The Grand Climax

SO, WITH the campaign to mold public opinion. The high point of the campaign must be planned from the beginning and everything keyed to this. In a militant campaign to reform a condition, the parade and the mass meeting are the most potent forms of dramatization. Their timing is important. If the object of the campaign has been to inform public opinion so that it will express itself at the polls, then the parade or mass meeting should be the last gun in the campaign and should take place a short time before election.

The parade presents the visual appeal, while the mass meeting brings to bear the force of the spoken word. Both events are news and can also be reflected thru the printed word.

To organize a parade, secure the participation of all the societies, clubs and groups which have previously expressed approval of the campaign. Have a delegation march from these groups. Include boy scouts, girl scouts and camp fire girls. If funds are available, arrange two or three tableau floats, showing hospital nurses, baby clinics or whatever is most interesting and appealing in hospital work. Have plenty of banners scattered thru the parade.

Remember that it is necessary to get police department permission to conduct a parade, and be sure that all the preliminary arrangements are perfected.

The mass meeting is an effective demonstration of public sentiment. In organizing a mass meeting, select the hall or auditorium available. Invite the mayor and other city officials. Ask the members of your committee of sponsorship to make a special effort to be present. Invite the individuals who have already interested themselves in the movement, and ask them to broadcast the information to those with whom they come in contact.

Work out a short, well balanced program, to consist of short speeches, emphasizing the need for more hospitals, from the standpoint of health, social welfare, economics, etc. Have a leader in each field give a speech. Intersperse the speeches with a musical program.

The issuing of admission tickets is helpful in controlling the attendance. Quantities of these can be distributed thru various organizations. Posters advertising the mass meeting may be prepared and placed in the windows of local stores. Advertisements can be inserted also in the daily newspapers, stressing that the admission is free.

If possible, arrange with your radio stations to broadcast the mass meeting. They will be interested in this on the basis of the well known persons speaking, and of the musical program.

A Rising Vote

AT SOME time during the course of the mass meeting, give the audience a chance to express itself upon the subject under discussion. Have the chairman of the meeting read a short resolution, expressing the need for better hospital facilities, and ask all those in favor of such a measure to rise.

Leaflets giving the facts about the hospital situation should be distributed to the audience so that they may read them at their leisure. Enlarged photographs and exhibits can also be placed in the lobby of the auditorium.

A mass meeting of this kind coordinates all of the appeals which we have discussed before. It is the climax of the campaign.

These are the modern methods of regimenting the public mind. So far they have been used—and misused—by machine politicians and by demagogs. It behooves the intelligent minority to avail themselves of this new technique, which machine-made politics have developed.

Let the club-woman be sure of her facts. Let her be sure of the need. Then let her marshal her forces and do battle, not only against legislative forces, but against the inertia of the mass of the public and its natural resistance to new ideas.

The AMERICAN WOMAN *and the* DEMOCRATIC PARTY

Continued from page 17

if a year had been devoted to its building. It is a low-lying structure in tints of cream and green, with flags flying jauntily, as if from the mast of a ship, all around it. Its interior is no less attractive; the absence of steep steps and precipitous galleries delivers it from the awkward outlines of most buildings of this nature; and tho it is actually much larger than even Madison Square Garden, it is so well proportioned that one is hardly aware of its great size. It is beautifully decorated, and there is a little tug at the heart-strings on learning that most of these decorations have been made by the blind. The light summer apparel worn by the men and women with whom it is thronged relieves it of all somberness.

"For heaven's sake don't describe this as a 'colorful scene,' " Senator Gerry leans over and whispers to DELINEATOR'S representative, "because that is so obviously the thing to say about it!"

"Of course I won't," she whispers back indignantly, tho without this timely warning that is exactly what she would have done. "I was thinking, tho—it looks from here rather like a patchwork quilt of bright little squares of green and red and blue and yellow, with the standards of the states for white."

"I see what you mean," interrupts Mrs. Pittman, "but I think it is even more like a flower garden, and it is easy to imagine those state standards lettered 'Marigold,' 'Cinnamon Pinks,' 'Bachelor's-Buttons,' 'Petunias,' 'Roses,' and so on, instead of merely 'Rhode Island,' 'Nebraska,' 'South Dakota,' and the 'Canal Zone.' "

That comparison of the flower garden seemed so full of imagination and poetic feeling that it made me very happy; and I was glad that it did, for I found little else in the first sessions of the convention to hold my interest or excite my admiration. The meetings were all late in starting; the three bands played airs already so familiar that they became almost unbearable by the time one had listened to them twenty or thirty times in the same day; and the proceedings themselves lacked form and vigor. When Mr. Shaver, retiring chairman of the National Committee, introduced Mr. Claude E. Bowers, the temporary chairman—aptly described by that distinguished journalist, Richard V. Culahan of the *New York Times*, as a "thin, youngish-looking man, with a voice as clear as crystal, and a strength and vigor belying the fragile stature of its owner," there was a pleased stir of anticipation over his key-note speech, especially among those who had heard his splendid address at the Jackson Day Dinner last winter; but as the *Times* says editorially, "It was the most shrill (*Turn to page 89*)

Soothes eyes strained by

Sewing

When your eyes become wearied from sewing or reading, apply a few drops of harmless *Murine*. Within a few moments they will feel strong and rested . . . ready for hours more of use.

Also apply this refreshing lotion to eyes irritated by exposure to sun, wind and dust. It instantly relieves the burning sensation and prevents a bloodshot condition. Many women use *Murine* daily to keep their eyes *always* clear, bright and vigorous. A month's supply costs but 60c. Try it!

Write Murine Co., Dept. 100, Chicago, for FREE books on Eye Beauty and Eye Care

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Marble-Like Beauty

By Edna Wallace Hopper

To lend to your face the even-toned really smooth skin you must have a perfect powder base.

Edna Wallace Hopper as she looks today

I have spent years looking for a cream to enhance the loveliness of my own skin, which has always had the best care. In France, where I have always found my hopes realized, I found what I wished. Now you can have it, too.

Simply ask for Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Cream.

To take care of the many women whose skin has an abundance of natural oil, I have it made in the Vanishing type. For my own use, and for skins like mine, I recommend the Cold type.

Both types are available on any toilet counter—several sizes.

"JEWELS of FAMOUS BEAUTIES"

An entertaining, beautifully illustrated booklet sent

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RICHELIEU PEARLS

KREMOLA SKIN BLEACH

Wonderful and sure. Makes your skin beautiful. Price $1.25. Free booklet. Freckle Ointment removes freckles. Used over forty years. $1.25 and 65c. Ask your dealer or write

Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Modess

SO INFINITELY FINER

Until you try it, such soft comfort seems beyond belief

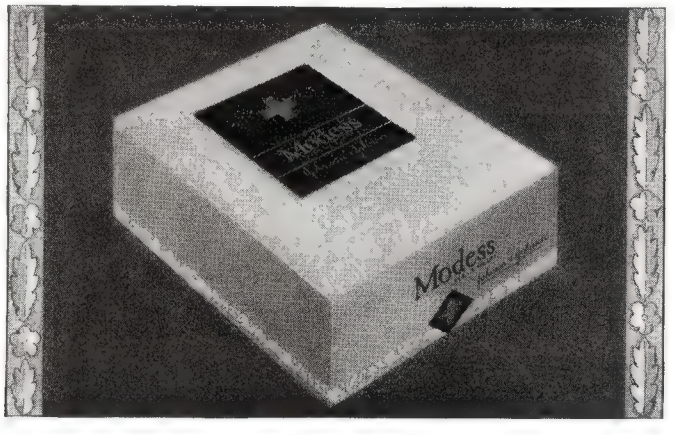
You'll be delighted to discover at last a sanitary napkin of superlative softness and comfort. Modess is so infinitely finer in every way—so free from chafing—so safe—that you are certain to be enthusiastic in your preference.

The center or filler is unlike that of the ordinary napkin. It is not in stiff layers with square edges but is a soft, yielding mass like fluffy cotton which form makes it more highly absorbent. This filler is an entirely new substance invented by Johnson & Johnson. It disintegrates instantly when flushed away. Modess has smoothly rounded sides that cannot chafe.

The Johnson & Johnson gauze is specially softened and then for added comfort is cushioned with a film of cotton, giving a velvety softness. As a further protection, the soft back is rendered resistant to moisture by a method unknown to others.

The easiest and quickest way to learn how much better is Modess is to buy a box at your druggist or department store but we shall be glad to mail one Modess for you to examine. Just fill out the coupon below.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.



One Modess free for examination

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey (Dept. 17)
I would like to receive one free Modess to examine carefully.

Name..... Address.....

at the first sign of SORE THROAT

Listerine, *quick!*

It has amazing power against germs

Kills test bacteria in 15 seconds

YOUR youngsters and you are likely to have colds and sore throat this winter. Wet feet, bad air, sudden changes of temperature bring them on.

Using simple means, why not do your utmost to prevent such ailments?

Millions of mothers have found that the systematic use of Listerine full strength as a gargle keeps the mouth so hygienic that germs make little headway. They have further found that once sore throat does develop, Listerine is a very effective means of checking it before it becomes serious.

This is easy to understand. Colds and sore throat are caused by germs. Listerine, full strength, as shown by countless tests in laboratories of national repute has amazing power against bacteria.

For example, it kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

So, at the first sign of throat irritation use Listerine. Keep it up. If improvement is not rapid, consult your physician, as many serious diseases manifest themselves first with sore throat symptoms. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Prevent a cold this way? Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs, carried by the hands to the mouth on food, attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate, it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

—this 8-day
MILK BATH
Beauty Treatment

Without expense to you, you can apply to your skin, every day for 8 days, a cream that contains the elements of *pure sweet milk*—nature's own essence of vivid, vital health. Just clip the coupon—giving your dealer's name—and we will send you your 8-day tube of the new Zanadu Milk Bath Cream, absolutely FREE. It will give your skin new loveliness. Send the coupon today. (Leading drug and department stores now carry Zanadu Milk Base Toiletries.)

ZANADU

A. A. Vantine & Co., Inc., 71 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please send me, absolutely free, your 8-day tube of Zanadu Milk Bath Cream

Name _____

St. & No. _____

City & State _____

Dealer's Name _____

Dealer's Address _____ D 11

Mothers - Try Mild Children's Musterole

Just Rub Away Pain

Of course, you know good old Musterole; how quickly, how easily it relieves chest colds, sore throat, rheumatic and neuralgic pain, sore joints and muscles, stiff neck and lumbago.

We also want you to know CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE—Musterole in milder form. Unexcelled for relief of croupy coughs and colds; it penetrates, soothes and relieves without the blister of the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Keep a jar handy. It comes ready to apply instantly, without fuss or bother.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
MILD
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

FEMININE HYGIENE

Many drab-looking women have become attractive by using Stirizol for feminine hygiene. It gives a dainty, fresh and clean feeling at once.

Physicians are prescribing Stirizol for feminine hygiene because it is so soothing and healing. It also eliminates body odors quickly and is very soothing to tired, burning feet.

For more than 20 years Stirizol has proved its value. It soothes and refreshes immediately, is extremely effective and yet not poisonous. The $1.00 jar of Stirizol Powder will make many quarts of solution.

At your Druggist's or order direct from The Stirizol Company. 89 Water Street Ossining, N. Y.

STIRIZOL
VERY REFRESHING

The AMERICAN WOMAN *and the* DEMOCRATIC PARTY

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'key-note' ever sounded. In his address, he drew upon every known, or unknown, source of attack and invective. It was one long arraignment of the Republican Party, couched in the kind of rolling rhetoric and alliterative abuse which perhaps he learned in his youth." As Governor Smith has more wisely and more moderately said: "The Democratic Party deserves success in the nation, but, in my opinion, cannot attain it by relying wholly upon the mistakes of its political adversaries . . . *There is too great a tendency to speak of the evils that beset us and to fail to suggest any specific remedy.*" By constructive rather than destructive policies will the political parties reach their highest destinies; and the wisest leaders in both not only concede this but emphasize it.

WITH such a note of emphasis the permanent chairman of the convention, Senator Robinson of Arkansas, entered upon his arduous duties the following day—duties for which his long experience in public life and the distinction which he has attained as governor of his state and in both houses of Congress fitted him preeminently. From the moment that he began to preside, the convention took form and substance and gained strength under the steady, stalwart quality of his leadership.

"The responsibility as well as the honor associated with the chairmanship of this convention is fully recognized," he announced in greeting the assembly; "the obligation to serve with patience and impartiality is readily acknowledged. Seldom, if ever, have the representatives of the National Democratic Party gathered under more impressive conditions. We face a notable crisis. The exercise of sound judgment and common sense in the nomination of candidates and the administration of fidelity to recognized party principles constitute a sane way to harmonize our differences, and are essential to success in the approaching campaign . . . Our party, from its birth, has safeguarded the rights of the masses. It has championed personal liberty and opposed centralization . . . The economic equality of agriculture with other industries may be promoted by reducing the tariff on manufactured articles consumed by farmers; by a system of export debentures; or by the adoption of the principle of the McNary-Haugen bill . . . This convention should invite support from farmers by declaring adherence to these principles . . . *There are too many subjects of vital interest on which Democrats agree to justify breaking up over questions about which there have always been differences of opinion.*

"Those who urge that our platform shall assail the Eighteenth Amendment and the laws for its execution should be reminded that prohibition has not heretofore been made a partisan issue . . . To ignore the practical political aspect of this question is to invite and encourage division in our ranks, and to submerge these fundamental issues for which we can unite and labor in concert. Let it be remembered, as the Congress is now constituted, and as it will be composed for many years, there appears no likelihood of repeal or nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment . . .

"Democrats are united for the destruction of corruption and for the promotion of honesty in governmental affairs. We are united in purpose to enforce in good faith the Constitution and the laws; to protect honest business enterprises against unfair and oppressive monopolies; to assure relief, too long delayed, to the great agricultural interests of the nation . . . We must demonstrate willingness to enter into honorable compromises and to make personal sacrifices. In no other way can the best interests of this nation and the Democratic Party be promoted. Jefferson gloried in the Virginia statute of religious freedom. He rejoiced in the provision of the Constitution that declares no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for office or trust in the United States."

As Senator Robinson delivered himself of these last dramatic sentences, the delegates, who were deeply stirred for the first time, leaped, almost with one accord, to their feet, breaking into cheers; and waving their standards, they began a triumphant march about the hall. I am sorry that I am obliged to say "almost," for I should have been glad to recount that *all* delegates joined in this demonstration. There were, however, four delegations which declined to participate. But the fact of this episode, revealing, as it does, that intolerance is not altogether eradicated from our country—a country which owes its very existence to the hunger of oppressed souls for religious freedom—was the only episode of the kind during the convention, shows how far the Democratic Party has progressed in the last four years. No one who was present at the National Democratic Convention held in New York will ever forget the blind bigotry, the unleashed hatred which seared it like a red-hot iron, and left a hideous scar which inflicted inestimable injury upon the party. "The New Democracy" is a phrase which we as American women are hearing constantly during the present campaign; and the key-note of this new democracy is the tardy but almost universal recognition within the party of the legal and moral right of men and women to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

The usual procedure at a national convention is to present the platform to the delegates for their consideration before the names of candidates for the presidency are placed in nomination. At Houston, however, this order of business was reversed, owing to the paramount necessity of drawing up a platform with supreme care, and the amount of time inevitably consumed in doing this; so the nominating speeches began at the second evening session, and on the first roll call Alabama "yielded" to Georgia, and Congressman Crisp of that state delivered an address nominating Senator George— a very able and likable man, who commands the admiration of his colleagues on both sides of the Chamber.

Then Arizona "yielded" to New York, and, supported by strong and affectionate arms which bore him swiftly forward, Franklin Roosevelt appeared at the front of the platform. The spectacle of this man, crippled by a disease which smote him in the very prime of his virile maturity, but rising indomitably above it in body no less than in mind and spirit, is one which is infinitely moving, infinitely inspiring; verily, in him is the faith that moves mountains. Honorably bearing an honorable name, supporting the standards of "*noblesse oblige*," trained in the arts of statesmanship by both tradition and experience, cultured, courageous, compelling, Franklin Roosevelt has devoted himself heart and soul for years to the cause of the leader of his choice. It is not the least of the tributes which may be paid to Governor Smith that many persons of this caliber have rallied to the support of his banner; and the words of the standard bearer who carried it forward that night will never be forgotten by any one who heard them.

"I COME for the third time to urge upon a convention of my party the nomination of the Governor of the State of New York," began Mr. Roosevelt. "The faith which I held I still hold. It has been justified in the achievement. The whole country now has learned the measure of his greatness . . .

"His most uncompromising opponent will not deny that he has achieved an unprecedented popularity among the people of this country. He is well called 'the pathfinder of the open road for all true lovers of humanity.' It is, however, not my belief that I should urge popularity as the criterion in making our choice. A higher obligation falls upon us. We must, first of all, make sure that our nominee possesses the unusual qualifications called for by the high office of President of these United States. Mere party expediency must be subservient to national good. We are Americans even before we are Democrats.

"What sort of a president do we need today? A man, I take it, who has four great characteristics, every one of them an essential to the office. First of all, leadership, articulate, virile, willing to bear responsibility . . . Next, experience, that does not guess but knows from long practice the science of governing . . . Then, . (*Turn to page 90*)

I consider MELLO-GLO Face Powder a real contribution to cosmetics. Its soft velvety texture gives a youthful bloom that doesn't wear off quickly. Miss Desirée Tabor (*Operetta Star famous for her beauty*), 66 W. 46th St., N. Y.

My friends tell me that my complexion is lovelier since using MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It spreads so smoothly that not a single pore is visible.
Miss Mimi Palmer, 345 W. 71st St., N. Y.

No more powdering in public for me—that new wonderful French-process face powder, MELLO-GLO, keeps ugly shine away for hours and doesn't clog the pores.
Miss Effie Afton, 243 West End Ave., N. Y

Since using MELLO-GLO, I can appear all evening without repowdering. It stays on longer yet does not clog the pores or leave the skin dry. Miss Barbara Carrington (*well-known singer*), The Golden Dawn Co., Hammerstein Theatre, N. Y. C.

Good Looking Well Groomed Women

prefer this marvelous NEW Face Powder

THIS new wonderful Facial-tone Powder is made by a new French process which belongs exclusively to MELLO-GLO. It has a distinctive youth shade all its own. If your favorite store is out, ask them to get MELLO-GLO for you or send us one dollar for a full sized box and "Beauty Booklet". Just address MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

FREE SAMPLE

Please send me, without charge, sample of this new wonderful face powder with a Beauty Booklet. MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass. Dept. J.

My name _____

Address _____

Please tell us the name of the store where you buy your toilet articles.

My dealer's name _____

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honesty—the honesty that hates hypocrisy and cannot live with concealment and distrust. Last, and in this time most vital, that rare ability to make popular government function as it was intended to by the fathers, to reverse the present trend toward apathy and to arouse in the citizenship an active interest—a willingness to reassume its share of responsibility for the nation's progress. So only can we have once more a government, not just for the people, but by the people also . . .

"It is possible, with only these qualifications, for a man to be a reasonably efficient President, but there is one thing more needed to make him a great President. It is that quality of soul which makes a man loved by little children, by dumb animals; that quality of soul which makes him a strong help to all those in sorrow or in trouble; that quality which makes him not only admired, but loved by all the people—the quality of sympathetic understanding of the human heart, of real interest in one's fellow man . . .

"America needs not only an administrator, but a leader—a pathfinder . . . It is the privilege of democracy not only to offer such a man, but to offer him as the surest leader to victory. To stand upon the ramparts and die for our principles is heroic. To sally forth to battle and win for our principles is something more than heroic. We offer one who has the will to win—who not only deserves success but commands it. Victory is his habit—the happy warrior—Alfred E. Smith!"

LIKE a storm at sea, terrific in its beauty and might, rose the response to Franklin Roosevelt's speech; over Convention Hall it surged and swung; then, inevitably, came an aftermath of comparative apathy, as other nominating speeches, and seconding speeches, continued far into that night and all thru the next day.

Meanwhile, for thirty-six consecutive hours, the Committee on Platform and Resolutions continued its sessions in the Public Library. Not once during the interval did its chairman, Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, who had already spent weeks of unremitting labor in drafting and redrafting, appear at the convention; with little food and less sleep, he presided almost continuously at his post; yet, thruout his absence, the power of his personality permeated the hall so forcibly that it seemed both tangible and visible. In his skilful hands, dependent upon his wisdom, his patience, his swift penetration, lay, to a great degree, the fate of the platform, and with it, to a still greater degree, the fate of the party. Would it be possible—delegates, directors, and visitors asked each other with bated breath—to decide, in committee, upon a statement which would satisfy the extreme "drys" on the one hand, and the extreme "wets" on the other—to mention only one, albeit the most vital, plank in the platform? And if there were no such decision, how could a "fight on the floor" be avoided—a fight which would rend the party asunder? Rumors and reports, like baleful bats fluttering their wings, drifted in from the committee room; more authentic reports bore out the burden of the rumors: one senator—so it was said—contended that another had impugned the honor of his state and a third had separated them bodily; a governor had issued volcanic warnings as to what would happen if there were an "overdraft on the loyalty of the South"; a Bishop had voiced the possible vindictiveness of a church. But no one was denied a hearing; no one was hurried or harried; no one was cajoled or coerced by the chairman; and persistently, unceasingly, increasingly, this man of whom every one was so vibrantly aware dominated the situation.

AT LAST, when tension seemed to have reached the breaking point, Senator Pittman sauntered up the steps of the speakers' stand in Convention Hall, smiling whimsically, and immaculately clad in white flannels and blue serge. He took his place before the microphone, and began to speak, in gentle and leisurely fashion, lifting his arm with the graceful gesture which characterizes his delivery. It was some moments before the weary delegates, assembling late after a hasty dinner, woke to the realization that the platform was being presented to them; and by this time Senator Pittman had turned over the task of reading it to the official secretary, and had sunk, with apparent nonchalance, into the nearest comfortable chair. Then, suddenly, the gathering was galvanized into alert attention.

"Speaking for the National Democracy," proclaimed the secretary, like a medieval trumpeter standing above a moated castle, "this convention pledges the party and its nominees to an honest effort to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment and all other provisions of the Federal Constitution and all laws enacted pursuant thereto."

Next, the Honorable "Dan" Moody, the militant and magnetic Governor of Texas, advanced in his turn towards the microphone. The Desert of Sahara is moist compared to him; yet, when he had finished speaking, the convention realized that he had indeed voiced his views, but he had not submitted them as a minority report, and there was no action to be taken in regard to them. Governor Moody was followed by Governor Ritchie of Maryland, looking, as he always does, "a very parfait gentil knight," the mold and pattern of southern chivalry; and again the convention listened with bated breath, this time for a minority report which might endeavor to commit it to a modification of the Volstead Act. None was forthcoming. A third time suspense soared high as Senator Carter Glass—another fervent dry—came forward; and for a third time the suspense died down.

Then, sweeping over the hall like a sentient thing came the realization that there was to be no discord and dissension, rending the party asunder; that the differences of opinion about the platform had all been settled in committee; that it was about to be adopted—that it *had* been adopted; that a mighty battle had been averted and a mightier battle won by that slender, silent Senator, who still sat with apparent nonchalance in a comfortable chair, immaculately dressed in white flannel and blue serge, smiling whimsically—a great lawyer, a great leader, a great Democrat, a great American.

And this brings us to the second point, which, as American women, we need to observe in considering "the New Democracy": The prohibition plank, as adopted, is much more, or rather, much besides that. It is a symbol of harmony. For the first time in many years there is a *united* democracy. It is marching forward, strongly, as one man, and not in scattered, shattered, impotent groups. We may be wholly satisfied with the plank or we may not. But be that as it may, let us recognize its overwhelming importance in the present campaign.

I have purposely, and for reasons which I have tried to make clear, devoted much time to the prohibition plank. But there are other planks in the Democratic platform which ought to command the earnest attention of American women, and I venture to quote from a few of them.

Agriculture. Farm relief must rest on the basis of an economic equality of agriculture with other industries. To give this equality, a remedy must be found which will include among other things:

(a) Credit aid by loans to cooperatives on at least as favorable a basis as government aid to the merchant marine.

(b) Creation of a Federal board to assist the farmer and stock raiser in the marketing of their products as the Federal Reserve Board has done for the banker and business man . . .

We pledge the party to foster and develop cooperative marketing associations thru appropriate governmental aid.

Foreign Policy. This great nation can not afford to play a minor rôle in world politics. It must have a sound and positive foreign policy, not a negative one. We declare for a constructive foreign policy based on these principles.

(a) Outlawry of war and an abhorrence of militarism, conquest and imperialism.

(b) Freedom from entangling political alliances with foreign nations.

(c) Protection of American lives and rights.

(d) Non-interference with the elections or other internal political affairs of any foreign nation . . .

(e) International agreements for reduction of all armaments and the end of competitive war preparations, and in the meantime, the maintenance of an Army and Navy adequate for national defense.

(*Turn to page 95*)

Charming EYES instantly!

Touch your lashes with Maybelline. No matter how scant they may be, they will instantly appear much longer, delightfully luxuriant and dark. The lovely, rich fringe which Maybelline makes of your lashes will impart a striking new note of charm to your whole appearance, for it will transform your eyes into deep, shadowy pools, expressive and noticeably beautiful. Used regularly by millions of women in all parts of the world. Insist upon genuine Maybelline because it is easier to apply, and is harmless.

Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

Clear Skin of Blemishes

You can have a clear, smooth velvety skin If you will only try pure, cooling liquid D. D. D. Soothes the tissues, quickly driving away pimples, blotches and other blemishes. Stops itching instantly. This healing, stainless wash penetrates the skin and dries up almost immediately. A 35c bottle is guaranteed to prove the merits of this famous antiseptic—or your money back. If your druggist does not have this famous Prescription on hand, you can send 35c for a trial size bottle direct to the D. D. D. Corporation, Batavia, Illinois.

D.D.D. The Healing Skin Lotion

How to Have Soft, Pretty White Hands

Many women will undoubtedly be glad to know how they may have beautiful, white, soft, pretty hands regardless of the work they have to do. The secret lies in rubbing a little Ice-Mint into the hands occasionally preferably just before retiring at night. In the morning you will be agreeably surprised at the pleasant transformation that has been wrought by even a single application. Ice-Mint is made from a Japanese product that is simply marvelous for its beautifying properties whether used on the hands or face. Regardless of what kind of work a woman does she should have pretty hands as they are really the true marks of refinement. A few applications of Ice-Mint will actually make any woman proud of her hands and skin. It costs little and is sold and recommended by good druggists everywhere.

Skin Trouble

ZEMO stops itching and relieves skin irritation and makes the skin soft, clear and healthy. Fine for dandruff and itching scalp. All druggists, 35c, 60c and $1.00.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

See the 1929 Gaytees Style Show *now*

at your own shoe store

Some are fleece-lined for extra warmth! Even in these extra-warm Gaytees, there's the same trim, slender smartness of line.

The new Gossamer Gaytees are made entirely of rubber, printed in reptile and tweed patterns. They have fast-color cloth linings throughout. They come in brown or gray printed in black.

This style has a turn-up cuff for real *weather. Yet you can turn it smartly down when you go indoors for shopping or when you need less protection.*

New Models! New Fabrics! New Shades! New and Smarter Lines! New and Lighter Weights!

Six New Features you will find in the 1929 Gaytees

1. New styles! Cross straps; turn-down cuffs; a new pointed back style.
2. New colors! The new rosy browns and tans; the tannish grays; black.
3. New fabrics! Wools. Rayon-and-wool mixtures. All-rubber.
4. New lasts that fit the new Fall shoes! New heels —four different heights!
5. Lighter weight in every pair—yet full protection.
6. Fast color linings!

Adjust this style to the weather. Turn the cuffs smartly down when you wear these Gaytees on damp streets or when you go indoors for shopping or a hasty cup of tea or when the weather is threatening. Then turn them up snug and high for snowdrifts or spattery slush.

NEW Gaytees, utterly different from the heavy, clumsy overshoes of other years! As different as your smart, stubby little red and green and purple umbrellas are from the black, gangly affairs that used to make rainy days even darker!

See the Style Show of 1929 Gaytees at your own shoe store. Then, when you buy your Fall shoes, ask to have them fitted with the Gaytees that match your new Fall costume.

Wear your Gaytees to football games; for shopping; for parties. Wear them, just as you carry your umbrella—when there's a threatening cloud in the sky. Ask of them smart protection against even a suspicion of bad weather!

We think you will be astonished at the low price range of these new Gaytees. They run from $2.50 to $6.

Look for the name "Gaytees" inside the cuff of every pair.
Made only by

United States Rubber Company

Gaytees — *the Tailored Overshoes*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Community Plate announces

A design in the 'Modernist' manner: the Patrician-Moderne . . . silverware of tomorrow. . . ! A reflection in silver surfaces of 'l'Art Decoratif Moderne'. Contingent planes . . . geometric patterning, with light and shade . . . design with two surfaces of the material. Today in the midst of the sudden astounding demand for 'Modernist' furniture, fabrics, accessories, Community Plate presents complete services of lovely silverware in the modern manner

a Modernist Service

the Patrician-Moderne

Unquestionably, the Patrician-Moderne is the translation into lovely silverware of the spirit of the age. The knives have 'jeweled'-color handles—ruby-red, sapphire-blue, emerald-green. Table-ware is $36.00 for a service for six covers . . . Service-pieces include the tea-or-coffee-service illustrated, and double vegetable dishes, gravy boats, platters, etc., etc. Community Plate is guaranteed for 50 years.

NOTE: Of course, there are also knives with *silver-plated* handles in the PATRICIAN-MODERNE.

©1928 ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD.

in Community Plate

Put up Cranberries Now!

CRANBERRY SAUCE or Jelly is most wholesome and delicious and adds flavor to meats and fowl. Can be used also to make a variety of tempting desserts.

Ten-Minute Cranberry Sauce—

To each quart or pound (4 cups) of cranberries use two cups water and 1½ to 2 cups sugar. Boil sugar and water together until sugar is dissolved; add cranberries and boil without stirring until all the skins pop open—remove from fire when the popping stops—put in glass jars immediately while hot and thoroughly seal jars.

Cranberry Jelly—

Cook cranberries until soft—with 3 cups water for each 8 cups berries. Strain the juice through a jelly bag. Measure juice and heat to boiling point. Add 1 cup sugar for each 2 cups juice; stir until sugar is dissolved; boil briskly for 5 minutes. Pour into glass tumblers; cover with paraffin.

RECIPE book "Tasty Ways to Serve the Tonic Fruit" mailed free—Address Dept. B.

AMERICAN CRANBERRY EXCHANGE
90 West Broadway New York City

Eatmor Cranberries

"I've been offered three times what I paid for that table—since I VERNAXED it!"

"VERNAX*—is that some new sort of magic?"

"It's a wonderful furniture cream. It cleans the wood and feeds it, and brings out that rich, natural lustre. No hard rubbing, either."

You, too, can prove that VERNAX doubles the beauty of antique or modern pieces. Send the coupon and 10¢ today.

*Reg. trade mark

Laboratory of Schieffelin & Co.
20 Cooper Square, New York City

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find 10¢ for a trial bottle of VERNAX. Dept. E4

Name .....

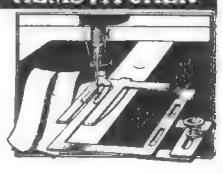
Address .....

Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. 15c, 30c, 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

THE PERFECT HEMSTITCHER



PERFECT HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING ATTACHMENT PRICE, $1.00

Absolute money-back guarantee. Greatest invention ever known for the housewife. Fits any make of sewing machine. Easy and quick to attach. Easy to operate. Pays for itself in ten minutes' time. Send no money. Pay the postman $1.00. Keep it five days. Your money back if you are not more than pleased.

HEMSTITCHER CO., Dept. 60, Ft. Worth, Tex.

Mu-col-ize!

YOUR THROAT

Many serious diseases get their start in the throat. Don't let germs get hold of you; keep them moving. Gargle frequently when you have a cold or cough. Use a level teaspoonful of MU-COL dissolved in a glass of warm water. Gives cooling soothing relief. Cleans and freshens the membranes, so aids good health and sanitary cleanliness. Pleasant to the taste; has thousands of users.

MU-COL

At Druggists, 35c, 60c, $1.20, or
The MU-COL Company
183 E. Tupper St., Buffalo, N.Y
Send for Free Sample

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(f) Full, free and open cooperation with all other nations for the promotion of peace and justice thruout the world.

(g) In our foreign relations this country should stand as a unit, and to be successful, foreign policies must have the approval and support of the American people.

Philippines. The Filipino people have succeeded in maintaining a stable government and have thus fulfilled the only condition laid down by the Congress as a prerequisite to the granting of independence. We declare that it is now our liberty and our duty to keep our promise to these people by granting them immediately the independence which they so honorably covet.

Congressional Election Reform. We favor legislation to prevent defeated members of both houses of Congress from participating in the sessions of Congress, by fixing the date for convening the Congress immediately after the biennial national election.

Immigration. Laws which limit immigration must be preserved in full force and effect, but the provisions contained in these laws that separate husbands from wives and parents from infant children are inhuman and not essential to the purpose or the efficacy of such law.

Women and Children. We declare for equality of women with men in all political and governmental matters. Children are the chief asset of the nation. Therefore their protection thru infancy and childhood against exploitation is an important national duty. The Democratic Party has always opposed the exploitation of women in industry and has stood for such conditions of work as will preserve their health and safety. We favor an equal wage for equal service; and likewise favor adequate appropriations for the women's and children's bureau.

IT IS already a matter of history—and very thrilling history—that after the platform had been adopted, the Governor of New York—who had been Al Smith a few days before, but who had become Alfred E. Smith almost overnight—was nominated for the Presidency of the United States on the first ballot.

Four years ago, he never succeeded in obtaining a majority in the course of one hundred and three ballots; this time he received the two-thirds necessary for nomination at a Democratic National Convention in one. Scarcely a state standard remained stationary as the triumphal march began; and clustering around the place where Mrs. Smith had sat with quiet dignity and poise during the long proceedings, hundreds of men and women lifted their hands and voices and gave vent to the joy that was in their hearts. A baby donkey, sleek and shining, was carried thru the aisles and lifted into her box, while flowers were piled high around her, cameras clicked, and Klieglights blazed. Senator "Jim" Reed, silver-haired, silver-voiced, began an oration which crowned his eloquence with fresh laurels as, a loser himself, he acclaimed the winner; and all night long the streets of Houston echoed with the tramp of feet from the sidewalks of New York. Are the fruits of victory ever so sweet, I wonder, as when they are long deferred? And does the success of any man ever mean quite as much to him as it does to the woman who loves him, and who has shared thru many years the slow, steep, tortuous ascent which has brought him to it?

Perhaps in failing to end this narrative here, I shall be considered guilty of an anticlimax; but I cannot help taking my readers back to Convention Hall once more, the following morning, just as Senator Robinson is being nominated for the Vice-Presidency, and into the box—across the hall from the one occupied by Mrs. Smith—where Mrs. Robinson is sitting. It is difficult for any one who has known her and admired her for many years to speak in measured terms of the dignity of her bearing that morning; perhaps it is best not to try, but to take refuge in the exclamation of Mrs. Marshall, the widow of the great Vice-President, who, as she came forward dressed in simple black, and put her arm around the slim, upright little figure, standing with such reserve and restraint, exclaimed with tears overflowing from her eyes, "I keep thinking how glad all the ladies of the Senate must be today!"

Every woman who has been associated with Mrs. Robinson in that organization, who has seen her eagerness to take her part in making it a success, and her competence as one of its officers, must indeed have felt a thrill of personal pride in saying, "This lady whose husband has just been nominated for Vice-President of the United States has been my friend; she is my friend; she always will be, no matter to what heights she is called. And she will be worthy of those heights, and of those who have helped to place her upon them."

And so the Democratic Party presents to the American woman Governor Smith—and Mrs. Smith; it presents Senator Robinson—and Mrs. Robinson. It presents a great organization which Oregon and Louisiana, Vermont and Indiana, as well as New York and New Jersey, have had a share in molding and perfecting; an organization which has cleansed itself of intolerance and internal strife; and it has sworn, under God and with God's help, to uphold and strengthen the Constitution of the United States.

What is the answer of the American woman to the Democratic Party?

Do You Cut Your Salad with a Knife?

It is correct, you know! Why not end all uncertainties and maintain your poise by sending for *Manners At The Table*, a booklet about the table behavior of today. Send 15 cents to Elizabeth Bennett, 223 Spring Street, New York City.

A TRIUMPHANT USE OF COLOR

Continued from page 25

New York City. Prints and Venetian vase—Lord & Taylor, 5th Avenue and 38th Street, New York City. Column lamp and shades—Chas. Hall & Co., 3 East 40th St., New York City. Colored sheets—Pequot Sheets, Salem, Mass.; Cannon Mills, 70 Worth Street, New York City. Blankets—Esmond Blanket Shop, 47th Street and 5th Avenue, New York City.

In the Bathroom: Colored bathroom fixtures—Kohler & Kohler, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Towel racks and fixtures—Hoegger Company, 351 Palisade Avenue, Newark, New Jersey. Seat cover—C. F. Church Mfg. Company, Holyoke, Mass. Detecto Scales—Jacob Bros., 318 Greenwich Street, New York City. Sta-Dry Draperies—Trippe Barker Company, 66 Worth Street, New York City. Shower curtain—Protexwell Corporation, 589 East Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois. Towels—Cannon Mills, 70 Worth Street, New York City; Martex, 77 Franklin Street, New York City. Stool—W. H. Hathaway Co., 51 West 45th Street, New York City. Linens for bath closet—Mosse, Inc., 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mirror, comb, brushes and boxes—Du Pont Viscoloid Company, 330 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Lamp, bottles, swan powder holder—Corning Glass Works, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Perfumes—Marcelle, Guerlain, Caron, D'Orsay, Roger & Gallet, Richard Hudnut, Coty. Perfumes and powder—Bourjois. Perfume and liquid polish—Lucien Lelong. New York houses manufacturing beauty preparations—Primrose House, 49 West 45th Street; Helena Rubinstein, 8 East 57th Street; Dorothy Gray, 753 Fifth Avenue; Delettrez, 731 Fifth Avenue; Kathleen Mary Quinlan, 665 Fifth Avenue; Marie Earle, 660 Fifth Avenue; Elizabeth Arden, 681 Fifth Avenue.

When Good Cooks Get Together . . .

"Husband wears Happy Smile *when I serve 'STEERO' specials"*

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From GOOD HOUSEKEEPING *February, 1928*

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"Savory Lima Bean Scallop proved one of the most tempting recipes we devised, for it illustrates so well the magic of the casserole." So says *Good Housekeeping*; and here's their recipe:

Soak 1½ cups dried Limas from 6 to 8 hours. Drain, cover with boiling water, add 1 small finely sliced onion, and cook slowly until tender. Add ½ teaspoon salt during last part of cooking. Drain and add 1 cup diced celery, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 cup condensed tomato soup, ½ cup water, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, and salt to taste. Pour into greased casserole, sprinkle with ¼ cup buttered crumbs, and bake in medium oven (400°F.) 30 minutes. Arrange bacon strips over top just before baking. Serves six.

Try it! It's easy to prepare—and an economical main-course dish, too.

And, another point: Dried Limas are always healthful—rich in protein, vitamins, carbohydrates and valuable mineral salts. *Besides, they are nearly twice as high as any other vegetable in percentage of alkaline-ash.* Served frequently, they balance the diet by neutralizing the acid-ash (acidosis forming) of other everyday foods. *Leading dietitians stress the alkalinity of Limas.*

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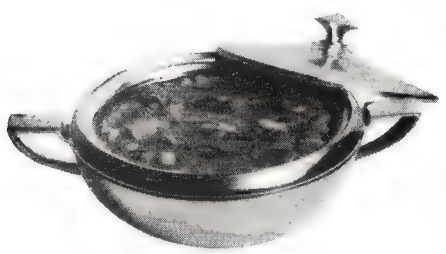

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INSURING IS INVESTING

The Advantages of Life Insurance for Women

by

MRS. WILLIAM LAIMBEER

I ONCE asked an old-fashioned aunt of mine whether she thought I should carry life insurance. "My dear," she replied, "I highly disapprove of all modern methods. Follow my advice and keep what you've got. You will enjoy spending it far more now than you could ever enjoy it when dead!" Needless to say, she had no children.

I was tremendously interested in the immediate response given the insurance part of my article in the July DELINEATOR. Not only were there many inquiries from women wishing to know about child endowment, and life income policies, but innumerable other questions came in, relative to every form of insurance for women. There were also many readers who wished to know whether selling insurance would be a profitable occupation.

To answer this last question first, I can say unreservedly, yes. There is an exceptionally clever woman in New York City today who is earning between $70,000 and $75,000 a year selling insurance. It is an excellent business for a woman and one which can earn a profitable income.

THE other inquiries brought one fact clearly to my mind. Too little is known about the value of insurance as a protection to, and as an investment for women. Notwithstanding the many billions of life insurance in force, there is an average of less than $3,000 per capita for the male population of the country. Thirty-five per cent. of American widowhood is in actual want.

One of the largest life insurance companies in New York City reports that their payments during 1927 to and on women policyholders amounted to $12,750,000, and they estimate that at least seventy-five per cent. of their policies on men carry a woman beneficiary. Surely this brings to mind a great idea. It is the duty of women to inform themselves of every type of insurance and to plan intelligently with husband or advisor how best to utilize the advantages insurance offers. It is safe to say that in a sound economic plan for any individual, life insurance fills a place no other investment can satisfy. There is no other investment that will guarantee the exact face amount of cash in the contingency of death. Even Liberty Bonds have at one time gone down to $85. The direct benefit which life insurance gives an individual is to change an uncertainty into a certainty. The following are a few reasons why it must form an important part of the investment program of any man or woman:

Insurance may be made to cover the expenses incurred during the period of sickness, inheritance taxes and outstanding expenses. In other words, it can become a "clean-up" policy which obviates the necessity of forced sales at a sacrifice to meet those bills.

It will provide a sum at certain periods to cover your children's education or the mortgage which falls due. It will provide an income for yourself and family in case you are temporarily or permanently disabled. It will cover the care of invalids or dependents. It will insure a comfortable old age for your wife, your mother, or yourself.

THERE are four distinct life insurance policies: Term insurance; ordinary life insurance; twenty payment insurance (or any number of given payments); endowment insurance—ten, fifteen, twenty years, etc.

Term insurance, being the cheapest form, and only of a temporary nature, is written for five, ten, fifteen or twenty years. It is then automatically canceled unless converted to other forms of policies. There is no cash value on such contracts. It is generally used for young people who desire insurance but who can not afford the more expensive policies, and it serves as a means to an end, namely, the conversion to another form when possible. This can be done without a second medical examination.

Ordinary life, which is the cheapest form of permanent insurance, is also the most extensively used. It requires an annual payment during the life of the insured. After the first year, substantial dividends are offered by the company which may be used as cash, to reduce the premium, or to purchase additional insurance. They can also be allowed to remain with the company to accumulate at compounded interest. By this means an ordinary life policy will become paid up in twenty to twenty-five years, depending on the age of the person. The cash value is generally in the neighborhood of eighty to ninety per cent. of all the premiums paid in the course of a great many years.

Twenty payment (or any given number of payments) life insurance is more expensive than ordinary life because the payments are concentrated within a shorter period; otherwise it is much the same. Should death occur before the payments are completed, no more are required, and the face value of the policy is paid up. If the insured dies before the end of the period specified in the limited payment policy, he will have paid more for his insurance than necessary because he might have carried the same amount of insurance at less cost under the ordinary life policy. The cash value, if the applicant is not older than forty-eight years of age, is generally one hundred per cent., or slightly more than all premiums paid in.

Endowment policies become due for their face value after a given number of years. An ordinary illustration will convey to you the meaning of a twenty year endowment policy. If the applicant is thirty years of age, the annual deposit per thousand (flat rate) is $40.46. In twenty years the insured has paid in $809.20, but received $1,000 in cash. We can, therefore, say that besides carrying insurance for twenty years, the policyholder has invested his annual deposit at a certain given interest rate, however small it may be. The cash value, if the applicant is not more than fifty years of age, is generally from twenty to thirty-five per cent. more than all the premiums paid in. The endowment policy was not intended primarily for insurance protection. It is used to accumulate a guaranteed sum to be paid at a certain time. It contains far more of the investment element than other types of insurance.

THE annual cost of the types of insurance we have been considering is approximately as follows, depending on the policyholder's age: ordinary life, about $22.84 per thousand; twenty payment life, about $32.42 per thousand; ten year endowment, $104.66 per thousand; endowment at sixty-five, about $27.43 per thousand.

The advantages of life insurance are many—outside of the simpler forms which I have endeavored to explain here. Income insurance, annuities, disability and double indemnity features will have to be taken up in our next month's article. They are all advantageous to the woman who insures, and should be thoroly studied in order to select the form best fitted to the particular case. One thing is certain—every woman needs insurance in one if not all of its phases.

Mrs. William Laimbeer, who gladly answers all financial inquiries, will complete this valuable discussion of Insurance in the December DELINEATOR

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20 MULE TEAM BORAX

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S EXCHANGE

This column of Thanksgiving recipes from our own kitchens and those of our readers comes to you with our heartiest wishes for a joyous Thanksgiving Day and—success with the cooking.

Mildred Maddocks Butler

Director, Delineator Home Institute.

A Miscellany of Thanksgiving Recipes

FIG PUDDING

1½ cups bread crumbs
1 cup flour
2 cups canned figs, finely chopped
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ cup milk
1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
¾ cup butter
¼ teaspoon salt

Rub the butter in the flour. Add bread crumbs, figs, sugar and baking powder. Add the eggs well beaten, and milk. Steam two hours.

MINCE PIE A LA RAREBIT

1 tablespoon butter
¼ cup hot milk
1 cup grated cheese

Heat butter and cheese in a double boiler, stirring constantly. When the cheese commences to soften, add the milk gradually. Stir vigorously. When thick and smooth, serve a spoonful over hot mince pie. (It should be served after a light meal except on Thanksgiving!)

MINCE-MEAT BETTY

5 cups bread crumbs
5 tablespoons butter
1 package mince meat
1 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups chopped apples
¼ cup lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt

Butter the bread crumbs, toasting slightly in the oven. In a pudding dish put a layer of these crumbs and one of apples, dotted with sugar, butter, salt, lemon juice, then a layer of mince-meat. Repeat, making the top layer of crumbs. Bake, covered, in a moderate oven, 350° F., for forty-five minutes, or until the apples are quite done. Uncover for the last fifteen minutes to brown nicely.

BAKED DATE PUDDING

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
1 cup dates
1 cup walnuts
1 cup heavy cream

Cream butter and sugar well together, add eggs well beaten, then sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Add cut, pitted dates and the nut meats cut coarse. Mix well. Bake in a moderate oven, 325° F., for one hour. Serve hot with whipped cream.

FIG COTTAGE PUDDING

¼ cup butter
⅔ cup sugar
1 cup milk
1 egg, beaten light
2¼ cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
16 canned figs, drained thoroly

Flour eight figs, cut into eighths, with two tablespoons of the flour. Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream well. Add beaten egg, then remaining dry ingredients sifted together, to the creamed mixture, alternately with the milk. Mix thoroly. Add floured figs, then fold in remaining figs cut in quarters. Bake in greased muffin pans for individual service or in greased loaf cake pan, for forty to sixty minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F.

Serve hot with the sauce:

1 cup canned fig syrup
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Boil together from three to five minutes.

CIDER FOAMY SAUCE

½ cup butter
1 cup confectioner's sugar
2 tablespoons cream
½ cup cider
2 eggs
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Cream butter and sugar, add cider, yolks, cream and cook until thick. Add lemon juice and the egg whites beaten stiff and beat constantly while cooking.

PLUM PUDDING

4 cups flour
4 cups bread crumbs
1½ cups seedless raisins
5 eggs
1¼ lbs. suet
1½ lbs. puffed raisins
1 lb. nectar raisins
¼ lb. chopped almonds
½ lb. mixed peel—citron, orange, lemon
1½ cups brown sugar
1 apple, chopped
1 teaspoon allspice
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup cider

Mix ingredients in the order given. Beat the eggs slightly first. Steam twelve hours. This makes two puddings.

SWEET POTATO FLUFF

3 cups sweet potato, mashed
1 cup pineapple juice
2 teaspoons salt
3 tablespoons butter
¾ cup shredded pineapple
Paprika

Mix the ingredients in the order given, place in baking dish and brown.

CREAM OF ONION SOUP

1½ cups thinly sliced onions
⅓ cup butter
2½ tablespoons flour
1¾ cups evaporated milk diluted with 1¾ cups water
2 eggs yolks slightly beaten

Fry onions for two minutes in butter. Cover and simmer till soft. Add the flour and cook three minutes, stirring constantly, then add three cups of milk and cook in double boiler for thirty minutes. Rub thru a sieve. Just before serving add the remaining one-half cup milk and egg yolks mixed together and heat thoroly.

ITALIAN SABAYON

Beat one egg and two egg yolks until thick, add one-fourth cup sugar (depending on sweetness of flavoring used) and one-half teaspoon salt. Cook in a bowl over hot (not boiling) water and beat while adding gradually one-half cup sherry flavoring. When slightly thickened add two teaspoons lemon juice and turn at once into a cold dish to prevent curdling. Serve while it is still warm, as a sauce on a hot or cold pudding.

Golden Rule Dinners

IN THE midst of all these good recipes comes a plea from the Near East Relief to substitute for one of our ample Sunday dinners one of the simpler menus upon which the boys and girls in their charge are being fed.

These are the suggested menus for Golden Rule Sunday, December 2d. (1) Meat stew, apricots, cocoa. (2) One vegetable, dark bread, tea. (3) Thick soup and dark bread. (4) Macaroni and cheese and prunes. Tables should be bare or covered with paper and utensils of the simplest, tin or paper.

The difference in price between this menu and the customary Sunday dinner is to be sent to the Near East Relief, 151 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

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HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED

Continued from page 19

of the surest signs of genius to do your best when you're working for money," he told Halo (the name Heloise was most customarily called by). "I have only talent—and the idea simply benumbed me. What the devil can I do but keep on hack-writing?" But even that he did only intermittently. Nevertheless, he held jealously to his pecuniary independence, and, tho he frequently accepted the hospitality of the Spears, and of a few other old friends, he was never known to have borrowed a penny of any of them; a fact which Halo Spear's own brief experience led her to regard as unusual, and almost unaccountable. But then, she thought, there was nothing about George Frenside that wasn't queer, even to his virtues.

HER EYES wandered back to the landscape. It lay before her in the perfect beauty of a June evening: one of those evenings when twilight floats aloft in an air seemingly too pure to be penetrated by the density of darkness. What did it all mean, she wondered—that there should be this beauty, so ever-varying, so soul-sufficing, so complete, and face to face with it these people who one and all would gladly have exchanged it for any one of a hundred other things; her mother for money enough to carry them to the end of the year, her father for his New York club and a bridge-table, Lorry of course for money too (money was always the burning question in the Spear family), and George Frenside for good talk in a Bohemian restaurant.

The girl herself shared, or at least understood, the hereditary antagonism toward Eaglewood of those who lived there. To the last two generations of Lorburns, Eaglewood had embodied all the things they could not do because of it. The only member of the family who idealized it (and even he only theoretically) was Mr. Spear, who had "married into" it, and still faintly glowed with the refracted honor of speaking of "our little old place on the Hudson."

Old it was, for an American possession. Lorburns had lived there for considerably over two hundred years; the present house had been built in 1680. It was too long, perhaps, for Americans to live in any one place; and the worst of it was that, when they had, it became a sort of tribal obligation to go on doing so. Sell Eaglewood? Which one of them would have dared to? When Pittsburgh and Chicago fell upon the feudal Hudson, and one old property after another was bartered for a mess of pottage, the Lorburns sat apart with lifted brows, and grimly thanked Providence that Paul's Landing was too far from New York to attract the millionaires. Even now, had fashion climbed to their solitary height, it is doubtful if any of them—not excepting Lorry—would have dared to mention aloud the places they could have gone to, and the things they could have done, if only they had been free of Eaglewood. As it happened, no such danger threatened, for fashion had passed by them; but had the peril been imminent, Mr. Spear would have opposed it with all the force of his eloquence.

Mr. Spear felt for Eaglewood the veneration of the *parvenu* for a recently acquired ancestor. When he married the beautiful Miss Lorburn, New York said: "He's very clever, of course; but still, who would have expected to see a Spear at Eaglewood?" And he knew it, and was determined to show New York that a Spear could be perfectly at home even at that altitude.

He was himself the son of the Reverend Harold Spear, the eloquent and popular divine who for years had packed Saint Ambrose's with New York's most distinguished congregation. Dr. Spear, as popular out of the pulpit as in it, had married a distant cousin of the Van der Leydens, thus paving the way for his son's more brilliant alliance; but still it required a certain courage on the part of the heiress of Eaglewood to accept a suitor whom her friends alluded to as "merely clever." Sometimes Heloise, thinking over the phrase (which her mother had once quoted to her in derision), smiled to note how exact it was. After all, those dull old Lorburns and their clan must have had a nice sense of *nuances:* her father, whom she loved and laughed at, was exactly that—he was merely clever. It was perhaps because his wife belonged to the same category (tho, being a Lorburn, she had never been placed in it, since a Lorburn woman might be beautiful, or masterful, or distinguished, but never anything so ambiguous as "clever"), that she had been attracted by young Spear, and had married him in spite of the family opposition.

Emily Lorburn, brought up in an atmosphere of rigid social conformity, had become passionately non-conforming; her husband, educated after the strict rule of Episcopalian orthodoxy, had read Strauss and Renan in secret before going over openly to Darwin and Haeckel. The young people, dazzled by each other's audacities, had perhaps expected, by pooling them, to form a nucleus of intellectual revolt; but the world had revolted without waiting for them. Their heresies were too mild to cause any excitement outside of their own circle, and their house, instead of being a center of the incendiarism they had imagined, was merely regarded as one where one was likely to meet agreeable people.

All this, tho long since patent to their children, was still but dimly apprehended by Mr. and Mrs. Spear—and Halo knew that her mother secretly regarded Eaglewood, the obligations it entailed and the privations it necessitated, as the chief obstacle to the realizing of her ambitions. Mrs. Spear felt that what both she and her husband needed to produce the revolutionary effect they aimed at was a house in New York; and for years all her energies had been bent on getting it. These had been the years of Halo's little girlhood and first youth; economical years marked by a series of snow-bound winters at Eaglewood, and (whenever the place could be let) European summers in places dingily esthetic. But in spite of these sacrifices, the unequal struggle had had to be given up; the visionary house in New York had shrunk to a small flat, the flat to six weeks in a family hotel, with Eaglewood for the rest of the year; and at present, as Halo knew, her mother was anxiously calculating whether, with the growing cost of everything, and Lorry's perpetual debts and perpetual inability to find a job, it would not be necessary to renounce even a month in the family hotel.

To the girl herself, Eaglewood was at times as much of a prison as to her elders. But the fact that it was easier for her to get away made the being there less irksome; and besides, she loved the place for itself, instead of being proud of it for family reasons and hating it for every other. The house depressed her, in spite of its portraits and relics and the faded perfume of old days, because it was associated with the roof leaking, the ceilings patched, the curtains and carpets turned and darned.

But poverty and lack of care could not spoil what lay outside the house: the acres of neglected park land, with ancient trees widening their untrimmed domes over lawns that had lapsed into pasture; the woods beyond, murmuring and glinting with little streams; and that ever-renewed view on which the girl's eyes never rested without the sense of inner communion, which all the others had missed.

Ah, that view . . . suddenly she thought: "I believe the boy I saw down at the Willows the other day has the only eyes I know that would really see it as I do!"—and the thought, rousing her out of her dream, brought her to her feet with a jerk.

"Oh," she exclaimed, with a cry in which amusement mingled with consternation; for she saw nearly everything in life first on the amusing side, even to her own shortcomings.

GEORGE FRENSIDE lifted his head from the newspaper and turned his ironic eye-glasses on her. "What's up?"

"Only that I've forgotten an engagement."

"What? Again?"

She nodded contritely. "I'm a perfect beast—it was simply too vile of me!" She was talking to herself, not to Frenside. As for her own family, they were all too used to her frequent outbursts of compunction over forgotten engagements to let this one disturb their meditations. (*Turn to page 102*)

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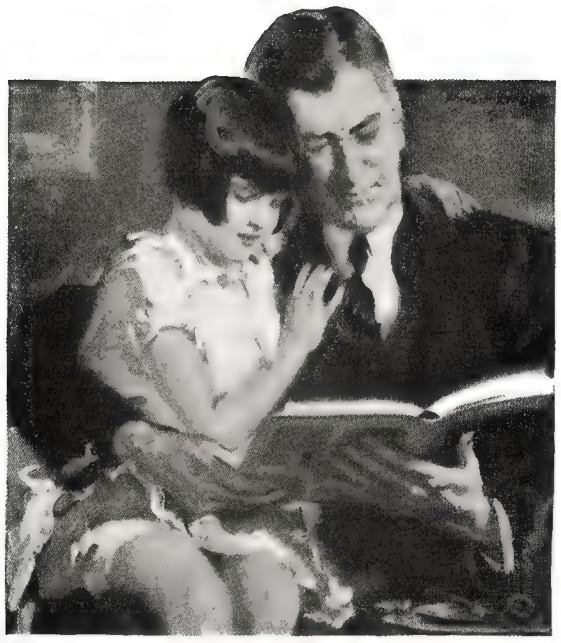

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HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED

Continued from page 101

For a moment she stood absently brooding over her latest lapse; then she turned and started to reenter the house. As she disappeared, Mrs. Spear, roused from some inner calculation which had wrinkled her brows and sharpened the lines about her mouth, sat up to call after her in a deep wailing voice: "But Lewis Tarrant—have you *all* forgotten Lewis Tarrant? Who's going to fetch him from the station?"

Whenever Mrs. Spear emerged thus suddenly from the sea of her perplexities, her still lovely face wore a half-drowned look which made Halo feel as if one ought to give her breathing exercises and other first-aid remedies.

"Don't look so upset, darling. Why should you think I'd forgotten Lewis? I'm going down presently to meet him. His train is not due for another hour."

But Lorry Spear, with an effort, had pulled himself to his feet and cast away his cigaret end. "You needn't, Halo. I'll go," he said in a voice of brotherly self-sacrifice.

"Thanks ever so, Lorry. But don't bother——"

"No bother, child. I'll call at the post-office at the same time, and pick up mother's arrowroot at the grocer's."

This evoked a languid laugh from Mr. Spear and Frenside, for the grocery at Paul's Landing was the repository for all Mrs. Spear's daily purchases, and whenever she suggested that, yes, well, perhaps they *had* better call there on the way home, because she believed she had ordered a packet of arrowroot, the motor would invariably climb the hill from the town that day groaning with innumerable parcels.

HALO paused in the glass door of the veranda. "I want the car for myself, Lorry," she said decisively, and turned to go in. Behind her she heard her brother's precipitate steps. "See here, Halo—stop! I'm going down and meet Lewis—I want to."

She faced him with her faint smile. "Oh, certainly. Come with me, then."

"What's the use of your going?" His handsome irresolute mouth grew sulky and resentful. "Fact is, I rather want to see Lewis alone. We've got a little matter——"

His sister's eyebrows rose ironically. "So I supposed. How much this time, Lorry?"

"How much—?"

"Yes. Only don't exaggerate. I've told you I want the car for myself. How much were you going to ask Lewis to lend you?"

Her brother, flushing up, began to protest and ejaculate. "Damned impertinence!" But Halo lifted a slender arm to examine her wrist watch. "Don't splutter like Father when he says he's going to denounce an outrage in the papers. And don't be exorbitant either." She fumbled in the shabby antelope bag which hung from her other wrist. "Here—will this do?" She took out two ten dollar notes and held them toward her brother.

"Hell, child—" he stammered, manifestly tempted and yet furious.

"You know you wouldn't get as much out of Lewis. Better take it."

He stood with his hands in his pockets, his chin down, staring at the notes without moving.

"Come, Lorry—I tell you I'm in a hurry." She made a slight motion as tho to reopen the bag and put back the money.

"I'll go down myself to fetch Lewis," he mumbled, all the fluid lines of his face hardening into an angry obstinacy.

"You won't!" she retorted.

"Won't I? You'll see, then!" He caught her by the wrist, and they stood glaring at each other and breathing hard, like two angry young animals. Then Halo with a laugh wrenched her hand free, and reopening the bag drew out another ten dollars. She put the three notes into his hand, and walked into the house. No footsteps followed her, and she deemed it superfluous to glance back and see if Lorry had flung away the money.

In the cobwebby coach house of the old stable she found the man-of-all-work, who was chauffeur when he was not gardener, lying on the floor with his head under the car. He emerged at her call, and said he guessed there was something wrong again, because Mr. Lorry had had trouble getting her up the hill, and maybe he'd better take her to pieces while he was about it.

"Not on your life. I'm going down to Paul's Landing in her this minute."

The man stared, but without protesting. "You won't get back, very likely," he merely observed, and Halo scrambled into the motor with a laugh and a shrug. The motor, she said to herself, was like life in general at Eaglewood: it was always breaking down, but it always managed to keep on going. "Tied together with string and patched up with court-plaster—that's been the way with everything in the family ever since I can remember." She gave a little sigh as she slipped down the overgrown drive, heading for the stone pillars of the gateway. The motor she knew would be all right, going down the long hill to Paul's Landing—and after that, at the moment, she didn't particularly care. If she and Lewis Tarrant had to walk back to Eaglewood in the dark—well, Lewis wouldn't mind, she imagined. But meanwhile she had to catch up somehow with her forgotten engagement.

In a few minutes the winding road down the mountain brought her to the sad outskirts of Paul's Landing, and thence to the Tracys' house. She jumped out of the motor, ran up the steps and knocked, looking about her curiously as she did so. She seldom went to the Tracys', and had forgotten how poor and humble the place was. The look of it increased her sense of compunction and self-disapproval. "If there's anything I hate," she reflected, "it's seeming casual to people who live like this."

And instantly she decided that one ought to devote one's life to the Tracys and their kind, and that to enjoy the world's goods, even in the limited and precarious way in which they were enjoyed at Eaglewood, while other lives like these were being lived at one's door, denoted a vulgarity of soul which was the last fault she would have cared to confess to. What made it worse, too, in the particular case, was that the Tracys possessed a far-off cousinship with the Lorburn family; because two or three generations ago, a foolish (and elderly) Lorburn virgin had run away with farmer Tracy's son, who worked in a factory down on the river, and, being cast off by her family, had dropped to the level of her husband's, with whom affairs had not gone well. It was all wrong, Halo mused, wrinkling her young brows like her mother's in the effort to think out then and there (while she waited for her ring to be answered) the quickest way of putting an end to such injustice.

The development of her plan was interrupted by the appearance of young Upton, who looked at her with such surprise that she felt more acutely than ever her suddenly discovered obligation toward his family.

"Oh, Upton, how are you? I know I've interrupted you at supper! I hope your mother won't be angry with me."

"Angry?" young Tracy echoed, bewildered. He passed the back of his hand over his mouth in the effort to conceal the fact that she had rightly suspected him of coming from the supper table. "I thought mebbe there was something wrong at the Willows," he said.

"The Willows? No. Or rather, yes. It's about the Willows I've come." She burst out laughing. "Don't look so frightened, poor Upton! The wrong-doing is mine, all mine. I think I promised to meet your cousin there this afternoon, to let him take a look at the books—" She rested her eyes interrogatively on Upton's, and caught their expression of assent. "Didn't I? Yes. Well—and I didn't go. It was all my fault. The fact is, I was—prevented—at the last minute. I should so like to see him and explain——"

"OH," said Upton, with evident relief. He glanced about him timidly, away from her sweeping, searching eyes, and said: "If you'll step into the parlor, Miss Halo——"

She shook her head. "No, I won't—for if I did your mother would feel she ought to leave her supper and stay and entertain me. And I've only got a minute—I must meet a friend presently at the (*Turn to page 105*)

CLOTHES IDEAS FROM ABROAD

By Mae Martin

Last Fall when I was in France, I admired the dress which the daughter of our hostess was wearing, and she confessed it was three years old, originally rose-beige, now dyed a rich, deep shade of red!

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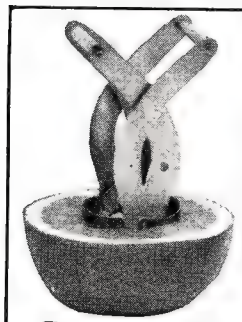

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HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED

Continued from page 102

station," she reminded herself with a start, for that fact also she had been on the verge of forgetting. "So if you'll just ask your cousin—Vance, that's his name, isn't it?—ask him to come out here and say two words to me——"

"Oh, certainly," Upton agreed, about to turn back into the house; but the visitor caught him by the sleeve. "Upton! Listen, please. Don't mention my name—don't tell Vance I'm here. Just say it's somebody with a message—*somebody with a message,*" she repeated, trying with her sharp italics to bore the fact into the youth's bewildered brain.

"Oh, certainly," Upton repeated. He walked away down the passage to the back of the house, and Heloise, already partly rid of her burden of self-reproach, as she always tended to be the moment she had given it expression, stood looking absently over the little garden, the broken-down fence, and the darkness gathering in the folds of the hills.

SHE turned and found Vance in the doorway. He stood gazing at her with wide open gray eyes, his face looking small and drawn from his recent illness. In the twilight of the library at the Willows he had not appeared so boyish; now his frailness and immaturity struck her, and she felt more than ever ashamed of having failed to keep her promise.

"It's me, Vance. I've come to say how sorry I am about this afternoon."

"Oh—" he began, as awkwardly as Upton.

"You went to the Willows after lunch, and waited a long time for me?" she asked. He nodded without speaking.

"Waited *hours?*"

"I didn't mind that. I sat on the porch. I liked it."

"Well, it was hideous of me—hideous! I don't know how——"

He looked at her in surprise. "How could you help it? Upton said something happened to prevent you——"

"Ah—then after all he told you I was here?" She laughed with amusement, and then relapsed into the depths of self-accusal. "It was worse than that, ever so much worse! What I said to Upton wasn't true. Nothing prevented me—and nobody. I just simply forgot. The day was so heavenly—wasn't it? I went off alone after lunch, up the mountain, to bathe in a pool in the woods; and I took some books up the mountain with me, and the dogs; and I forgot everything— Oh, can you ever forgive me?" She stretched her hands out impulsively, but he stood and looked at them, bewildered, as if not believing that such a gift could be meant for him, even for the space of a touch.

"In a pool in the woods—Is it anywhere near here? Could I get to it?" he asked with sudden eagerness.

"Yes, of course you could. I'll take you there. It's the divinest place! In weather like this it's better than any books— But of course you shall see the books too," she added quickly, bathing him in her sudden smile.

He reddened slightly, with the passing flush of convalescence, which leaves the face paler when it goes. "I—that's awfully kind of you——"

"No. I'm never kind. But I like to share my treasures—sometimes." She continued to look at him, noting with a sort of detached appreciation, as characteristic of her as the outward glow, the good shape of his head with its shock of rumpled brown hair, the breadth and modeling of his forehead, and the strong planting of the nose between his widely set eyes, the gray eyes which sometimes seemed to bring his whole self to their surface, and sometimes to draw it back into an inaccessible retreat, as when she had surprised him over "Kubla Khan" that day at the Willows.

Decidedly, she thought, in saying that to him she had not gone too far. She was jealous of what she called her treasures—but here was some one with whom they might be shared. Yes, she would let him see the pool. But when? Her life was always crowded with projects, engagements, fragments of unfinished work—there were always people arriving at Eaglewood, or opportunities to dash off from it (with visitors who had motors), or else sudden, passionately absorbing things to be dealt with on the spot—as she was dealing with the Weston boy now. Yes; better do it at once, before things crowded in again. It would be the friendliest way of wiping out her forgetfulness about the Willows——

"Do you get up early?" she asked abruptly. "Do you care about sunrises?"

He colored again, with pleasure, as it seemed. "Yes. I guess the pool would be great then."

"Oh, well, we'll see the Hudson first. You can't see much of it from here, can you?" She felt a sudden contempt for the unimaginativeness of living like the Tracys. "You've no idea what it is from Eaglewood—and better still from up above. The river's like a sea at that hour. Look here—I have an idea! If you're not afraid of getting too tired (you've been ill, I know), what do you say to my bringing the car down to the corner of the lane tomorrow, about half an hour before sunrise? I'll run you up to Eaglewood, and we'll have a picnic breakfast by the pool. Does that tempt you? Only you'll have to get up—when? At half-past two, I suppose! And we'll see the stars fade like flowers, and a new world born—don't you feel it's a new world every morning? And it will be all our world, with no one to interfere, or spoil it.

"Oh, Vance," she broke off abruptly, looking at her wrist watch. "I do believe my watch has stopped! The brute! Can you tell me what time it is? I've got to meet a friend from New York at the station, and it's nearly dark, and the car's only going on one leg—" Vance pulled out a new-looking watch, and gave her the hour. "Oh misery! I can't possibly make it! Well, I'll have to try, or Lewis won't have his suitcase till tomorrow—and he loathes borrowing other peoples' night-clothes." She stood poised a moment in the dusk of the porch, as if her outcry had given her wings—then she turned and held out her hand to young Weston. This time he put his in it. "Well—so long, Vance Weston. Now don't oversleep yourself! I'm going to be on the stroke tomorrow," she laughed.

She ran down the steps and scrambled into the car, and the Providence which cares for the improvident carried her to the station just in time for the arrival of the belated train from New York.

A perspiring throng was already pouring out of the station, but she had to wait for some time before she was joined by a fair haired young man in a light gray suit, whose movements had all the deliberation of a nervous traveler determined to keep cool.

The two greeted each other with friendly familiarity. "I was afraid you'd get tired of waiting, and run away before I turned up," the young man said, as he put himself and his suitcases into the motor, "but I didn't want to get mixed up with that dripping crowd."

She replied with a laugh that running away was the last thing the motor was thinking of, and that it was doubtful if they wouldn't have to push her up the hill or drop her at the garage for repairs. But this did not seem to dismay him.

"I suppose Lorry's been out in her again," he merely remarked—and Heloise rejoined that it was no use trying to hide the family secrets from him. He settled himself comfortably at her side, and she started the car, which made a spasmodic dash, hovered a moment between arrest and movement, and then spurted up the mountain as if nothing in the world had been (*Turn to page 106*)

Energy... ...food

MY! BUT the youngsters' appetites are keen these days! And with good reason. Bracing autumn weather. Lots of outdoor exercise. Football and other sports. Stomachs constantly calling for something sustaining. It's all perfectly natural for the husky, playing child to want food often—and it shouldn't be denied unless mealtime is right at hand.

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HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED

Continued from page 105

the matter with it. As they mounted under the dark arch of over-hanging trees Halo lapsed into silence, her attention seemingly absorbed in the delicate task of persuading the motor to forget its grievances till they were safely landed at Eaglewood. In reality her mind was still lingering over her talk with young Weston, and his curious way of leaping straight at the gist of things, as when, at the Willows, he had asked her as soon as she appeared in the doorway who had written "Kubla Khan," and just now had seized upon her mention of a mountain pool, instantly crying: "Could I get to it?" That way of disposing of preliminaries, brushing them aside with an impatient shake, as he tossed the tumbled hair from his forehead—what a sense it gave of a latent power under his unformed boyish manner. And what a wonderful thing life would be without preliminaries—as clear of smoke and rubbish as the crystal world at sunrise she was going to show him from her mountain. Getting at once to the heart of things: that was the secret. But how many people knew it, or had any idea where the heart of things really was——

SHE felt a touch on her arm. "Penny, Halo."

"My thoughts? I don't know— Well, yes." She gave a little laugh. "I was thinking I'd spent thirty dollars this afternoon, and what I'd bought with it."

"A new hat?"

She laughed. "Exactly. A new hat—a wishing-cap!"

He laughed too, with an easy vague air of assent and approval. "Tho why you women keep on buying new hats as you do, when you all of you go bare-headed——"

"Ah," she murmured, "that's what makes it such fun. Art for art's sake. Besides, as it happens, my new hat's invisible, and I've got it on at this very minute——"

"Well, it's awfully becoming," he rejoined.

"How silly! When you know you can't see it!"

"I don't so much care about that, if I can see what's going on underneath it." She fell suddenly silent, and he added in the same quiet voice: "Halo, can I?"

"What is it you want to see?"

"Well—just if you think we're engaged."

She drew away slightly from his gesture. "When you think we are, it always makes me think we're not."

"Oh well—I'll try not to think about it at all, then," he rejoined good-humoredly. To this at the moment she made no answer, and they drove on again in silence under the over-hanging boughs; but as she turned the motor in at the gate she said, with another of her fugitive laughs: "You see, Lewis, I'm as like this old car as her twin sister. When she says she won't she almost always does."

AT THE foot of the lane below the Tracys, the summer darkness rustled with the approach of dawn. Vance Weston felt the stir as if it were one with the noise in his own temples: a web of sounds too tenuous and embryonic to be defined or isolated, but something so different from the uniform silence of an hour earlier, as he had sat listening to it in the hush of his room, that every blade of grass and feather of bird seemed sighing and ruffling in the darkness.

He had crept unheard out of the sleeping house, and now, in the obscurity of the lane, sat on a stone and listened for the splutter of the Eaglewood motor. Miss Spear might forget him again, as she had forgotten him (how he liked her for owning it!) the day before; or the car, which she had said was going on one leg, might fall dead lame, and leave her stranded before she could get down the mountain. But he did not really believe that either of these things would happen. There are days which give you, in the very moment of waking, the assurance that they were born for you, are yours to do as you please with. This was one of them for Vance.

He had been, not offended, but hurt and a little bewildered, at Miss Spear's failure to come to the Willows the previous afternoon, after sending him word that if he met her there she would let him spend a long afternoon with the books. She had taken the trouble to ask for Upton at the plant nursery (his place of day labor), where she had called to pick up a basket of plants for her mother, and had instructed him to tell his cousin to be at the Willows punctually at three, and to let her know in case he could not come. It was the tenth day after Vance's arrival, and that very morning he had made up his mind to go to New York. He was going alone, for Upton could only get away on Sundays. Moreover, Vance knew by this time that as a guide his cousin would be of little use. All that Upton seemed to know of the metropolis was where the wholesale seedsmen and nurserymen had their offices. As a means of introducing Vance to the world of journalism, where he longed to find a job, Laura Lou would have been about as helpful.

Vance therefore meant to go alone; not with any hope of arriving within speaking distance of an editor, but to slake his curiosity with a sight of the outside of some of the big newspaper offices, and get an impression of the general aspect of the city. He had waited for over a week, partly because of the oppressive heat (his mother was right, it was worse than Chicago) and his own lingering physical weakness; but chiefly because his afternoon in the library at the Willows, and the brief apparition there of the girl who might have been old Miss Lorburn's (the last occupant's) reincarnation, had thrown him into a sort of prolonged day dream, which was broken only by intervals of frenzied composition.

When the summons came from Miss Spear to meet her again at the Willows he threw the idea of New York to the winds, and lived thru the next twenty-four hours in a tremor of expectation. Long before three, he was unlocking the gate of the deserted house and pushing his bicycle thru the grass and clover of the drive. The day was cooler—it would have been a good day for New York—and the green air under the willows trembled with a delicious freshness. Vance sat down on the doorstep. From where he sat, he could get a glimpse of the gate thru the shimmering branches, and watch the shadows of the trees wheel slowly across the long grass of the lawn. The air was rich with the smell of syringas, that smell which is so like the sound of bees on a thundery day. Vance leaned his head back against a pillar of the porch and waited.

HE HAD been sincere in saying to Miss Spear that while he waited he had not been impatient or angry. He had always had a habit of rumination unusual at his age, and everything in this new life was so strange, so unreal, that even its disappointments and denials were food for his imagination. The spell of Miss Lorburn's house was stronger now than on his first visit, because in the interval he had lived among people, plain unimaginative people, who nevertheless took old houses for granted, took age and permanence for granted. The fact that the Tracys, who never thought of anything but the present, were yet so tacitly imbued with the past, so acquiescent in its power and its fatality, that they attached such a ritual significance to phrases like "a very long time ago," and "it's always been so," and "nothing will be changed as long as any of the family are alive," had completely altered Vance's perspective, transforming his world from the staring flatness of a movie close-up to a universe of many vistas, reaching away on all sides from this empty and silent house. Even the thought of the books inside the house, so close yet inaccessible, did not long tantalize him. It was enough to sit there waiting, listening for the noise of the motor, and in the intervals straining his ear to catch the secret coming and going of the Past behind the barred threshold.

It was only when dusk fell that he understood that Miss Spear had failed him. Then his boyish pride reasserted itself, and for a moment he felt sore and humiliated. He remembered things Upton had said: "She never stays anywhere more than five minutes. . . . A gentleman friend called for her in his car . . ." and subsequent allusions picked up from Mrs. (*Turn to page 108*)

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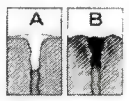

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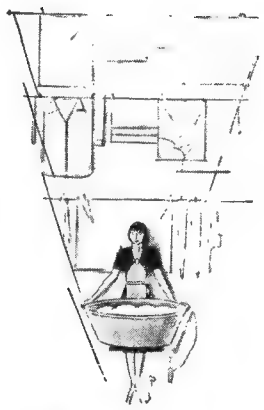

This is a *week's wash* white as a new china dish

THESE sheets, these towels, these napkins, this underwear —all look as if they had been washed in rain water. And yet nobody has rain water now.

The water these clothes were washed in came out of a faucet. And that sort of water is hard.

Then why do these clothes almost glisten in their cleanliness? The water was softened with Melo. Melo softens hard water and makes it a wonderful cleaner —with or without soap.

Soap combines with the hardness in hard water and forms a scum. That scum collects dirt. It gets into the fabric of the clothes. No amount of rinsing can get it all out. The clothes are grimy white.

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Melo costs 10 cents a can. Buy three cans and keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry, one in the bathroom.

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HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED

Continued from page 106

Tracy, who had been speechless with surprise when she learned that Miss Spear intended to devote an afternoon to showing Vance the books at the Willows. "Well, I never! Anyhow, she's got the right to—I guess some day the place will be hers," was one of the things Mrs. Tracy had said. And Laura Lou, breaking her habitual silence, had added in her quick fluttering way: "I don't believe she'll ever live at Paul's Landing. She says she means to travel all the time when she's married——"

All this wove itself into Vance's own picture of the pale dark-haired young woman who had appeared to him so suddenly, and taken up the verse of "Kubla Khan" in her rich chanting voice. He had assumed her to be some years older than himself, and at nineteen, and to a mind as ignorant of class distinction as his, such a difference of age put a much greater distance between them than the fact that Miss Spear lived at "the big house" (as the Tracys called Eaglewood), or even that she was to inherit the Willows, or meant to travel all the time when she was married— Vance thought of her as goddess-like and remote, mistress of the keys of knowledge and experience; her notice flushed him with pride, but seemed a part of the mysterious unreality of this new world.

As he got to his feet and walked back to the gate of the Willows, he felt his first pang of wounded pride.

AH, HOW differently he thought of her now! Since her flushed and hurried arrival at the Tracy house on the previous evening, her summoning him out to the porch to accuse and excuse herself, the goddess had become woman, and he was sure that as a woman she was to be trusted.

As he waited in the darkness the early noises of awakening life began to stir. He heard the long scream of a train far away; then the rumble of a motor truck down the turnpike at the foot of the hill, followed by the slow jolt of a lame farm-horse coming in with garden produce; and lastly, close by, the cluck-cluck of the Eaglewood motor. And she was there.

"Vance!" she called gaily, half under her breath, as tho instinctively adapting her voice to the whispered sounds of the hour. He had his hand on the door of the car, and in a moment was sitting at her side. "Now if she'll only start!" the girl sighed. The car kicked and jibbed and stood stock still, as it had the evening before; then it was off with a rush, as if aware of the challenge.

When they started up the wooded road to the mountain there still lingered so much of night under the branches that she had to turn on the headlights, and the white stretch of illumination ahead of the motor was filled with layers of delicately drawn motionless leaves, between which the ruts of the steep road seemed to Vance to rise up and meet them as they climbed. All these details burnt themselves into his brain with a curious intensity of precision, as if he had been crawling at a snail's pace thru an eternity of overarching foliage and ascending road, while at the same time the wheezy car seemed to be whirling him breathlessly to unknown distances, so that when the headlights painted the sudden picture of two tall gate-posts of gray stone flanking a drive, he was startled to hear Miss Spear say: "There's Eaglewood," for he thought they must long since have reached the ridge of the mountain.

They still mounted; the air grew cooler, almost cold; and gradually the glare of the headlights paled in the imperceptible growth of dawn, so that when Miss Spear remembered to turn them out, the road ahead was scarcely less distinct, tho everything appeared farther away and softer to the eye. The motor was out of the woodland by now, very high up, on a stretch of road between open fields. The sky arched over them in pallid mysterious dimness, with here and there a half-drowned star floating by like a petal on water. Then they passed under trees again, the world grew all dark, and Miss Spear, stopping the motor, said: "Here."

They were in a dusky tree-shadowed lane, a mere trail leading from the road to the foot of a mass of steep overhanging rock. Miss Spear jumped out of the car, and Vance after her. They scrambled up from ledge to ledge till they reached a point from which they saw, far below and around them, the outspread earth, its lonely mountain masses and habitable slopes, and the hollows still indistinct between, all waiting for the light.

"If it shouldn't happen!" Miss Spear exclaimed. Vance turned his startled eyes on her. She had spoken his very thought; and to youth such coincidences are magical.

"Or if it had never happened before—if we were actually looking at the first— Ah!" she interrupted herself on a deep breath; for as she spoke a faint vibration, hardly of light so much as of air, a ripple of coming life, seemed to flow over the sky and the opposite mountains, and hush every incipient sound to silence. There was a lull after that first tremor; a lull which lasted so long that it seemed as if nothing in the landscape had moved or altered after all. Then Miss Spear laid her hand on Vance's shoulder, and turning him about, made him face toward a break in the dark fell of the eastern mountain line; and thru that break came the red edge of the sun.

They watched it fascinated as it hung there, apparently unmoving; then they glanced away for a moment, and when they looked back they saw that it had moved; saw the forerunning glow burn away the ashen blur in the forest hollows, the upper sky whiten, and daylight slowly take possession of the air. Again they turned westward, looking toward the Hudson, and now the tawny suffusion was drawing down the slopes of the farther shore, till gradually, very gradually, the river hollows also were washed of their mists, and the great expanse of the river shone bright as steel in the clear shadow.

Vance drew a deep breath. He met Miss Spear's smiling eyes with a vague stare. "Kubla Khan?" she said. He nodded.

"You'd never seen one of our sunrises?"

"No. Only over the prairies."

"Well, that must be rather splendid too. But very different—like seeing it over the sea."

He made no response, for he had no notion what the sea might be like, and there was no room in his soul just then for new visions.

MISS SPEAR continued to smile. "It's less of an effort to see the sun rise in Illinois, I suppose? You only have to look out of your window. Here it involves mountaineering, and it's given me a mountaineer's appetite—hasn't it you?"

But his whole sentient self was still away from him, in the blue and gold of the upward rolling day. He stood gazing away from his companion at the misty splendors below and the pure light above. He would have liked to lie down on the rock on which they were standing, and propping chin on hands, let the hours drift by while the chariot of the day described its great circuit before him. At such moments he was disembodied.

"Come along, Vance! I'm ravening, really. Ham and eggs over a gipsy fire by the pool!" She slipped a comrade-arm thru his, and they started to scramble down from their eminence, leaving at each step a fragment of the mighty spectacle behind them. Vance thought to himself: "She never stays anywhere more than five minutes!"

But by the time they had reached the motor the pangs of hunger had seized him too, and he was laughing with her while she made sure that the basket and thermos were somewhere among the miscellaneous articles crammed under the seat, and thinking he had never met anybody who made things so easy for a fellow, and yet was somehow so gaily aloof from him. With a fresh expenditure of persuasion and violence she got the motor going, and they backed out of the woodland trail, and started down the mountain again. About half way of the descent Miss Spear turned the car into another trail, deeply shadowed, and they took out the basket and various odds and ends, and shouldering their bundles began to climb thru the forest.

(What happened on the mountain will be told next month)

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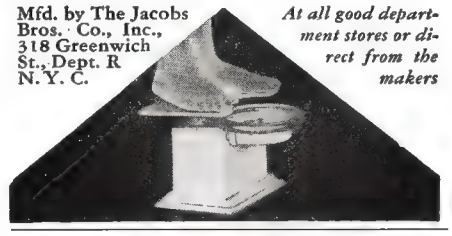

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Every drop of California Lemon Juice is a health builder and potent corrective or preventive of...
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GIVE the California Lemon right-of-way at your table, whether guests be there or your family alone! Every time meat or fish is served see to it that there is an ample supply of Lemon Garnish, artistically arranged or simply quartered.

No other fruit has so many health and home uses as California Lemons, but their most valuable service to humanity comes through their alkaline reaction in the body. Lemons, like Oranges, while acid to the taste, have an exactly opposite effect and help *balance* average *unbalanced* American diets and help prevent acidity. Over-acidity to Acidosis is but a short step!

Acidosis undermines health and creates low vitality, throwing the system wide open to many common ailments forerunners of dangerous diseases. Use California Lemon Juice and Orange Juice generously and Acidosis is not likely to worry you.

You should know more about Acidosis. It is helpfully discussed in "*Telling Fortunes with Foods.*" In this free booklet are normal anti-acidosis and safe reducing diets and a list of *alkaline* and *acid* reaction foods.

Lemon garnishes are fully described in "*Sunkist Recipes,*" which is sent also free. This booklet gives many valuable uses for Lemons. Mail the coupon for *both* books.

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Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor. Electrically powered; neat, attractive. Only two parts to clean after use. Extracts *all* the orange or lemon juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. Price $14.95. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to address below. Carriage prepaid. In Canada slightly higher.

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Sec. 711,
Box 530, Sta. "C," Los Angeles, California.

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Please mail to the address below your two FREE booklets, "*Sunkist Recipes*" and "*Telling Fortunes with Foods.*"

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MRS. JOSEPH HARRIMAN

New York and Newport hostess, says

"There is not a modern hostess in New York or in America, who does not have cigarettes served at dinner to the ladies as well as the men. I, personally, prefer Melachrino cigarettes for my guests, because of the refinement and mildness of their Turkish tobaccos."

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To make your introduction to Melachrino cigarettes an event of especial pleasure, we have prepared an attractive assortment of Melachrino cigarettes, a score pad with the latest rules of contract bridge and two beautiful packs of cards on which we will imprint your own monogram. The assortment contains 60 Melachrino cigarettes—straw tips, cork tips and plain ends. This assortment, the score pad and the monogrammed cards would, if you bought them in the usual way, cost $4.75, but if you use the coupon, you get all three for $2.50. The cards are the famous Congress cards.

In making out coupon, print your initials clearly. Send coupon now.

Note:—Under a special arrangement, monograms will be imprinted in half the usual time. This will enable us to mail your assortment of Melachrino cigarettes, pad and cards without excessive delay.

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Please send me your bridge assortment of 60 Melachrino cigarettes, the score pad with the latest rules of contract bridge and the two packs of the famous Congress cards bearing my monogram, for which I enclose $2.50.

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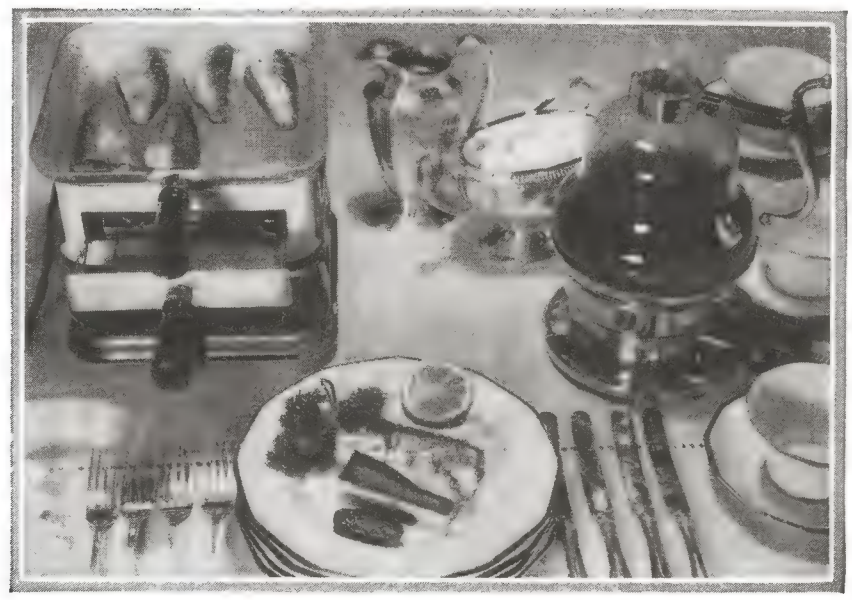


Grilled sardines, toast and coffee made electrically

COOKING AT THE TABLE

For Friendly Parties and Tempting After Bridge Suppers

THE age-old liking for stirring and mixing and watching things cook (and watching others do the work!) that is inherent in all of us is responsible in great measure for the popularity of table cooking appliances. Their convenience is not to be questioned, of course, but the main thing is, cooking at the table is fun!

The charm and comfort of it is to make the things that adapt themselves to the appliances and to have foods prepared in advance. Once you realize the range of activities of the appliances—slow or quick cooking on top of the stove and under the grill—you will find your favorite recipes behave as properly in the dining-room as in the kitchen.

Do not attempt too many things at once. One dish cooked at the table with sandwiches or toast and coffee is sufficient. While the entrée is merrily cooking, a soup or fruit cup made previously may be served. And for dessert a sweet waffle is often amusing.

There are some very important Electric Do's and Don't's that those who have been won over to the charms of table cookery should keep in mind. When using an electric table stove be sure that the element is completely covered—with reflectors, toaster racks, and so on—in order to direct all the heat to the food you are cooking.

Don't overload your circuit with too many appliances, or you may blow a fuse and leave your guests hungry. On a base socket, it is possible to use two cooking appliances at once; but on a lamp socket, only one is safe.

The Institute has found the following dishes good both to cook and serve at the table.

Grilled Sardines

Dip sardines in a mixture of two teaspoons each Worcestershire sauce and lemon juice and one teaspoon prepared mustard, letting stand until ready to broil. Broil and serve on toast garnished with chopped parsley.

Grilled Chicken and Pineapple

Let cooked chicken fillets stand in one-half cup melted butter seasoned with one-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper and three teaspoons chopped parsley. Meanwhile brown two slices pineapple cut into strips and dipped in melted butter. Turn and arrange alternately with chicken in the pan and put under the grill to brown. Make on top of the stove a brown sauce with three tablespoons each butter and flour and one and one-half cups chicken stock seasoned with one tablespoon browned minced onion, one to two teaspoons curry powder, salt and pepper. Pour over chicken, heat thoroly, serve with toasted biscuits.

Poached Eggs Velouté

Make a sauce with three tablespoons each butter and flour and two cups milk. Add one cup cream, eighteen small white onions, parboiled, one tablespoon mushroom ketchup and salt and paprika. In the sauce poach six eggs, one at a time. If the egg white thickens the sauce suddenly, thin with mixed cream and milk. Serve on toast.

Asparagus and Cheese Timbale

To a sauce made of three tablespoons butter, four tablespoons flour and two cups milk add one-quarter cup grated cheese, one-half teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. When cheese is melted stir in two slightly beaten eggs, mixing well. Put in drained asparagus tips (two cans). Cook at low heat without stirring until custard sets. Cover with grated cheese and brown quickly.

Bacon Vegetable Grill

In three tablespoons butter, cook four tablespoons each chopped onion and green pepper and three-quarter cup thinly sliced celery, simmering covered for ten minutes. Add three large tomatoes sliced, one-half cup cooked slivered string beans, one cup cooked potato balls and seasonings and cook ten minutes. Cover with strips of bacon and broil (or broil bacon in the second pan). Serve over boiled rice or with Chinese fried noodles, which may be obtained in cans.

French Toasted Veal Sandwich

Combine chopped veal with one-quarter as much each celery and cooked mushrooms both finely chopped, and blend with highly seasoned mayonnaise. Make into sandwiches. Dip sandwiches in beaten egg and milk and fry as French toast. Serve immediately with pickles or with a savory sauce.

Chocolate Waffles for Dessert

Mix and sift dry ingredients: two cups flour, one teaspoon salt, four teaspoons baking powder, one-half cup cocoa and add one-half cup sugar. Beat two egg yolks slightly, add one and one-half cups milk, mix well and stir into dry ingredients. Add one-half cup melted fat, beat well. Fold in stiffly beaten whites and bake on a waffle iron a little less hot than usual to avoid browning too much. Serve immediately with sweetened whipped cream.

Toasted Fruit for Dessert

Dip bananas, canned pears or peaches in melted butter and broil on both sides. Serve on hot buttered toast with a sauce of lemon juice and preserved ginger and syrup.

Mushrooms and Pimiento

Cook one pound mushrooms in four tablespoons butter or olive oil in the covered pan. Add after a few minutes three-quarter cup pimiento strips, one tablespoon chopped chives or onion, one tablespoon chopped green pepper, salt and paprika. Thicken with two eggs beaten into one and one-half cups consommé and one-half cup rich milk, and cooked until it coats the spoon.

The Sevillia

SHE BUILT A MILLION-DOLLAR BUSINESS

Mrs. Alice Foote MacDougall

owner of the famous New York Restaurants *shows with her own hands how to make her Marvelous Waffles*

STARTING 21 YEARS AGO with $38.00 for capital and three beautiful children for inspiration Mrs. MacDougall, alone and untrained, built up a very lucrative business in roasted coffee. To extend this business she rented a tiny booth in the Grand Central Terminal and there every Wednesday afternoon she herself presided over a huge coffee urn.

One stormy and bitterly cold Wednesday, as she watched the shivering, damp, depressed people who streamed through the station, Mrs. MacDougall felt a sudden kindly whim to lessen their discomfort.

Impulsively she sent home for her waffle iron and the necessary ingredients, including Royal Baking Powder, and to all who came in to the little shop that afternoon, she served tender waffles and delicious coffee.

The glowing appreciation of her guests showed her that she had found a combination of foods with an almost irresistible appeal.

Time proved the truth of this. First the Little Coffee Shop began to serve waffles and coffee, then in rapid succession Mrs. MacDougall opened the Cortile, the Piazzetta, the Firenze and last year she signed a million-dollar lease for the Sevillia, the newest and most picturesque of her beautiful coffee houses.

"A WAFFLE is either a great delicacy or a dismal failure—there's no middle ground," says Mrs. Alice Foote MacDougall as she shows step by step how to make the waffles for which her coffee houses are famous.

"We use the best ingredients for all the foods we serve, the best cream, the finest maple syrup, the freshest butter and eggs—naturally we use the best baking powder, which is Royal.

"We have found that no other baking powder makes waffles which are up to our standard in lightness and tenderness. You will find when you use Royal that there is never any danger of dryness which spoils waffles and cakes. And, of course, you know that most doctors, dietitians and home economics experts say Cream of Tartar baking powder is best.

"Personally, I think in all baking it is true economy to use Royal because it is so pure and dependable. As every housewife knows, the cost of the baking powder is almost negligible compared to the cost of the eggs and butter you use in waffles and in cakes."

Here is another favorite which The Alice Foote MacDougall Coffee Houses serve:

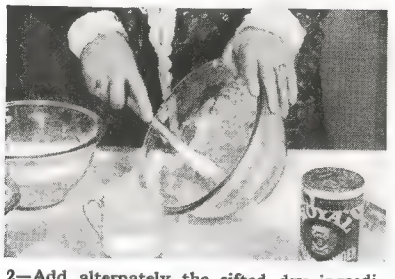
Black Walnut Cake. ½ cup butter; 1⅓ cups sugar; ⅔ cup milk; 2 cups pastry flour; 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder; ⅛ teaspoon salt; ½ teaspoon vanilla extract and 5 egg whites. Cream butter thoroughly. Add sugar slowly and beat in well. Sift the flour with baking powder and salt. Add alternately with the milk. Add vanilla extract and mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in three well-greased layer tins in a moderate oven at 350° F. for 30 minutes.

White Icing. 1½ cups granulated sugar; ½ cup water; 3 egg whites and 1 cup black walnut meats. Boil sugar and water together until syrup spins a thread or to 438° F. Pour slowly on to the stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat until it holds its shape and is of right consistency to spread. Put between layers and on top and side of cake. Sprinkle black walnut meats generously on each iced layer and on top and sides of cake.

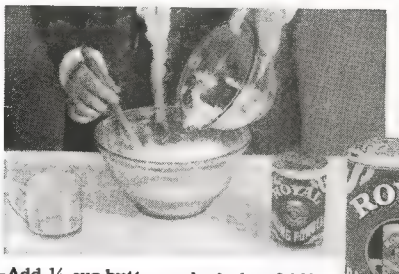
Waffle Recipe. 3 cupfuls of flour; 4 teaspoonfuls of Royal Baking Powder; ½ teaspoonful of salt; 2 cupfuls of milk; ½ cupful of butter; 4 eggs. Beat yolks well. Add sifted dry ingredients and milk alternately to the yolks. Then add the butter which has been melted, and last of all fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Do not beat mixture too much or the waffle will be tough.

All measurements are level.

1—Separate 4 eggs. Beat egg yolks well. Sift 3 cups flour with 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and ½ teaspoon salt



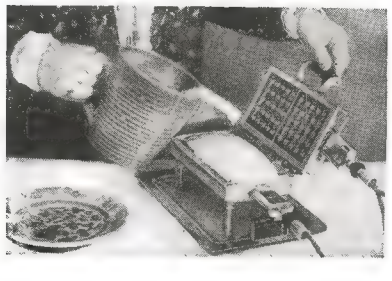
2—Add alternately the sifted dry ingredients and 2 cups of milk; mix well



3—Add ½ cup butter, melted, then fold in stiffly beaten whites of 4 eggs. Mix only long enough for blending thoroughly.

Mrs. MacDougall serves her famous waffles on gay Majolica

5—When waffles are well puffed-up and evenly browned remove at once to a hot plate and serve immediately with plenty of butter and maple syrup.



4—Waffle iron should be heated 10 minutes. No greasing is necessary with electric iron. A gas-heated iron is greased well before baking each waffle and turned once. Pour about 4 tablespoons of the batter into the iron. Bake about 2 minutes

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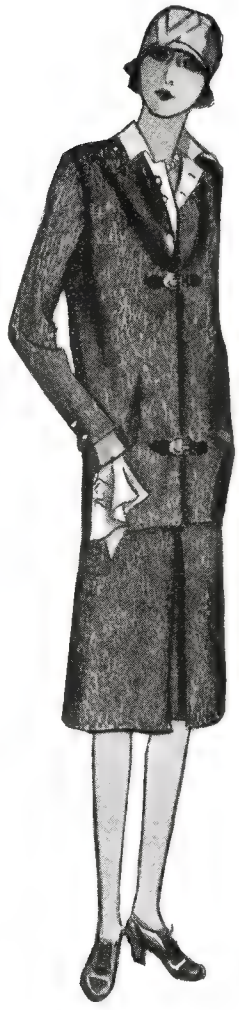
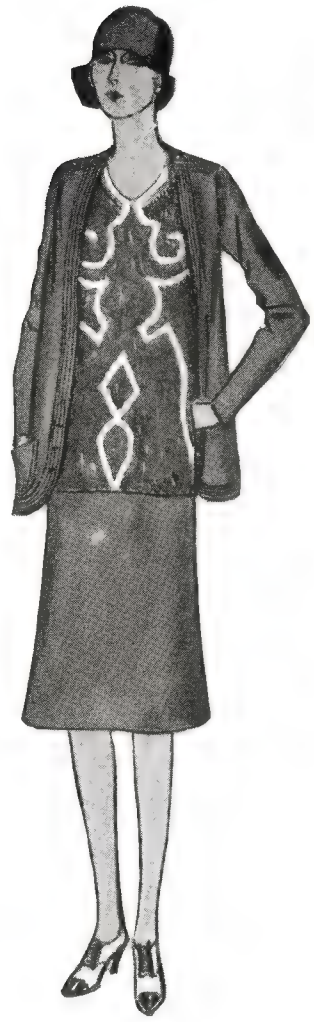
The "Week-end Costume" of Schiaparelli. Under the blue and white tweed top coat are a reversible coat of navy silk and gray fur, a tweed skirt and chemisette, and a blue and white hand knitted wool sweater. With an evening frock and this costume one can manage very well on a Saturday-to-Monday visit



Leather straps fasten the jacket of a black and yellow tweed trotteur. The mannish shirt is yellow crêpe. From Schiaparelli

Vionnet's V's are in her costume of green rep and blouse of green crêpe. The scarf at the neck is part of the blouse



Black is the new color for sports. Schiaparelli uses it here with her black and white sweater, "African Negro"

THE SPORTS COSTUME EVOLVES

THE so-called "Sports Costume" has had a spectacular career—a sort of "From the Log Cabin to the White House" history. Beginning as a humble knitted sweater and heavy woolen skirt designed for the golf-links, it gradually rose in importance until it reached the height of its glory as an elaborately decorated jumper-blouse and a finely plaited skirt of delicate crêpe de Chine, worn by fine ladies at fashionable afternoon gatherings. Having reached this exalted state, it apparently decided that there was nothing in "the gay life" and that, after all, it is service that counts in the long run, and so we now find it in the winter collections as a practical street costume in soft, warm, woolen materials, still in the form of a sweater or jumper and a more or less plaited skirt but with the addition of a warm top-coat and often a short jacket besides. The whole makes the most practical and comfortable costume imaginable for traveling, for the morning shopping tour, or for general country wear.

The new, soft tweeds, which are only distantly related to the heavy, cumbersome tweeds of former days, are used to a great extent for the skirts and coats of these costumes, while the short jackets and sweaters are of the lovely new jerseys, of which there is an endless variety, or of hand-knitted wool in charming designs.

The top-coats have, as a rule, collar and cuffs of one of the short hair furs, shaded gray astrakhan being perhaps the favorite, although badger, shaved goat, caracul, mole, and beaver are also used. The skirts are strictly tailored with a group of plaits at the front or side to give ease in walking, and the short jacket is seen both with and without sleeves.

Dark beige is a favorite color for these costumes, and brown, gray, grège and the different shades of green are smart. Red and dark blue, both navy and a new shade which is a bit lighter and bluer, are often seen also.

This is Lelong's new ensemble in his new color, slate-gray. It is of tweed with a jersey cardigan and knitted jumper

The lozenge design, last season's polka-dot, is used for this black and white velvet frock. Louiseboulanger

Typical of Louiseboulanger in the use of color is this almond green frock with beige plaiting at the side

A very chic coat of black velvet and black lynx has a new flared back following the flare of the cape. Lelong

Chanel is using fabric fur for some of her most important coats—often in combination with rare pelts. This coat is of black crushed plush, an almost perfect imitation of broadtail, with silver fox for the full length notched collar and the muff. The latter, which is the return of a Victorian fashion, is a new and smart accessory

The modern angles of this frock are white against black crêpe. The high collar has three standing folds. Lanvin

NEW ELABORATION FOR AFTERNOON

GREAT is the rejoicing of the Paris couturiers over the revival of the "dressy" afternoon frock, which has at last supplanted the two-piece jumper costume for afternoon functions—for luncheons, afternoon teas, and bridge parties. Once again are women frocked in soft velvets, silks, satins and laces. Once more are skirts gracefully draped and bodices softened at the neck and wrists with becoming frills of creamy lace, and once more does the creator of feminine fashions have an opportunity to show individuality in the design of a frock, which was impossible when the two-piece sports dress was the accepted uniform.

One cannot but feel that a great deal of the credit for this is due to the designers of the new materials who have created such exquisite fabrics that no mortal woman could withstand their lure. First and foremost of these new fabrics are the velvets, both in plain colors (and such colors!) and in printed and brocaded designs in tiny, all-over patterns, speckles and dots and wee flowers —and in larger plaids and stripes, as soft and pliable as chiffon, with the loveliest shimmer lurking in their folds.

Crêpe satin, Georgette, crêpe de Chine and kindred silk crêpes are also used for afternoon frocks, and lace in black or colors (beige being the favorite), either used by itself or combined with chiffon or georgette, makes the daintiest and most feminine costume of them all.

The colors for the afternoon are: first of all, black, then beige, particularly a warm fawn color which is very chic with black astrakan, gray, shades of green, including gray green and a deep bottle green, navy, the new "betwixt-and-between" shade of pastel blue that is often used with gray krimmer, and red in all tints from bright-red and brown-red to old-fashioned wine color or garnet. A veritable rainbow to choose from.

Spotted lace is the new favorite in Paris for evening, and Lanvin uses it here in fawn with dull gold spots, adding the unexpected note of bright turquoise beading at the waistline. Hair cloth bands stiffen the tiers, producing a ripple and a silhouette unusual in a lace frock

(Below) Velveteen is now an evening fabric. Chanel has chosen it in red in a very stiff quality for this frock

(Above) Here Louiseboulanger has revived old-fashioned brocaded satin in brilliant yellow

(Below) This frock, stiffened at the edges, embroidered with chenille, is black net. From Chanel

(Left) White chiffon and the white glitter of strass and crystal beads are used by Vionnet for this frock

(Below) This is the new tulle frock of the winter—It is all in tulle from flowers to hem line. Lelong

THE GLAMOROUS GRACE of EVENING

WHEN it comes to evening gowns, we challenge any one to find, in all the history of woman's dress, more graceful and alluring frocks than those which are being shown in the winter collections of the Parisian dressmakers. Let the older generation continue to sing the praises of the long, trailing skirts of pre-War days, "the days when ladies dressed like ladies, my dear." We will guarantee that the heart of the most conservative of them all will beat a little faster at the sight of a modern young woman floating into a ballroom in a frock of tulle or taffeta, the full skirt of which droops at the back in a graceful point almost touching the floor, with a molded bodice cut higher than the slip, giving the effect of a transparent yoke of lace or chiffon.

The bodices are still extremely simple, with scant decoration, and a U or V shaped neck cut very low in back. While both these forms are still used, there is also a tendency toward the straight neckline both at the front and back, with narrow shoulder-straps of beads or rhinestones, flesh-colored chiffon or bands of the material of the frock. The diagonal line is also seen, often with one jewelled shoulder-strap. Some of the designers still blouse the bodice ever so slightly and encircle the waist with a narrow belt of the material of the frock, but, in many cases, the bodice is semi-fitting.

The skirts, almost without exception, have an uneven hemline, and while the favorite movement is toward the back, there are many which have a diagonal line with a deep point on one side. Panels of irregular lengths have taken the place of points in many of the new models. Sometimes there is a narrow train.

Velvet, taffeta, metallic fabrics, tulle, chiffon, printed moire, satin and lace are the principal materials used, and the colors are much the same as those of the afternoon frocks, save that white, egg-shell and the palest shades of green, pink and blue are added.

FOR DINING, DANCING and the OPERA

2312—The lace gown is a formal fashion. The flounce, placed low below the smooth hip, has the long back line. It is straight and gathered. Bows of ribbon are garlanded from the right shoulder and the neck is U shaped. For size 33 (16 years), 3¼ yards of 36-inch lace and 5⅝ yards of 2-inch metallic ribbon. Designed for sizes 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years) and for size 38.

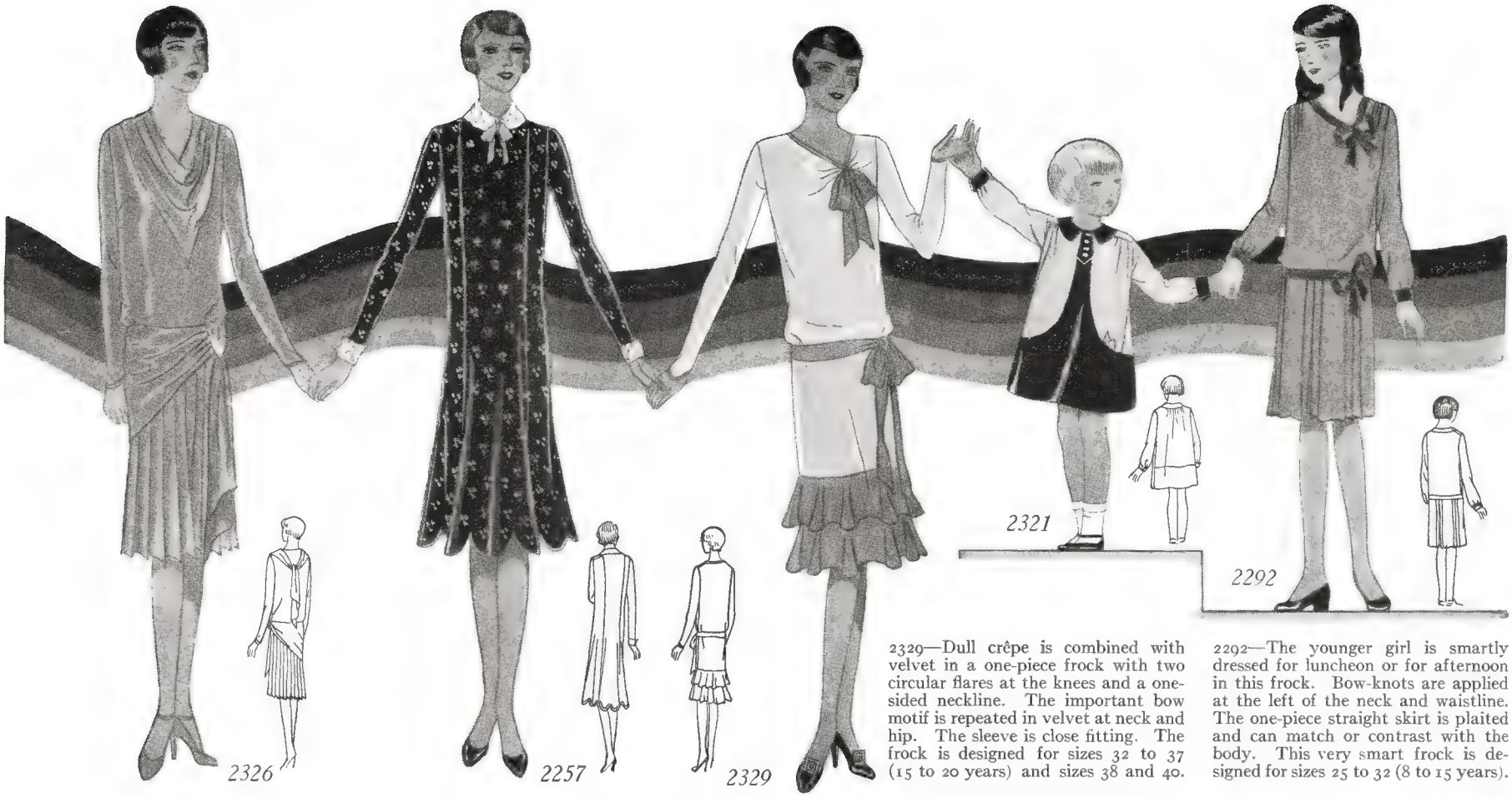
2314—Dotted net shares the success of tulle. It makes a frock with double tiers, long in back and sewed to a molded basque. The décolletage has the new shoe-string shoulder straps. The flat roses are used in a chic and unusual way. For size 36 (19 years), 3¾ yards 35-inch dotted net and 2¾ yards 6½ inch ribbon. Designed for 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years) and 38, 40.

2307—A frock elegant enough for the opera is a one-piece sheath of velvet, satin or metallic fabric with a great bow draped at the left hip and brushing the floor in a short train. The very deep décolletage is V in front and oval in back. For size 36, 4⅝ yards of 35-inch velvet and 1¾ yard of 35-inch contrast. It is designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 44.

2315 — 1367 — The short collarless jacket cut like a cardigan, that smart women wear over evening gowns for dinner or bridge, is of printed satin. It is worn over a plain satin frock with loose handkerchief drapes from the right hip, that break the hemline. A point-to-point sash ties on the right side. The frock is designed for sizes 32 to 40; the jacket for sizes 33 to 44.

2317—The two diagonal tiers of this satin gown are long at the left side where the ends of the huge bow add further length. The back is surplice but it may also be plain with an oval neckline. The separate one-piece slip has a camisole top or is backless, depending on the neck. For size 36, 3¾ yards 35-inch satin. Designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); 36 to 40.

2325—A chiffon frock with the long back line has triple tiers and a handkerchief girdle. A tiny cape outlines the deep décolletage and repeats the lines of the skirt on the bodice. The frock may be worn for afternoon with even hemline, shallow oval day-neckline, and long sleeves. For size 36, 4½ yards 39-inch chiffon. Designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 40.



FROCKS THAT FIT INTO THE ENSEMBLE

2326—The handkerchief frock has one kerchief forming a point in the front of the neck and a scarf in back and another draped around the hips over the plaited skirt. Designed for 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years) and 38 and 40.

2257—The princess silhouette—a significant line—is used for a frock of printed velvet with scalloped hemline and a round collar and cuffs of lace. It slightly outlines the figure. Designed for 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years); 38 to 44.

2329—Dull crêpe is combined with velvet in a one-piece frock with two circular flares at the knees and a one-sided neckline. The important bow motif is repeated in velvet at neck and hip. The sleeve is close fitting. The frock is designed for sizes 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years) and sizes 38 and 40.

2321—This little frock would be smart as part of an ensemble, for the band that runs into a panel could be of velveteen to match a coat while the rest of the straight beltless frock and the bloomers could be crêpe de Chine to match its lining. The frock is designed for 21 to 24 (2 to 6 years).

2323—A silk crêpe frock is suited to an ensemble that could be worn all day with the coat at its right. It has a one-sided diagonal collar that forms a scarf in back and inserted plaits which may be pressed or unpressed. It is one-piece. The frock is designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 44.

2332—The season's straightline coat has the new darted mushroom collar of flat curly fur and fur cuffs set back from the wrists. Instead of the long shawl collar one can use a short collar that closes high and takes less fur. The frock is designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and for 36 to 48.

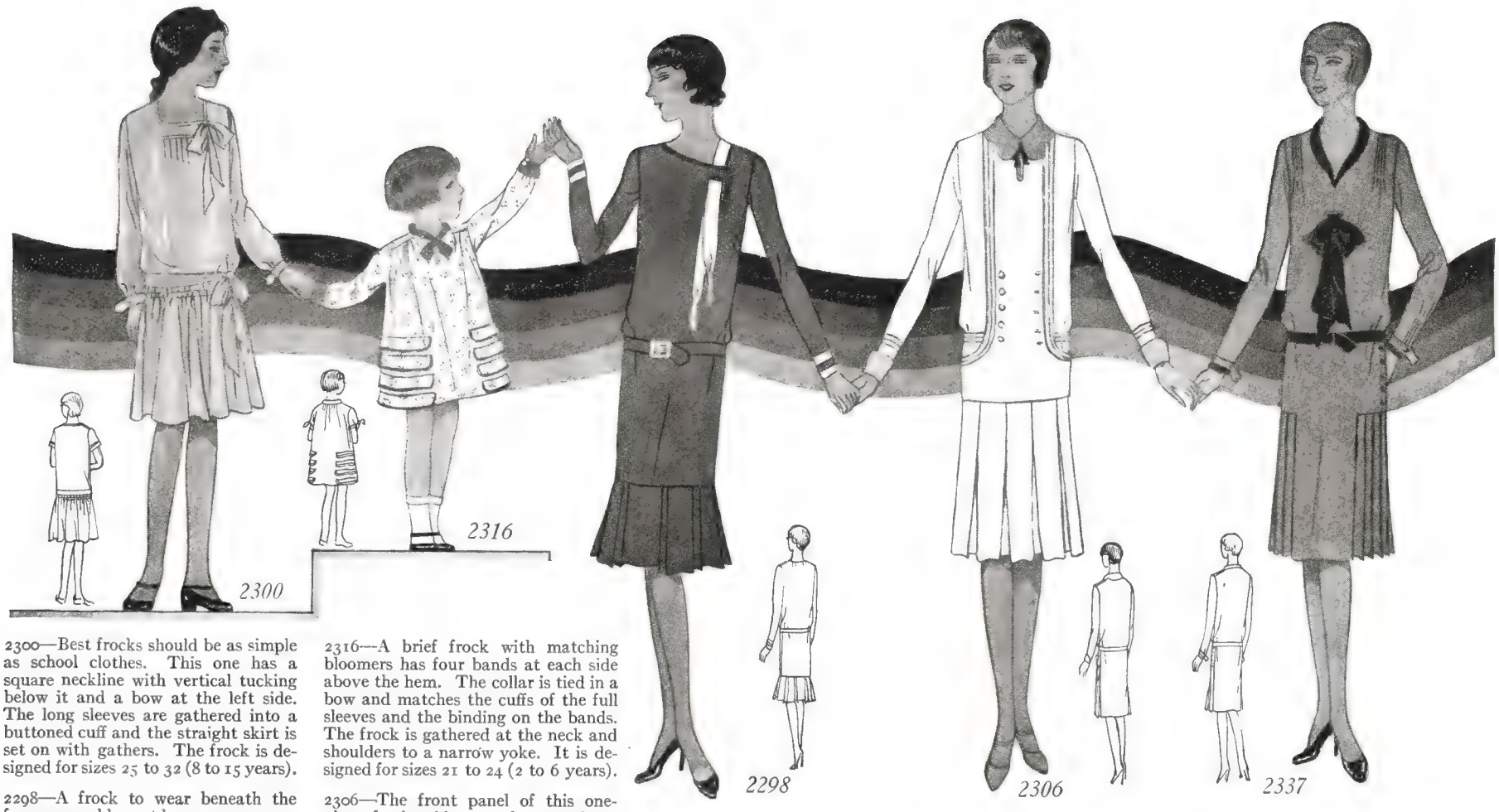
2292—The younger girl is smartly dressed for luncheon or for afternoon in this frock. Bow-knots are applied at the left of the neck and waistline. The one-piece straight skirt is plaited and can match or contrast with the body. This very smart frock is designed for sizes 25 to 32 (8 to 15 years).

2313—A second frock to increase the usefulness of the ensemble has its fulness in a flare at the left side. An irregular lingerie collar ends in a jabot and is matched by the cuffs. There is a buckled belt at the waistline closing above the flare at the left. Designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); 36 to 44.

2296—This simple little school frock is very smart. Its V neckline is finished with a band and appliqued bow-knot of contrasting material and the straight one-piece skirt with narrow belt has a cluster of plaits at each side of the back and front. It is designed for sizes 24 to 27 (6 to 10 years).

2308—This is the sort of beautifully detailed frock that the small French girl wears. The plaited skirt is set on at each side. The neckline, above the deep oval vestee, and the long full sleeves are held by shoestring bands that tie in bows. Buttons are smart again. Designed for 24 to 27 (6 to 10 years).

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores thruout the world, at prices given on page 124



2300—Best frocks should be as simple as school clothes. This one has a square neckline with vertical tucking below it and a bow at the left side. The long sleeves are gathered into a buttoned cuff and the straight skirt is set on with gathers. The frock is designed for sizes 25 to 32 (8 to 15 years).

2298—A frock to wear beneath the fur or ensemble coat has a narrow contrasting scarf pulled through the lower side of the slanting neckline. A straight plaited flounce gives the new low-placed fulness. The sleeves are long and close. It is designed for sizes 31 to 37 (14 to 20 years).

2337—A tweed frock with a narrow rolled collar of crêpe de Chine has its bow pulled through a slash. Plaits are inserted at each side in front below the hip. The long sleeves are tucked at the wrists and finished with cuffs. Designed for sizes 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years) and sizes 38 and 40.

2324—A coat that may be part of an ensemble or a separate top-coat has the new darted mushroom collar which can be made of fur banding. It is belted above two pockets. The straight lines and double-breasted closing are smart. The coat is designed for sizes 25 to 32 (8 to 15 years).

2316—A brief frock with matching bloomers has four bands at each side above the hem. The collar is tied in a bow and matches the cuffs of the full sleeves and the binding on the bands. The frock is gathered at the neck and shoulders to a narrow yoke. It is designed for sizes 21 to 24 (2 to 6 years).

2306—The front panel of this one-piece frock widens to form pockets. The belt beneath it crosses the back. The skirt is box plaited in front, and in velveteen the plaits are unpressed. The back is one piece. The round collar and cuffs may be detachable. Designed for 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years).

1554—This is a frock that makes a smart and very useful daytime ensemble with the coat at the right. It has a plaited skirt in pointed outline across the front, a narrow belt, slit pocket, and a one-piece back. The vestee and turn down collar match. Designed for 25 to 32 (8 to 15 years).

2328—The leading Paris dressmakers sponsor the short jacket. DELINEATOR shows it in fur cloth with darted mushroom collar. Worn with a wool frock it is a very chic sport suit, warm, yet light and unhampering for walking. The jacket is designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); 36 to 48.

2328—The belted tweed coat cut on straight lines may be worn in town or out. It has a new darted mushroom collar of fur banding, fur cuffs, and patch pockets. This coat is designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); and 36 to 48.

2303—The two-piece frock has a belted blouse with convertible collar and patch pockets. The one-piece skirt is straight. In velveteen the plaits are unpressed. This frock is designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); and 36 to 46.

THE SHORT JACKET AND THE LONG COAT

2269 *1785* *2307*

VELVET HOLDS a HIGH POSITION

2269—This frock has the newest uneven hemline in the afternoon mode, a line that gradually becomes longer—tho only slightly longer—in back. Two gathered tiers make the skirt and the simple body has a round neck and close sleeves that come down on the back of the hand. A wide girdle crushed in front gives it the smart flat hip. For size 36, 3⅝ yards 35-inch velvet. This frock is designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and for 36 to 44.

1785—The best of the printed velvets for afternoon are those of small design. The frock illustrated in clover-leaf print has a note of formality in its flat-tier skirt and uneven hem. The angle of lace that fills in the long V neckline and the opposite angle of the drapery flare make this a good frock for a woman who would appear more slender. The belt is fastened with a buckle. For size 36, 3⅞ yards 35-inch velvet. Designed for sizes 34 to 48.

2307—The plain velvet frock is smart in black, in the slate blues, in brown and in Chianti and burgundy reds. Here velvet is faced with matching satin in the great loop posed on the left hip and the long end that drops below the hem. This is the new beltless frock, draped at the waistline, with a round neck and long close sleeves. For size 36, 4¼ yards 35-inch velvet, ⅞ yard 35-inch satin. Designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); 36 to 44.

2232—This printed velvet frock has no belt, and the joining of the long molded body and flared skirt, being scalloped, gives a slimmer effect than a straight line. The neck is oval, the sleeves long and close, and the shoulder loop with long ends down the back adds a touch of softness. The skirt is cut in four pieces, and flares front and back. For size 36, 4¼ yards 35-inch velvet. It is designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); 36 to 44.

2257—The new princess frocks are very simple, depending on their fabric, cut and the lines of the figure for beauty. This one, in velvet, starts the flare rather low to keep the hipline flat. The figure is slightly outlined rather than fitted, the neck is a V and the sleeves are long and fit closely. For evening it has an uneven hem and deep décolletage. For size 36, 4⅛ yards 35-inch velvet. Designed for 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years); 38 to 44.

DULL CRÊPES and SHINY SATINS

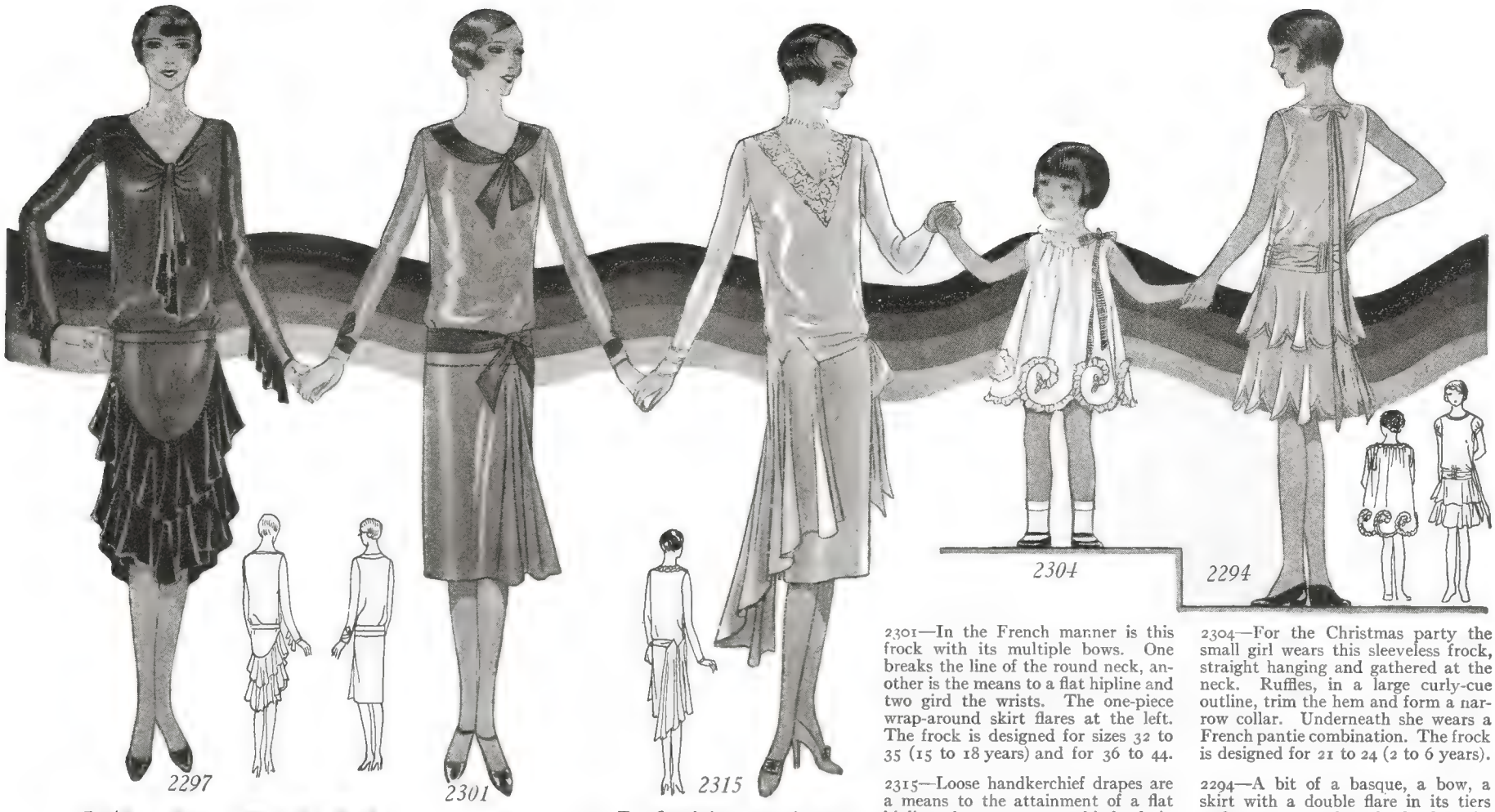
2199—A deep fagoted neckline with revers on one side and a tailored vestee introduces a relieving note of white or flesh color in this frock for the older woman. At the left of the wide, crushed girdle the one-piece wrap-around skirt is held securely by a buckle and here there is a flare that gives an uneven hem. The sleeves are long and close. For size 36, 3⅞ yards of 39-inch crêpe; ⅜ yard 35-inch contrast. Designed for 34 to 46.

2295—When a dress combines a surplice closing on its body with a smooth, flat hipline above a flared skirt, it achieves the slimmest possible silhouette for the larger woman. The long shawl collar adds a note of decoration by becoming a scarf on one side. The one-piece skirt runs up in a point in front. The vestee may be sewn in. For size 36, 2 yards 39-inch crêpe satin; 2¼ yards of 35-inch velvet. The frock is designed for sizes 34 to 52.

2268—Fulness placed very low is very new and is also a means to the smartest and youngest silhouette. The frock sketched, straight except for a slight blouse, has a most attractive collar and an upper part trimmed with applied bows and lengthened by a straight plaited flounce. For size 33 (16 years), 2⅞ yards of 39-inch crêpe satin and ½ yard of 35-inch contrast for binding. This frock is designed for sizes 31 to 37 (14 to 20 years).

2099—Engagingly young is a one-piece frock whose frilled collar dips to a very low point in back. The bias or straight apron tunic is bordered by a plaited frill. The lingerie collar and cuffs of Georgette, net or organdy in a harmonizing color may be sewn on or made so that they can be taken off. For size 33 (16 years), 3¾ yards of 39-inch silk (tunic cut bias); 1 yard 35-inch plain. Designed for 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years) and 38 and 40.

2265—The socially active woman who has many afternoon engagements recognizes the chic of this frock. The collar on its V neck divides in back into two streamers that form a scarf tie. The straight flared tiers of its skirt droop at the side to give an uneven hemline. There is a snug girdle, giving slim, molded hips. For size 36, 4⅜ yards of 35-inch sheer velvet (tiers cut bias). Designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 44.



THE NEW FULLNESS SEEKS A LOWER LEVEL

2297—Two flared tiers, set on in apron outline and falling a little lower in back, gives individuality to this one-piece frock with a crushed neckline and a flare up the sleeve. Designed for 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years) and 38, 40.

2318—Very young in silhouette and very new in line is this one-piece frock. Flares are sewn to the sides in rounded outline, thus giving flat hips. The collar merges with a jabot-scarf. This chic frock is designed for 32 to 46.

2301—In the French manner is this frock with its multiple bows. One breaks the line of the round neck, another is the means to a flat hipline and two gird the wrists. The one-piece wrap-around skirt flares at the left. The frock is designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and for 36 to 44.

2315—Loose handkerchief drapes are a means to the attainment of a flat hipline when sewn, as on this frock, in pointed outline, and they make the hem uneven. The one-piece skirt wraps around and is held by a bow. There is a lace inset at the neck. Designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); 36 to 40.

2333—Typical of the new mode is this beltless frock with its triple-tiered skirt, lifted and draped with a bow at the left. Its crossed V neckline is softened at one side by a jabot and its sleeves are bow-tied. This afternoon frock is designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 44.

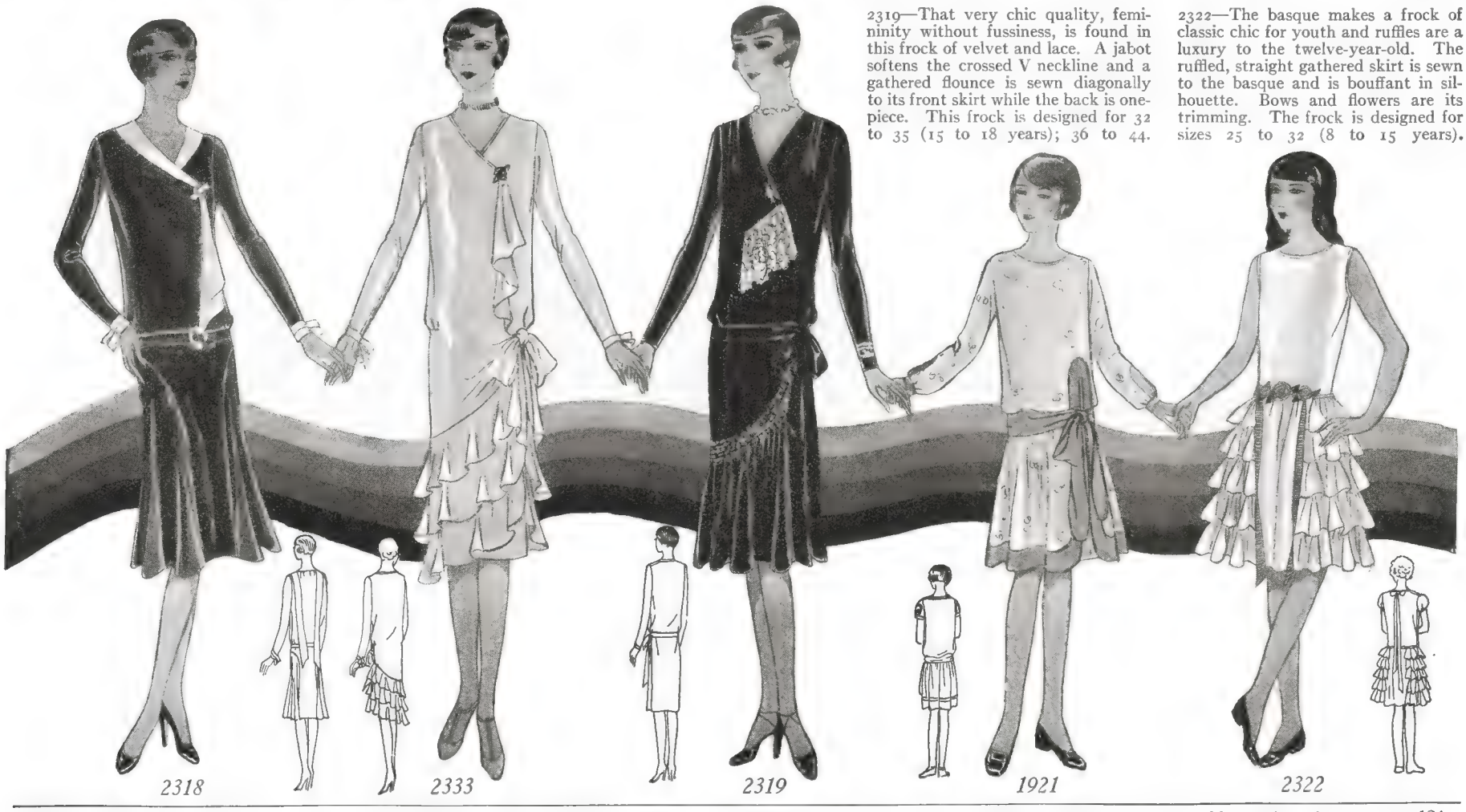
2319—That very chic quality, femininity without fussiness, is found in this frock of velvet and lace. A jabot softens the crossed V neckline and a gathered flounce is sewn diagonally to its front skirt while the back is one-piece. This frock is designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); 36 to 44.

2304—For the Christmas party the small girl wears this sleeveless frock, straight hanging and gathered at the neck. Ruffles, in a large curly-cue outline, trim the hem and form a narrow collar. Underneath she wears a French pantie combination. The frock is designed for 21 to 24 (2 to 6 years).

2294—A bit of a basque, a bow, a skirt with a double flare in its tiers make an engaging frock for the younger girl. Its circular flounces, cut with scalloped edges, are sewn to the basque which is shirred at the waistline. A ribbon is used for the bow. Designed for 25 to 32 (8 to 15 years).

1921—The band trimming of this frock and its decided blouse give something of the bolero feeling. The straight gathered skirt is sewn to the upper part which has an under body to make it blouse. The sleeves may be long or short. The frock is designed for 25 to 32 (8 to 15 years).

2322—The basque makes a frock of classic chic for youth and ruffles are a luxury to the twelve-year-old. The ruffled, straight gathered skirt is sewn to the basque and is bouffant in silhouette. Bows and flowers are its trimming. The frock is designed for sizes 25 to 32 (8 to 15 years).



THE SCARF, THE BOW, AND THE FLAT HIP

2071—Simple frocks, trimmed only by handwork, are the dress clothes of the smart child. Smocking holds the fulness at the waist and below the yoke of this crêpe de Chine frock that may be long sleeved, short sleeved, or sleeveless. The round neck is very young. Designed for sizes 25 to 32 (8 to 15 years).

2334—The very small girl may wear ruffles in four groups on her frock that hangs straight from tucked or shirred shoulders. Ruffles finish the very short sleeves and a bow of ribbon has long ends that float from the neckline. This smart crêpe de Chine frock is designed for sizes 21 to 24 (2 to 6 years).

2309—This distinguished crêpe frock has a scarf that forms a yoke in front and hangs from the left shoulder. The one-piece wrap-around skirt flares below the hem at the left side and a narrow belt binds the hips. The sleeves fit closely. Designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and sizes 36 to 40.

2265—Each of the three tiers that form the skirt of this frock is longer at the left side. The wide girdle swathes the hipline closely and is crushed in front. The narrow scarf forms a collar in front and hangs loose in the back. It is designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and for sizes 36 to 44.

2327—A lace bow at the point of the one-sided neckline and lace cuffs trim this formal daytime frock which has shirred drapery at the front and a smooth beltless hipline. The frock is tied tightly at the right side in a bow. Designed for sizes 32 to 37 (15 to 20 years) and for sizes 38 and 40.

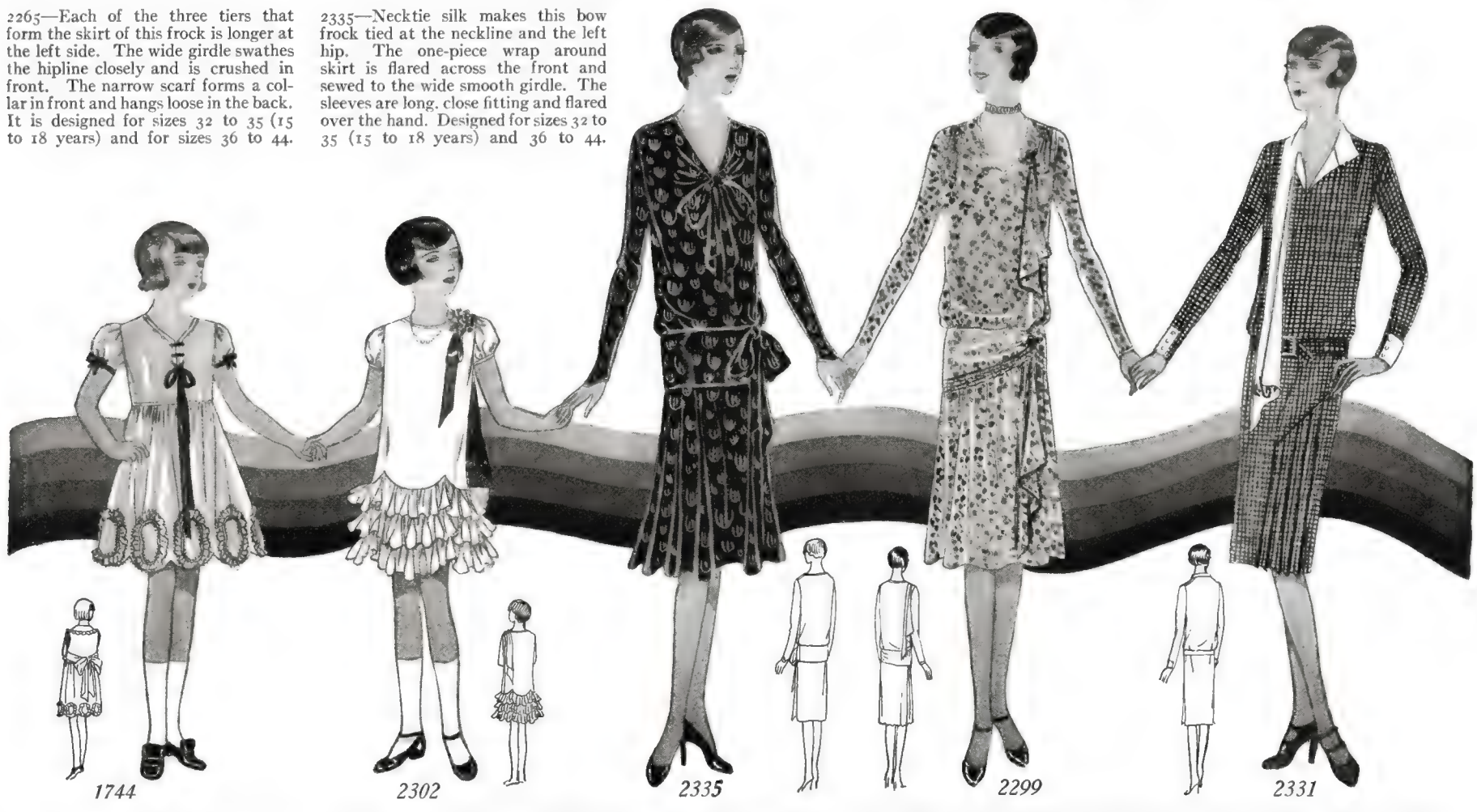
1744—This quaint little organdy frock has a straight scalloped skirt gathered to a high Empire waistline. In each scallop is a ruffled ring. The front of the bodice is laced with the narrow velvet ribbon that binds the sleeves. This very unusual and charming frock is designed for sizes 24 to 27 (6 to 10 years).

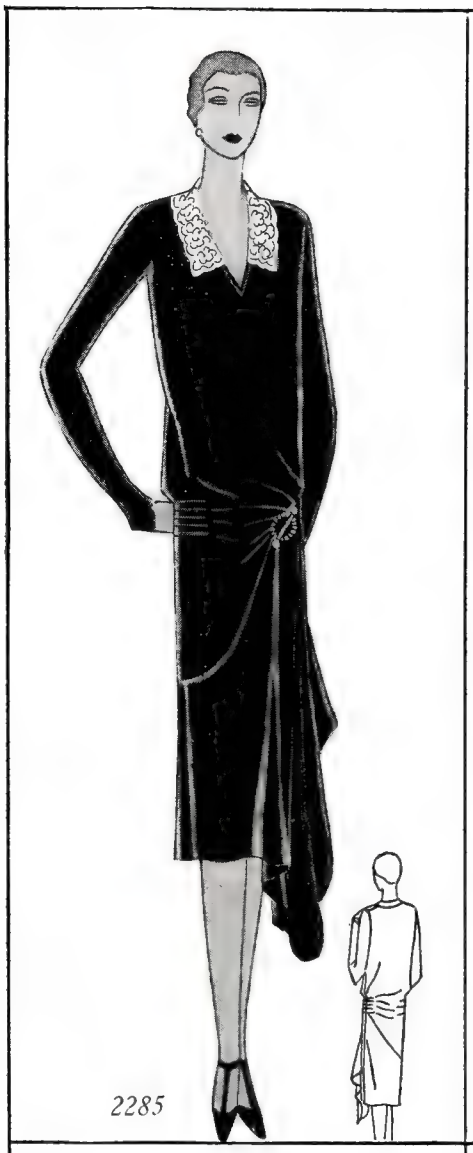
2302—Another party frock has the skirt made entirely of three ruffles put on in a scalloped outline. The tiny sleeves are puffed and a bow of ribbon is held to the shoulder by rosebuds. The frock may be made of taffeta, crêpe de Chine or velvet. Designed for sizes 24 to 27 (6 to 10 years).

2335—Necktie silk makes this bow frock tied at the neckline and the left hip. The one-piece wrap around skirt is flared across the front and sewed to the wide smooth girdle. The sleeves are long, close fitting and flared over the hand. Designed for sizes 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 44.

2209—The two-piece skirt of this frock is gathered in front to the new molded girdle. There is a jabot from shoulder to hip and one from hip to hem. The neckline is oval. Designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years); 36 to 44.

2331—The scarf frock of checked wool has the scarf only on one side of the narrow collar. Plaits are set in diagonally at the left front of the skirt; the back is plain. Designed for 32 to 35 (15 to 18 years) and 36 to 48.





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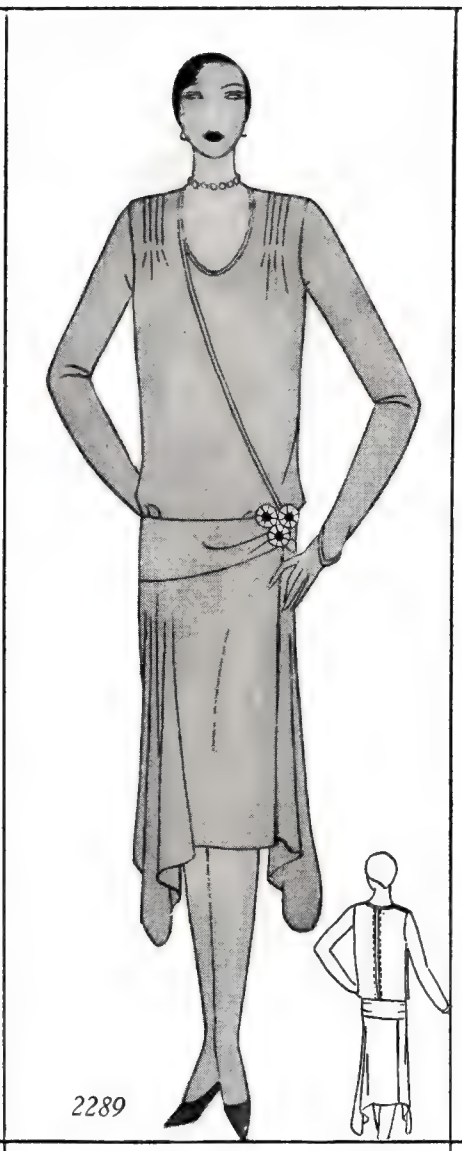

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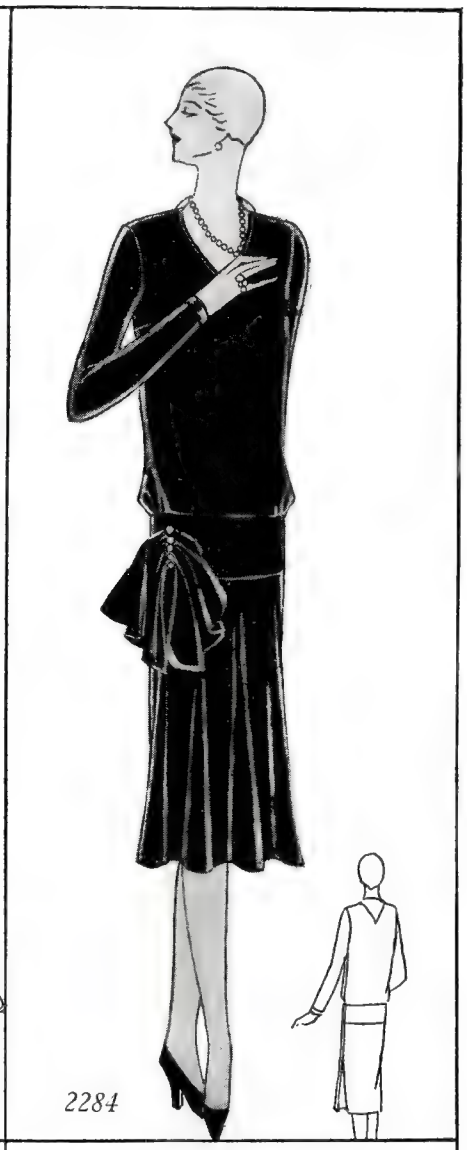

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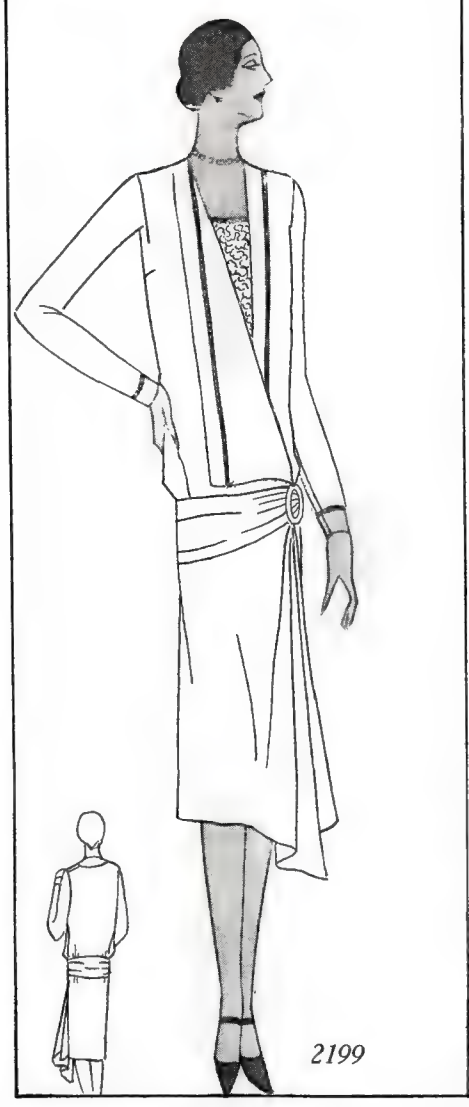

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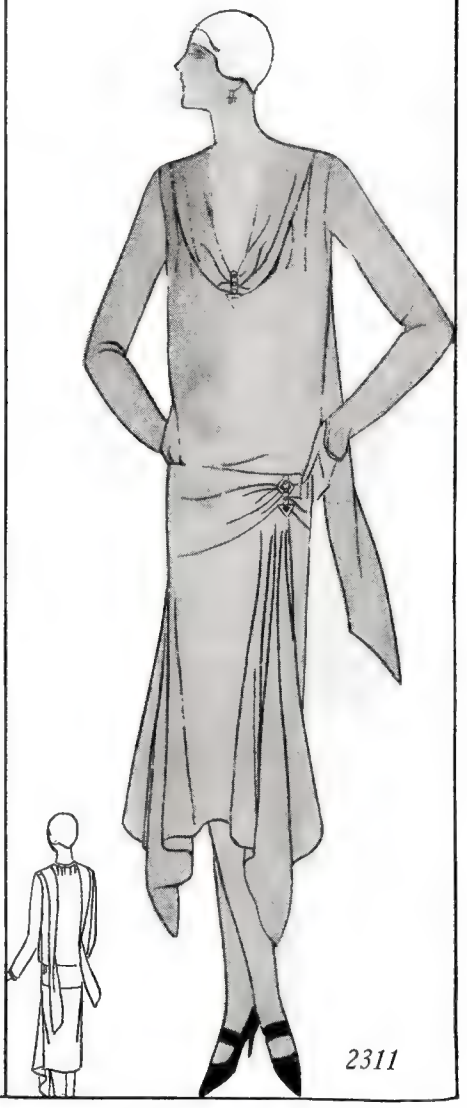

2311

FOR BRIDGE, TEA and the "AT HOME"

2285—This dress in the flattering combination of lace and velvet has the new beltless lines that are so becoming to the matron. Its one-piece wrap-around skirt is cut on diagonal lines with a dipping flare at the left. The sleeves are long and close. For size 40 one needs 4¼ yards of 35-inch velvet and ⅛ yard of 3-inch lace edging. This dress is designed for sizes 34 to 48.

2289—The diagonal, crossing the front of the bodice, and a slot seam at the center back, break the lines of this dress with diminishing effect on the larger figure. A slender silhouette is achieved by the uneven hemline of the wrap-around skirt which is in two pieces and sewed to the girdle. For size 40, 4 yards of 39-inch satin crêpe. This frock is designed for sizes 34 to 52.

2284—A simple version of the afternoon dress for the matron is sketched above. The heart-shaped neck, with a tiny standing collar pointed in back, is very new. Its wrap-around skirt, in one piece, is flared across the front and sewed to a wide, smooth girdle. For size 40 use 4⅛ yards of 35-inch velvet and ¼ yard of 10 (or more) inch contrast. It is designed for sizes 34 to 46.

2199—A frock of dignity and importance for the older woman is trimmed with fagoting in the French manner on the revers, collar, and long, close sleeves. A one-sided flare falls below a wide, molded girdle. The wrap-around skirt is in one piece. For size 40, 4⅜ yards of 35-inch silk crêpe and ⅜ yard of 14-inch lace edging. The frock is designed for sizes 34 to 46.

2305—For the mature woman who leads a busy social life this frock is particularly useful. A large bow drapes the skirt snugly at the hips and a loose panel at the left contributes the uneven hemline. The set-in point at the back is in one with the rolled scarf collar. The sleeves are long and close. For size 40, 5⅛ yards 35-inch sheer velvet. It is designed for 32 to 44.

2311—A skirt that rises in front and droops toward the sides gives an air of slender height to this dress. The scarf, draped at the neck, is particularly becoming to the larger woman. The two-piece skirt has a bias or straight flare in front and is sewed to the new molded girdle. The sleeves are snug. For size 40, 3¾ yards of 39-inch crêpe. Designed for 34 to 52.

WHEN YOU LOSE YOUR SON

Continued from page 9

her out of her carping mood with good nature and affection, and, having completed your call, go away with the firm resolve to do it again in a very few days. Each time you go will make the next time pleasanter, easier, and after a while little elaborations will occur to you. Taking a child home from the dentist or dancing school, it will be natural to stop for a minute at Grandma's, and gradually contact and intimacy will be established there without any effort or strain, without any resentment on Caroline's part.

For it is often the fault of a man's wife that he loses touch with his mother; or rather, it is the fault of both women. They are naturally jealous of each other, when Bob first marries, and the artificial exchange of courtesies during the engagement and wedding days means nothing at all. Afterward, unless they make a generous and determined effort to become friends, the opportunity is lost, and as the years go by, without ever saying an unkind thing of each other, or displaying anything like hostility to the world, they simply don't meet. Caroline has her home, husband, children and clubs, all in an entirely separated set, and Mother comes to her only as a visitor, formal and ill at ease, not knowing how to cure the false situation because she does not know exactly what is wrong.

IT IS really for Bob to straighten things out, not by angry arguments with his wife, and complaints of her to his mother, and not by forcing the two women he loves to meet against their will.

But by returning to Mother himself, just himself. By running in and out of her house easily, comfortably, in something of the old way. And gradually—gradually—the children will begin to speak more and more of "Granny," and even Caroline has no resentment of an association that doesn't involve her in Sunday dinners or ridiculous ideas of cooperative housekeeping.

"I wonder if Robert could stay with your mother on Saturday night?" she asks. Bob hardly dares say, "She'd love it!" for fear of breaking the charm; Caroline telephones, affectionately, nicely, and the next week she makes it a point to run in and thank Grandma for the courtesy. The ice is broken.

All because Bob began that weekly custom of going out to see his mother.

One of the cleverest women I know lives on a university campus, near the sleepy old New England town where her husband's father and mother have their home. She was a sort of sub-dean there for some years, married her professor at thirty-one, and has three fine little daughters.

Because of her religion, and the fact that the professor has all but become a convert to it, the mother, with maternal inconsistency, refused at first to be anything more than formally civil to the wife, but continued to idolize and praise the son. Most women would have resented this injustice, and widened one of those tragic breaches that split so many families. But not Alice.

NOBODY dreamed that she had cause for anger against the older woman. To me, in a moment of confidence, she one day hinted at her position.

"Because she is acting badly is no reason why I should. The one thing I won't let her do is force *me* into hatred." And presently she urged her husband into commencing what he called the "Sunday Breakfast Inspiration."

At first alone, then with one little girl, then with two, then with three, the professor has been going to have Sunday breakfast with his parents, at nine o'clock, for ten years. The children go to church first, and race in thru the old-fashioned garden, wild with spirits and appetite. Their father joined them there, for years; now both father and mother do.

In summer the older folk have the big table set on the side lawn; in winter it is by the fire. The children love it; for note this, you mothers of small children, children *always* love family customs, gatherings, friendly fashions of which they can proudly say, "We always do this—do that."

The little girls' father and mother love it, too. There is never any other tempting date at that hour on a Sunday morning; their servants like to take that time comfortably, and it means that the professor and his wife can feel in touch with Mother and Dad for the whole week.

And what does it mean to the old people? To have their dearest ones, always, regularly, in health and devotion and happiness around their table again, to have the news of the past seven days discussed and pondered, and the plans for the forthcoming seven talked over, never to have to say, "We don't see my son very often—I didn't know there was sickness at Bob's house. Alice has been busy, of course——"

AH, YOUNG husbands and wives don't know what joy, what satisfaction that brings to the quiet household! They won't know until they are the old persons, themselves, and then it will be too late.

Many a time I have heard a son say anxiously that he wished he could do more for his mother. One man I have in mind never ceases to worry because his mother, at sixty, is still teaching school.

"I wish I could buy her one of those little places at Carmel," he says, "and insure her about two thousand a year."

But ask him when he wrote to her? He looks anxious.

"I'm ashamed to tell you. The truth is, I haven't any special good news for her. Things haven't been going so well with us—Mary's father is a burden—one of our boys is sick. I ought to, tho. I'll try to get 'round to her town and see her if I go up that way this fall."

Like all the rest of us, he is so anxious to do the big things for his mother that he won't even do little things. He wants to give her a home and an income and comfortable rest for all her life, and, waiting to do that, he does nothing at all!

Why, my dear man, as the mother of boys of my own, I can tell you that she would value one good, affectionate, spontaneous letter *now—now—now*—more than ten houses and ten thousand a year, in 1950. She may not be around in 1950. Mothers do die, you know.

TO SAY to her associates, there in that little northern town, "I had such a sweet letter from Jack. He seems to love his mummy more as time goes on!" is all she wants.

She wants to know your troubles, your responsibilities, she wants to pray for that small boy's mastoid infection, and Mary's father, and in the next letter she wants to hear that the sky is clearing, and that you've all had some good nights of rest, and feel better. Just to *matter* in your scheme, just to feel that you still belong to her, and she to you, is all she wants. You don't have to worry about what you *can't* do for her, if you are doing all that you *can*.

Mothers write in to me, from all over this big continent. Lonely loving mothers who are wondering if it is their fault that their sons are gone from them, and by sadder ways than death.

"Just his handwriting on an envelop—just a note now and then is all I want. I loved him so, when he was little and sick and helpless," say the mothers. "It's weeks now—it's months now—I don't even know where my boy is!"

These mothers are all strangers to me; many of them won't even sign their names, they feel so sad and so ashamed. Poor mothers, who were so exquisitely happy, twenty and thirty and forty years ago, when the man-child was born into the world.

Is one of them *yours?*

EVEN BARONS MUST LIVE

Continued from page 16

"Oh, Baron von Kleener," she said to him in a low voice, "can't you come to my place tomorrow to swim? About four o'clock. Bring the Duchess and the Princess and the Marquis and the Count."

"And I'll bring Miss McDougal here," he said.

"And I'll bring my aunt, Mrs. Handcart," said Jeanie in a stalwart voice.

Evidently Mrs. Sevrier had not known who Jeanie was, because there was an electric silence. But it passed.

"Laws! I dread it!" Mrs. Handcart murmured to Jeanie as they went trooping elegantly over the sand toward Mrs. Sevrier and her guests. Then, during the vague introductions she realized something that made her positively feel faint. Fleta Galliflet was among the guests and so was Charlie Hicks. Fleta Galliflet was the only daughter of Mrs. Edouard Galliflet, an even greater hostess than Mrs. Sevrier. Charlie Hicks, a fat, chatty young man of fifty, was Mrs. Galliflet's social scout. This meant only one thing. They were after the Baron.

"Look at that! Look at that!" Mrs. Handcart muttered to Jeanie. Fleta and Charlie had worked it so that the Baron sat between them. Charlie was already doing his imitations of a German, of a Scotchman, of a rube.

"They say he's a scream," Mrs. Handcart commented soberly, after watching him for a long time.

Jeanie had brought her bathing suit and was carrying it in her hand. It was just a plain ordinary swimming suit for swimming. But when it had dawned on her that what Fleta Galliflet wore was likewise a bathing suit, Jeanie began pretending that what she carried was just a parcel of dress goods or a picnic lunch.

But now her aunt kept saying,

"Oh shoot, honey. Go on in. What do we care?"

So Jeanie went into the pink marble pavilion to dress.

WHEN she came out nobody saw her because all faces happened to be turned toward the sea. But when she passed them and so came into their line of vision, there was a sudden halt in all conversation. She was almost exactly like Donatello's David except that she had better shoulders and a handsomer and more candid face.

No one could think of anything to say with the longing to get a good look at Jeanie McDougal. Not even Fleta.

Next—it happened that the Baron would not go to Mrs. Edouard Galliflet's dinner dance without Jeanie. And Jeanie wouldn't go without her aunt.

Now while Mrs. Sevrier was socially *in*, Mrs. Galliflet was even more awe inspiring. For in society, as in heaven, there are hierarchies, one above the other.

Mrs. Sevrier was what she was because she had married a Sevrier. But Mrs. Galliflet not only had married a Galliflet but was herself a Peavy. This makes all the difference in the world. Also while Mrs. Sevrier was sometimes rather rowdy and liked to have a good time, Mrs. Galliflet, never. No one had ever been able to breathe a word against her on that score. And while Mrs. Sevrier was not a beautiful woman, Mrs. Galliflet was handsome in a thin cruel hawk-like way that made Mrs. Handcart's heart go like a trip hammer.

Mrs. Handcart was drilling her niece in these things, on the afternoon before the party.

"And isn't there any one higher than Mrs. Galliflet?"

"No. Except—" she paused impressively—"the Swithin Joneses!" (*Turn to page 124*)

Just what do the other wives mean

when they talk together about feminine hygiene?

WHY do the others seem to know so much more than she does about this delicate subject? And with all their secrecy, do *they* really know the truth from the modern, scientific standpoint? Probably not.

In a matter so intimate as feminine hygiene, *any* piece of information is likely to be accepted. Open questioning is rare. Theories are garbled. There are too many "facts that are not facts."

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EVEN BARONS MUST LIVE

Continued from page 123

"My! They must be terribly swell!"

"Swell!" cried Mrs. Handcart, snorting at the inadequacy of the word. "So swell they can wear old sweaters to Vanderbilt garden parties. They can use bad grammar, wear shoes run down at the heels and never bother to fix their hair if they don't want to."

ON THE evening of the Galliflet dinner dance, Mrs. Handcart's house-party of titled nobility had diminished further. The Marquis had accepted Mrs. Handcart's check for five thousand dollars and was off for New York to find her a high-boy. The Count had left. His departure coincided with the disappearance of a small El Greco painting.

"Hush!" Mrs. Handcart commanded, extremely indignant when this point was brought out. "The poor boy probably misunderstood me to say that I gave it to him."

Of course, before the Galliflet party, Mrs. Handcart and her niece suffered badly from the nervous indigestion and melancholia that afflicts anybody who is going to a party of the truly gay set.

The Galliflet butler, who knew everybody else's name, had some difficulty with "Handcart!" and "McDougal." When Mrs. Galliflet greeted them her eyes were opaque.

"She seemed kinda uppish," Mrs. Handcart murmured.

"Oh, that doesn't mean anything," Jeanie tried to reassure her. "She's just being your typical society hostess."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Galliflet's reception of the Duchess and the Baron was different.

"Oh, Baron von Kleener," she cried. "You have been to Mrs. Sevrier's. Isn't she charming!" For the second time Mrs. Handcart was an eye witness to the truly wonderful way in which the Baron fascinated women.

"Mrs. Sevrier charming, did you say? Is a hippopotamus in mourning charming?"

People said that they had not seen Mrs. Galliflet laugh so in years.

But for Jeanie and Mrs. Handcart it was not a gay evening. After dinner the Duchess fell asleep. The Baron was monopolized by the Galliflets. Next, Jeanie discovered that the blond man, who was so aristocratic looking that it made her realize that she was from South Dakota, was there. This added to the general nervousness of the evening, especially when she saw him looking at her with his austere light gray eyes.

And lastly Mrs. Handcart made a terrible discovery.

"The Swithin Joneses are here!"

"No! Where?"

"Don't look now, but right behind you." So they both pivoted.

Somehow this was the last straw and their last drop of social fortitude oozed away. They went out onto a dark veranda, and finding a swinging divan, sat there in the darkness.

WELL, it got to be after midnight. Hearing a tumult within, Jeanie went to investigate. The Baron was going to do an exhibition dance with Fleta Galliflet. He was on his way to Mrs. Galliflet's boudoir to rig up a costume when he saw Jeanie. An intense look came into his eyes and he paused to hiss in her ear,

"You are driving me mad with jealousy! Now, I shall show you something in this dance you will not forget."

"Fine, Baron," said Jeanie in her frank way.

Everybody was much interested and excited. Fleta Galliflet's dancing was quite famous. So after a while there was a beating of drums, the floor was cleared, and a hush fell over all. The music became very Spanish. And then the Baron slunk sinuously onto the floor, his lean hips in skin-tight black trousers that flared at the bottom, twisting this way and that, with much sinister pointing of his toes; a white silk shirt open at his gaunt throat; a bolero; and in one upraised arm he held a vermilion scarf by means of which he covered one-half of his face. After a number of gyrations he lowered this scarf and one beheld that his face was made up like that of a corpse—a greenish white with a powder-burned bullet hole in the temple from which there was painted a trickle of blood. A murmur of admiration went up for this artistic effect.

Then, in time, Fleta, nymph-like and pure, came fluttering on the floor to him. They did various steps. At times it might have been a waltz, and at times a tango punctuated with much stamping on the Baron's part—even merging occasionally into a Charleston. Fleta's dance, however, was almost uniformly esthetic, of the Spring-greeting variety, with interludes of ballet which would be a little out of tempo because it took her some time to get up on her toes.

Then suddenly the Baron began to dance dramatically. He seized Fleta in a ferocious embrace, bending her backward until her head nearly touched the floor. He fell groveling to the floor at her feet, clasping her now at the ankles, then the calves, then, knees, waist, chest.

Instantly Mrs. Galliflet was over at the orchestra, clapping her hands in the leader's startled face. The music stopped. Then, in a dead silence, Mrs. Galliflet pointed rigidly at the Baron and ordered him out of her house.

Well, it was no joke for Mrs. Handcart and Jeanie. First they had to find the Duchess and then to carry her out of the house.

Then they scurried across the lawn to a sycamore tree where Mrs. Handcart had ordered Charlie and Eddie to be with the Swiss car. By a piece of wonderful luck they were already there.

"Well, anyway," Jeanie said, "it looks like we've even ditched the Baron."

But they hadn't. They saw him coming. There was a lady with him. The lady was laughing in a deep bass voice, so hard that Mrs. Handcart and Jeanie had to smile involuntarily in the darkness, altho they had no idea of what the joke was.

"Oh, Kleener," they heard her gasp, in her whisky voice, "you'll be the death of me!"

"Jeanie," said the Baron, peering into the dark limousine, "this is Mrs. Swithin Jones." And before Jeanie could get out a "pleased-to-meet-you," the lady's bass voice said,

"You're coming to my place tomorrow for breakfast." Her aunt seemed to be paralyzed.

"Mrs. Handcart, too," Jeanie said promptly.

"What a name! Bring her."

"And what about this Duchess?" said Jeanie.

Mrs. Jones gave a look.

"Sure you can bring her. She's my aunt."

"THEY'RE horsey," Mrs. Handcart explained when they were getting ready to go and told her private lady's-maid to put in their riding clothes.

"Lord, that makes me feel nervous," Jeanie said.

"Well, honey," said her aunt, thinking hard. "I say that we both try to get out of really setting on a horse, but I say take along our riding suits to show it's nothing new or unusual for us."

The Swithin Joneses differed in a very interesting way in their attitude toward company from Mrs. Sevrier and Mrs. Galliflet. Why, for instance, they acted as tho they were really glad to see their guests. Mrs. Handcart wondered about this, it seemed so hick.

Breakfast was at eleven. There were about forty or fifty guests.

"I just love the way you serve in the real old English British way, helping yourself from the sideboard," Mrs. Handcart said to Mrs. Swithin Jones, and Jeanie felt she shouldn't have. The Galliflet party had made her socially nervous. The Baron, of course, had all the Old World poise of your foreign European. He ate with a fine appetite. But Jeanie couldn't. That fashionable dashing crowd! Army officers; polo players; an old lady in a side-saddle riding habit who swore right out and seemed to think nothing of it; the stunning way Mrs. Swithin Jones wore her old riding pants; the way Swithin Jones's gray hair was mussed up—all this filled her with terrified awe. On top of all that, the blond man came in.

"Oh, there's Lord ——," Mrs. Jones said. Jeanie didn't catch the name. Of course he was a Lord or an Earl. She had known that at the first look. But (*Turn to page 126*)

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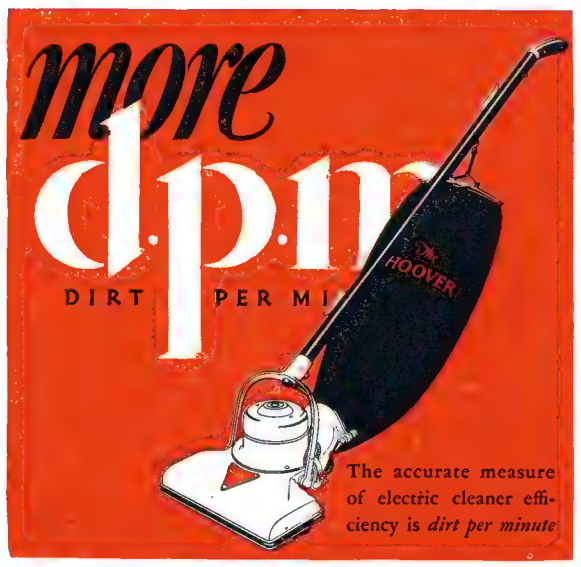

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EVEN BARONS MUST LIVE

Continued from page 124

now the realization of it made her turn faint inside with that feeling of social inferiority which is fear, envy and nausea combined.

Moreover, she was worrying about the riding. She had accidentally told the Baron that she could ride and he had said in a low fervid voice,

"That is a thing I must see!"

So Jeanie was now in a kind of fever trying to make up excuses to get out of it. But she couldn't concentrate because her aunt was making such awful breaks to Mr. Swithin Jones. Under ordinary circumstances Jeanie would not have thought them breaks. But Mr. Swithin Jones was blushing.

So when the Baron said, "Let's ride, goddess," altho that was the last thing she wanted to do, she got up and went with him.

Now everything would have gone all right if it hadn't been for a piece of bad luck. She was on her horse all right, a big gray one, and cantering over the Jones's polo field with the Baron beside her.

They crossed a moor, entered a bridle path that went thru a little wood, came out again and there was the sparkling blue Atlantic. A white beach stretched for miles. Other riders lazily galloped along it here and there.

THE Baron pulled up to the old lady who swore so conversationally. She wanted to tell him about the time she broke her neck while fox hunting in England. But Jeanie trotted on, and turned the gray into a bridle path that entered the little woods again. There the gray saw a five-bar gate. He went for it like a jack rabbit. He took it nicely. "This horse is built on springs," Jeanie was just thinking as they sailed over it. But as they landed—*snap!*

"Gosh! The belly band is busted!"

She was glad the Baron was not there because it is an awkward thing to discard a saddle when you are running along at a good clip. The gray had the bit in his teeth and there was nothing to do but to let him run.

She would keep him pointed away from the polo field where she could see Mrs. Swithin Jones and other horsemen manœuvering.

"This is fine," she thought after a while, tranquilly, "because when he's run down a little we'll just sneak back and get that saddle and no one will ever know about it except the men in the stable."

A man on a chestnut horse came out of the woods. It was the blond titled English lord, the typical duke. He seemed to be following her. Now this was embarrassing. Then, before she knew it, he was parallel. He was driving his horse right into hers. She threw a startled look into his stern face to see if he had gone crazy, and just then he reached for her bridle.

Well, then, of course, she understood. He was trying to make an old-fashioned rescue. She let out the gray, kicked him with both heels. He catapulted forward. But the blond man's chestnut pounded right up to her again.

And so, parallel and four feet apart, going at top speed, they went up-hill and down over those rolling plains. Twice the titled lord reached for her bridle. But each time Jeanie pulled the gray's head so that he missed it. Both times a puzzled look came into his face. Presently they came thundering on to the polo field.

Now Mrs. Swithin Jones and the others must have seen what was happening, because Jeanie heard them yelling and saw grooms come running from the stables. Then a couple of Army officers came tearing down the field toward her and tried to head her off so that her pursuer would gain just that extra three feet that he needed. But she fooled them by a dead stop and a dodge, and turning suddenly, made for the distant plains again.

He was still after her. She couldn't shake him. Then he made a final effort. The chestnut leaped beside her. The typical duke's knee was touching hers and she could see the stitching on his perfect breeches and how tanned his hands were. He reached out and tried to grab her waist. Then, to his manifest astonishment, she slithered out of his grasp, slipped to the off side of her horse, rode along that way with one knee hooked over his withers like an Indian in a Wild West show, and in spite of herself, laughed excitedly. Immediately he dropped back. It was her laugh that had done it. Jeanie saw a strange, shocked, almost horrified look on his face. He gave it up.

When he was far behind, she turned the gray across a meadow to avoid Mrs. Swithin Jones and the others, and made a short cut to the stables.

But after she had explained to the grooms where the saddle had fallen she found that she was just plumb afraid to go back to the house and face all those people. Any one who had seen her standing with her chin on the top bar of a gate would have thought she was interested in the Swithin Jones's chickens. But really she was enduring the most painful thoughts.

First she thought how impossible it was to understand these high society people. Here she had been brought up never to borrow anything, even. Now she finds that a regular Russian Count lets her aunt give him a Great Master just, you might say, by reading her mind.

Here she had ridden a horse bareback. She could guess how awful that was from knowing what real exclusive horsey people thought of you if you let, for instance, four buttons on your breeches show above the boot instead of three.

And here, she went on thinking, was her aunt making remarks that were just as nice and sociable as they could be and here was Swithin Jones blushing at them as tho she was cussing.

This last thought made Jeanie mad. She jumped off the chicken yard gate and went to the house.

THEY pressed around her, Mrs. Swithin Jones, polo players, officers, ladies, huntsmen. The horsey old lady was swearing at her affectionately. The Baron was gripping her hands and looking at her with eyes that were lambent with European passion. After a while Jeanie could make out what Mrs. Swithin Jones was saying.

"Child, what a rider! Bareback all over the place!"

You could have knocked Jeanie over with a feather.

"Why!" she said, and they saw the pupils of her light blue eyes dilate with astonishment, "we always rode bareback on the farm!"

Next it turned out that Swithin Jones wasn't shocked at all at Mrs. Handcart. His blushing was chronic and he was being psychoanalyzed for it. And as a fitting climax to this day, the Baron announced his engagement to Jeanie McDougal.

NOW you would think that would be the end of the story. Mrs. Handcart had the ontray. Jeanie was engaged to the wonderful Baron. It was unbelievable.

"Seems like a regular fairy tale," Mrs. Handcart said.

"It certainly does," said Jeanie. "I can hardly take it in. Think of being actually engaged to a distinguished bird like the Baron! I imagine I'm the luckiest girl in the world. There is just one thing I kind of wish. I kind of wish we could sidestep. I mean, the engagement is fine, I like that all right. But I kind of wish we could sidestep the marriage part of it."

"I wonder," Mrs. Handcart said, "if the Baron would take a check?"

Jeanie brightened.

"Why, maybe he would! I never thought of that. I've noticed that these foreign noblemen aren't at all touchy about money. You can't insult them with it the way you can these commercialized Americans."

But the Baron wouldn't put off the wedding. A check? Twenty thousand dollars? She had hurt his feelings!

THEY were walking along the beach that evening and he just looked at Jeanie with his somnolent half-shut eyes.

"But honestly, Baron," she argued earnestly, upset that she had been unkind. "I think you're making a big mistake to marry me. Because look at what you are and look at what I am—nothing!"

"You are the most desirable woman in the world. I know what I know. I would rather spend one minute with you than be in the seraglio of my old college chum, the Sultan of Fez. Come, let us walk further. Is it not a night for love?"

They were already two miles from Mrs. Handcart's beach, and it was indeed a strange night. The tide was out and an invisible moon illuminated a thin mysterious fog.

The Baron's love-making had heretofore been confined to kissing her hand very beautifully. Suddenly Jeanie realized that she was confronted with a new problem; how, on a moonlight night, on a deserted beach, to keep your fiancé from kissing you without being downright mean? She insisted that they turn toward home again and began to walk very fast, talking to him rapidly to try and keep his mind off sentimental things.

It was a sort of race. She knew he was going to begin some love-making and she was possessed to forestall it. But it was going to be hard; two miles of hurrying and at the same time trying to talk as fast as a female intellectual. He was beginning to breathe ominously.

The calm sea was slopping over the beach dreamily, with intervals of quiet. In one of these intervals, Jeanie's heart leaped with hope. She was sure she heard voices coming toward them. Involuntarily her strides grew longer and more vigorous.

"Stop!" The Baron grabbed her wrist. "You go too fast."

He pulled her back, seized her in his long arms and began kissing her.

She pushed him away, a good hearty shove, and he was coming toward her again when two people, a man and a woman, stepped thru the thin fog. One of them was the typical duke. The other was a woman and the woman was her department store friend, Verma La Rue.

"Why, Verma! How did you get here? Say, this is fine!" Jeanie was so excessively pleased and relieved that for a second she even forgot to feel flustered in the presence of the haughty nobleman. As for Verma, she just looked at Jeanie for a minute with her enormous goggly blue eyes.

"Listen, baby," she then said sadly. "I got bad news for you. I seen by the papers you were engaged to the Baron. But listen. You won't be able to pull it off."

"How do you mean?"

"Because him and I are married already. I loaned him twenty dollars and then we was married. I wasn't crazy about it. I just did it for his title because they say it's a big help in vaudeville."

Mrs. Handcart was right. The Baron was peculiar. The blond man seemed to be braced for a fight. But the Baron didn't move. He just stood there, his arms folded across his breast, his monocle a silver disc in the moonlight, and in his eyes they could sense rather than see an impish flicker of derision.

At last he said with heartfelt weariness, "Ach! It just bores me!" and turning quickly, he left them.

"He's going to commit suicide," said Jeanie excitedly. "We mustn't let him out of our sight." But Verma wore four inch spike heels and couldn't make much time in the sand.

"Perhaps you ought to run ahead and save him," Jeanie said to the blond man.

"No," he answered shortly in his withering aristocratic way.

Jeanie took the floundering Verma's arm, but it was slow work.

"My dogs are killing me," Verma said.

"But oh, Verma!" said Jeanie. "We've got to hurry. That man has been looking for a chance to kill himself all his life."

She fully expected to find the Baron's body in the Spanish Castle. She felt sure he would drink shoe polish this time because he had tried almost everything else. But in hurrying thru the house, before she came upon the Baron's corpse, she came upon her aunt. Mrs. Handcart was sitting on her favorite screen porch and chinning with Tessie, her private lady's-maid, and with Miss Parmentier.

"The Baron, honey?" Mrs. Handcart said looking up at Jeanie tranquilly, wondering why she was out of breath and thinking that she must have been up to some of her athletic sport stunts. "Why, honey, he just now told me he decided to take that check after all. And he's borrowed the Italian car to go up to Newport. I knew you'd think it was O. K."

When Jeanie told her how the Baron was already married to Verma——

"Forevermore!" Mrs. Handcart said with many slow marveling wags of her head, and with a click of her tongue at every fourth wag. "Tch! But isn't that," she mused to Tessie and Miss Parmentier, "the regular continental European titled nobility of it? Fascinating, very! Tho hard to get their view-point."

BUT there is even more to this story.

The next morning was Sunday and Jeanie was taking a walk along the beach. She had gone three miles and had turned back. There was a person coming toward her from the far horizon. Presently she described that this other solitary pedestrian had light hair and a brown face and wore long, perfectly flowing, gray flannel trousers. It was the typical duke. But she couldn't turn back. She just had to brace herself.

And of course to be polite she had to stop and speak. Nice day. Yes, very nice. Then they were suspended in an embarrassing pause. Suddenly he took her hands and stood looking down at them as tho he were examining something extraordinary.

"I think you love me," he said in a strained voice.

"What makes you think so," she said, turning pale.

"Because you are always trying to get away from me."

Then he pressed her palms against his vest and said hurriedly, "I love you—beautiful—brave—spying on you—please excuse me—can't help grabbing hands." The funny thing was that instead of feeling sheepish and unable to look him in the eye, she felt she had known him all her life.

Quite a while afterward, when they were on the way home, she stopped suddenly. She realized she didn't even know his name.

"My name? Why, it's Lord Johnson."

"Well, that's one thing that has been worrying me—your title."

"My title?"

"Yes," she said, "because while titled people are fine—of course they have a right to live, too—I've seen a good many of them lately and it's hard to get used to them."

"But I haven't a title, Jeanie."

"Why, yes, you have: 'Lord Johnson.' "

He looked at her for a long time without saying anything. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her sympathetically about twenty times. After that he told her something that was a surprise. Yet, it wasn't a surprise. It explained everything about him.

"It isn't," he said, "Lord Johnson in the way you think it is. It's because my mother was Edna Lord of Peoria, Illinois."

New Autumn

By Bert Cooksley

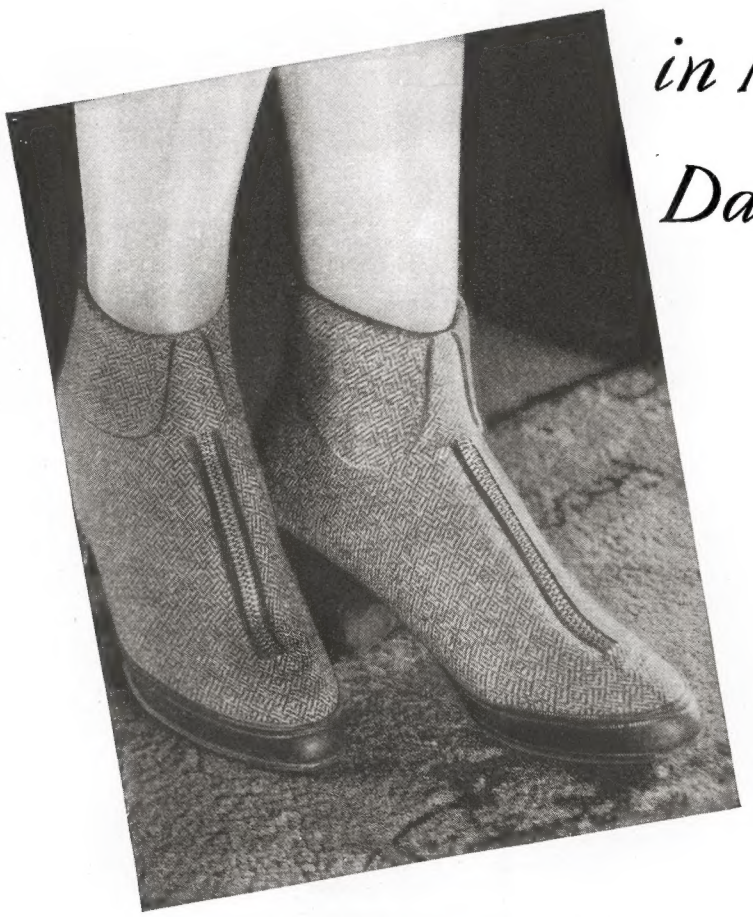
The night is as green as a watchman's lamp,
The moon is as fat as a bag of plums,
And under the clover shiny and damp
The field mice dance, while the cricket drums.

The cricket drums while the field mice dance,
And the glow worms carry their lanterns high,
And a brown lark sings in the holly branch
And the wind in his torn coat grumbles by,

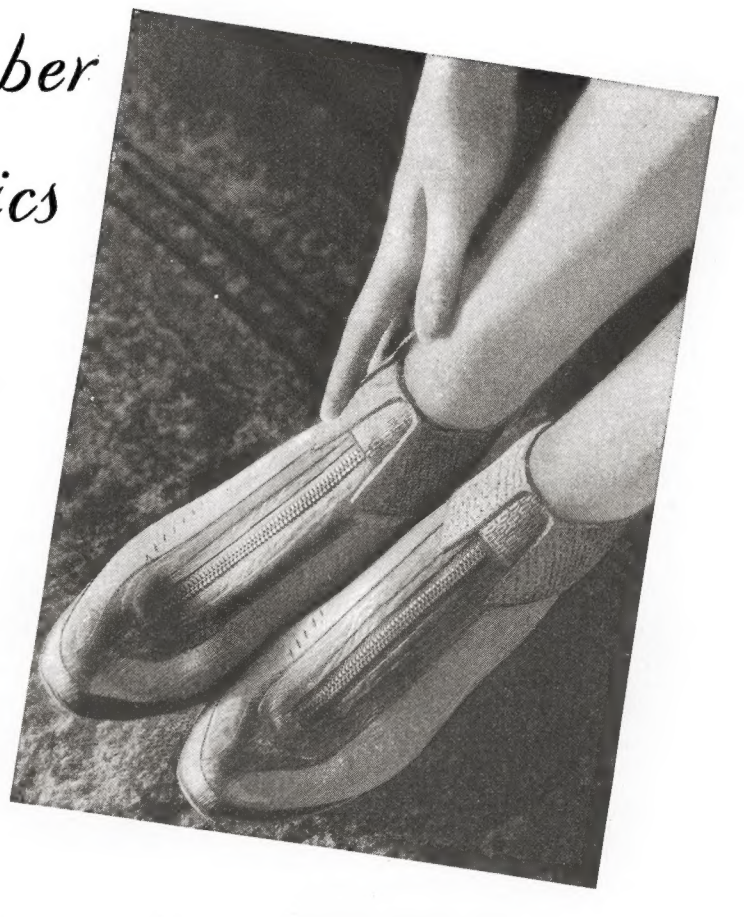
Goes grumbling in his ragged clothes
Piling the leaves in the arms of the hill—
And a cool dew comes to the warm red rose,
And a cool mist comes to the window sill.

Goodrich Presents Smart New Zippers

in Moiré Rubber and Dainty Fabrics



7 OUNCES! *That's all they weigh. Shower Boots are no heavier than your daintiest evening slipper*



SHOWER BOOTS ARE READY! They're an utterly new type of Zipper . . . different in weight, material and design from any you've ever known before.

A seven ounce Zipper! As light as your dainty evening slipper.

And washable, too! You simply rub them clean with plain soap and water.

Just think. No bulkiness. No unnecessary weight. Just slip on these dainty Shower Boots of moiré rubber . . . and forget all about the weather.

Select these dainty Shower Boots in the color to match your costume. Brown, blond and black. Or two-toned combinations of blond and brown and white and black.

Now Fabric Zippers, too, are presented in new colors. With new patterns and a new note of smartness in their trim, tailored lines.

Don't wait for stormy weather . . . get your Zippers now. Thousands of stores everywhere now have Shower Boots and Fabric Zippers on display.

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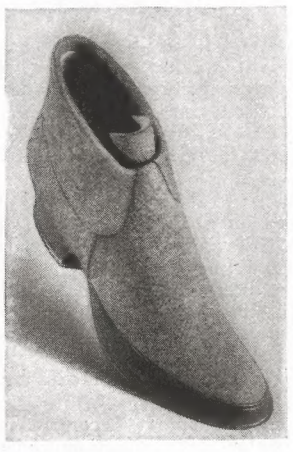
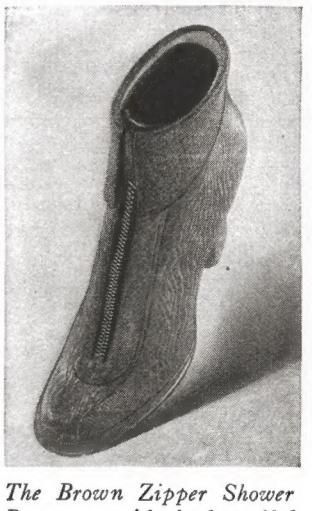


A smart new Fabric Overshoe in brown shot with green. A snap fastener makes it easy to adjust

Always Smart. A two-tone Shower Boot . . . black and white with snap fastener

Another new Fabric Overshoe . . . with Zipper Fastener. Look for the name Goodrich



The Brown Zipper Shower Boot . . . with the beautiful new moiré rubber finish

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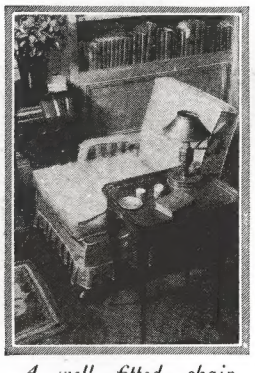

A well fitted chair shown in Slip Covers

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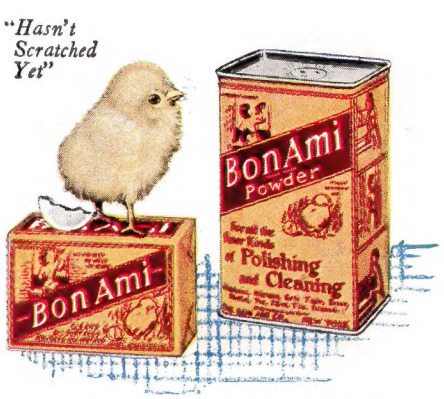

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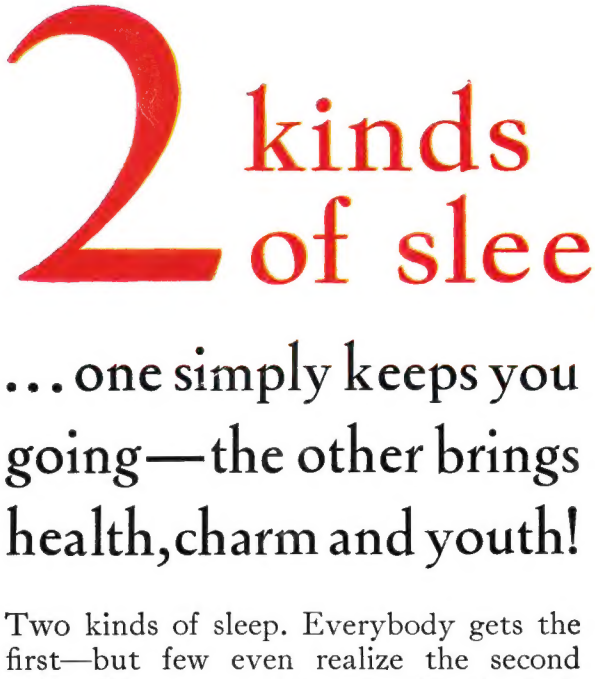

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